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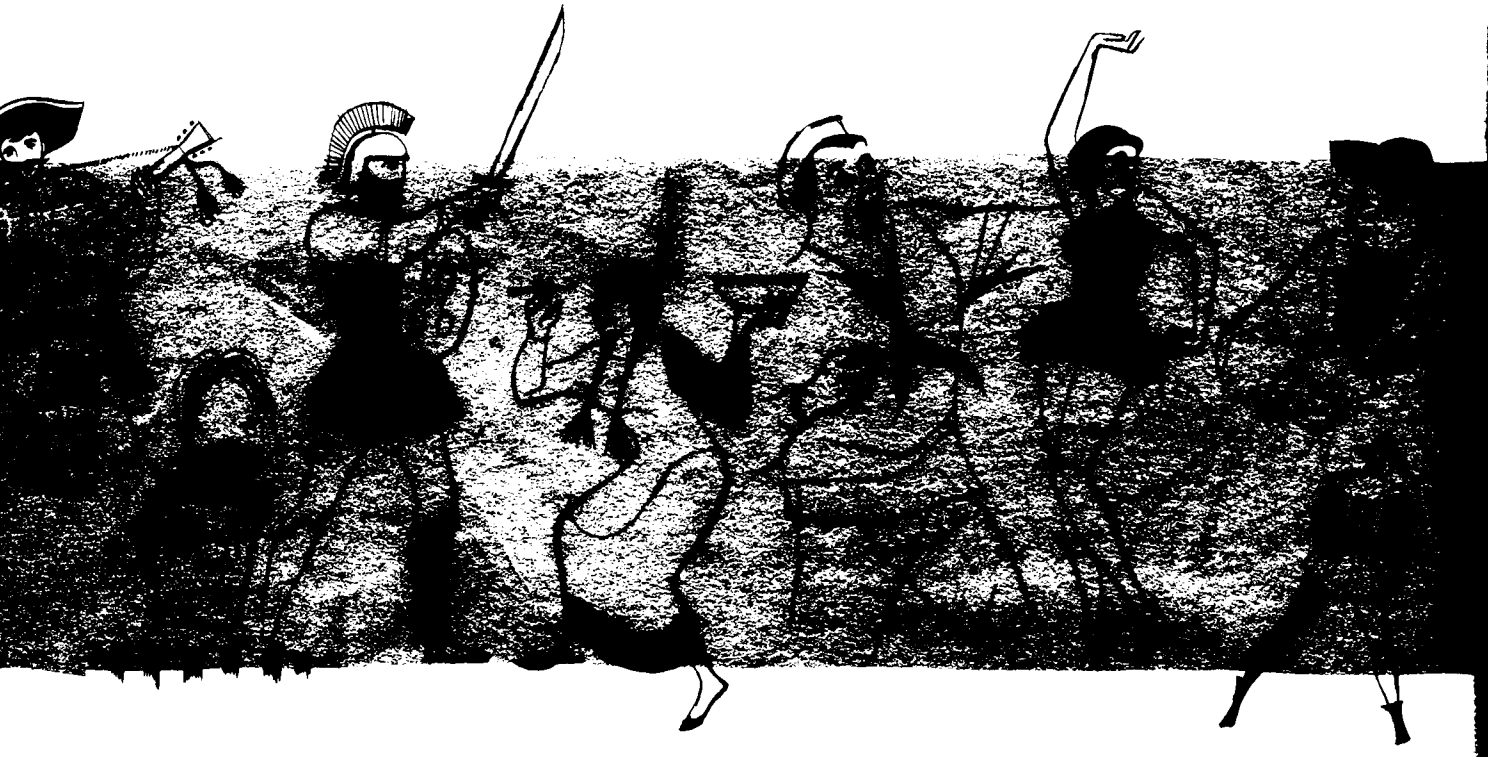
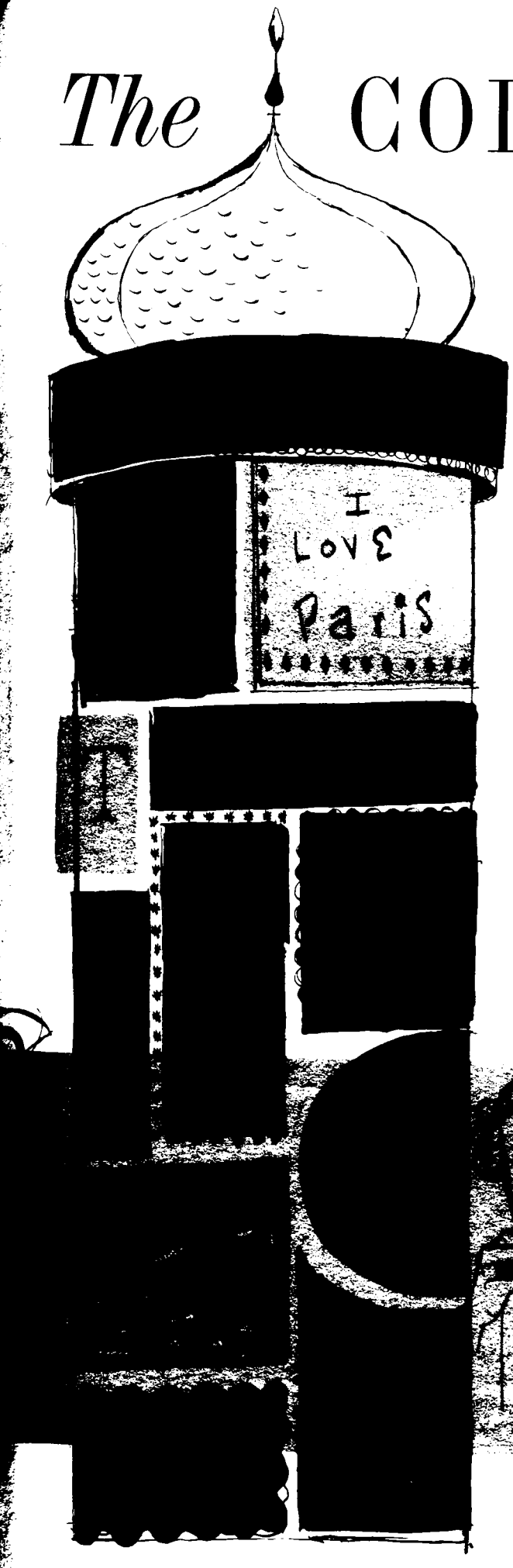


The COLE PORTER *Song Book*



THE COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC
OF FORTY OF COLE PORTER'S
BEST-LOVED SONGS

SIMON AND SCHUSTER · NEW YORK
1959

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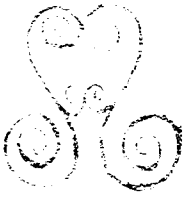
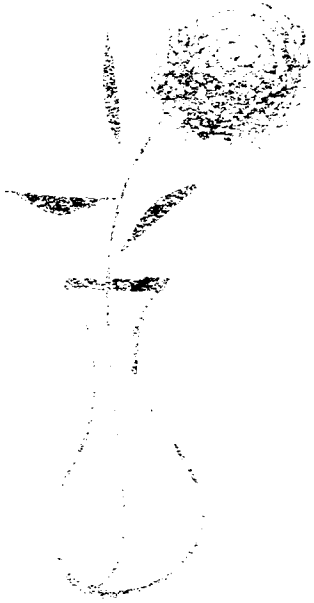


Paul Hesse



FOREWORD

by

Moss Hart

TIME FLIES. It is just twenty-seven years ago that I watched Cole Porter swing through the doors of the Ritz Bar in Paris and survey the room, his eyes searching the tables for the young man who had a letter of introduction to him. Though I had never seen him before, I knew that the man standing in the doorway was unmistakably Cole Porter; he looks, I thought quickly, exactly like one of his songs. The small, lithe figure beautifully turned out, the intensely alive face, the immense dark eyes wonderfully set off by the brilliant red carnation in the lapel of his suit—it could not possibly be anyone else. I waved toward him, and as he caught the gesture he smiled back and made his way to my table.

That dazzling smile was quite the best thing I had seen of Paris to date. I am aware that it is heresy not to be enamored of this jewel of cities at first glance and to remain forever afterward her willingly indentured slave, but I seemed to be impervious to the beauty and charm of Paris on this, my first trip, and I have remained so ever since. Indeed, Paris—the Paris that had escaped me—now seemed suddenly to blossom and come alive for the first time as Cole Porter talked, though I knew well enough that Cole Porter was as American as Peru, Indiana, where he was born. He had the gift, I was to learn later, of making any city singularly his own. Wherever he happens to be—London, New York, Venice, Hollywood—there the essence of the city seems to be caught, the secret of the city captured. Paris was his monarchy at the moment, and just before we parted he made a gesture so regal and at the same time so Parisian that to my Brooklyn-bred eyes it had the effect of making me feel that I was seeing the Paris of my imagination at last.

Along with the letter of introduction from Irving Berlin, I had brought with me a small package as well, which I had been asked as a favor to deliver to Cole Porter, since I would be in Paris the week before Christmas and the transatlantic mails at that time of year were somewhat uncertain. "George Hale asked me to bring this to you," I said, handing the package over.

"Doesn't say a word about not opening it until Christmas, does it?" he said, and tore at the wrapping eagerly.

Inside the paper, a small, red leather box with the jeweler's name—Cartier—stamped on it lay exposed. He opened the box, glanced at the contents and smilingly turned the box

around for me to have a look. Two long, thin slabs of gold with the initials "C. P." engraved on each lay somewhat nakedly on the white satin inside the box.

I stared at them, puzzled for a moment, and then asked, "What are they?"

"Garters," he replied, and lifted them out. I watched, astonished, as he lifted each of his trouser legs, revealing a gold garter on the sock above each leg, removed the old ones from each and put the new ones on, and in further astonishment I heard him call, "Hey, Jimmy!" to the barman and toss the old gold garters across the bar.

Before this moment I had not known such a thing as gold garters existed. Now I had seen an old pair of gold garters blithely tossed across a bar and new ones installed. My face must have mirrored the amazement and wonder I felt, for Cole Porter, turning back to me, looked at me and burst into laughter. "It's the way Christmas always ought to start, isn't it?" he said. I could only nod dumbly in reply. "Will you dine with us one night while you're here?" he asked. "I know Linda would like to meet you. I'll have my secretary call you at the hotel." He glanced at his watch and sighed. "Late. Late again," he said, quite like the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland,* and then held out his hand to me and smiled, the same dazzling smile that seemed to light up the entire Ritz Bar. I shook his hand and watched him swing through the doors once more and out into a Paris that seemed peculiarly his.

I have set down my first meeting with Cole Porter because it seems to me to contain some of the gaiety, the impishness, the audacity and the wonderful insouciance of some of his songs. It is hard now to remember the original impact of Cole Porter on the musical theater of the middle and late nineteen twenties. He burst upon that moribund world with the velocity of a meteor streaking across the sky. His words and his music had an abandon, a stunning freshness, a dash and a lyrical agility that were completely new to our ears. The verve of "Let's Do It," the brisk ardor of "You Do Something to Me," the sultry boldness of "Love for Sale," the mordant glow of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" seemed to blow the winds of a graceful and polished world across the musty musical theater of those days and make the majority of the songs we had been singing sound downright provincial. The great ballads—"Night and Day," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Easy to Love"—and all the others that were to run riot down the years were to come later, but in the late twenties we were suddenly aware that a new musical voice of immense vigor and freshness was making itself heard—a forcible talent that was racy and slashing and bold, but a talent that had great elegance and a curious kind of purity. One thing was certain even then: no one could write a Cole Porter song but Cole Porter. Each song had a matchless design and a special felicity of its own that stamped it as immediately and uniquely his.

I dined twice with the Porters during my ten-day stay in Paris and fell in love, as everyone did, with Linda Porter. To fall in love with Linda Porter was as much a part of a young man's first trip to Paris as eating snails at Fouquet's or climbing the Eiffel

LINDA PORTER

Tower. They were a wonderful pair, the Cole Porters. They were rich, they were gifted, and they moved about with infinite ease and lightheartedness in two worlds—the world of fashion and glitter and the pantaloon world of the theater. Their house in Paris was exquisite, one of the most beautiful houses I have ever seen, and Linda Porter, a legendary beauty herself, lent something of her own radiance and splendor to their life together so that everything and everyone in their house seemed to shine and sparkle with a little of her own special grace. She was a woman of immense delicacy, with an enchanting turn of mind, as easily beguiled by a chorus girl as by a duchess and equally at home with both. Together, the Porters bloomed in a scintillating world that seemed uncommonly festive, and I thought to myself on my last evening with them, What fun it would be to do a musical with Cole Porter. I dismissed this conceit from my mind quickly enough. I was a mere neophyte—barely out of Brooklyn and my first play—and Cole Porter was already one of the most sought-after of all composers. Yet less than two years later, that is exactly what happened. We did do a musical together. Moreover, we sailed around the world to write that musical, and I learned to my chagrin that the jaunty and debonair world of Cole Porter disappeared completely when he was at work, and that Linda Porter, who accompanied us, was as stern and jealous a guardian of that work as Cole Porter himself.

The enterprise—an enterprise that was ultimately to emerge as the musical called *Jubilee*

—began innocently enough. This time, I was lunching with Cole Porter some eighteen months or so after my Paris trip, in New York—a New York that was, in spite of the depression and the New Deal, almost convulsively singing "You're the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You" and "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" from *Anything Goes,* which had opened at the Alvin Theatre three nights before. The clientele of the restaurant where we were lunching seemed to be composed almost exclusively of people who had been part of that opening-night audience, and they streamed over to our table making congratulatory sounds and cooing admiration in two or three different languages and a variety of accents. It made any kind of conversation between us difficult if not impossible, but somewhere or other in the middle of lunch I tossed out an idea for a musical I had recently had and then brushed it aside with something else that was very much on my mind that day.

"I think I came to a decision this morning," I said. "I'm going to drop work completely for a while. There are always ideas—there are always plays to be written—but always at the expense of something else. I don't want to settle for that quick trip to Europe wedged in between work and rehearsals. I want to see the whole damn world and I want to see it now. I'm going to take a year off and racket around the world."

Cole Porter looked at me soberly for a full moment before he spoke. "Why not do both?" he said. "I like that idea of yours for a musical. Why don't we do it and go around the world at the same time?"

Again I looked at him with the same mixture of astonishment and wonder that had made him burst into laughter as I watched him put the new gold garters into place.

"Why not?" he persisted. "I could leave next week. Couldn't you?" He was already up from the table and making his way toward the door. "Let's stop by Cook's and find the first round-the-world sailing," he said, "and then go back to the hotel and tell Linda." It was all very matter-of-fact and somehow absurdly *fait accompli.*

The day of our luncheon was a Wednesday, and the first boat that sailed around the world happened to be for the following Tuesday. We were on it. Another thing I was to learn about Cole Porter was that when he wanted something, mountains moved and the earth shook. Very few people ever said "no" to him. Abject surrender was the general rule. That dazzling smile could disappear with frightening rapidity and a glacial mask could take its place.

The first ten days of the trip were given over to a detailed discussion of the general architecture of the show—lazy, pleasant, sunny days marred only by the ship's orchestra, which promptly broke into "You're the Top" or "I Get a Kick Out of You" each time our party entered the dining room or the ship's lounge. The first strains of music were always accompanied by loud, wild moans from Monty Woolley and more civilized ones from Howard Sturges, two old friends of the Porters' who had come along for the trip and who found the constant playing of Cole Porter songs almost as unbearable as did Cole Porter himself. He quite literally hated to hear his music played or sung under any

other conditions but his own precise and exacting ones. It was his fate and ours, however, to be plagued by hotel orchestras hidden behind potted palms manfully blaring out "You're the Top" in Bombay, in Zanzibar, in Rio, and even—by what miracle of communication no one of us could fathom—in Tahiti and Bali. It was, as Monty Woolley phrased it, "the white man's burden," and there was little to do but sigh and bear it.

Within two weeks I had developed enough of a rough outline for Cole to begin to think of songs, and almost immediately a great change took place. Cole Porter "worker" and Cole Porter "playboy" were two different beings. The change in him was as remarkable as it was revealing. The secret of those marvelously gay and seemingly effortless songs was a prodigious and unending industry. He worked around the clock. I had, and have always had, a fixed schedule of work. A writer of plays or prose is usually good for two or three hours of consecrated work a day and no more. He must choose the hours of the day that suit him best and use those hours to the full. Then it is over. Some writers work best at dawn, some choose even the small hours of the night, but my best hours have always been the late-morning ones. As a consequence, I would emerge from my cabin shortly before lunch ready, eager and waiting for the wonderful world of the Porters to begin, but the wonderful world of the Porters had completely disappeared.

From the time I handed him the outline with the first two or three songs indicated, Cole Porter seemed to withdraw not only from our party but from the human race as well. Indeed, I sometimes suspected that he used work as a weapon to shield himself from a boredom whose threshold was extremely low; he could withdraw and disappear before one's eyes with an almost sinister facility. His withdrawals were not confined to the moment when he entered his cabin to sit at the small upright piano; they spilled over the luncheon table, the dinner table, and even onto some of the sightseeing tours when the boat docked.

The boat stopped first at Kingston, Jamaica, and another side of his nature I had not bargained for was immediately and exhaustingly revealed. He was an indefatigable sightseer, a tourist to end all tourists. Everything held an interest for him. No ruin was too small not to be seen, particularly if it meant a long climb up a steep hill; no ride into the interior was too much or too far, if it was a broiling hot day and there was a piddling waterfall at the end of it. Even the flora and fauna fascinated him, and he would drive miles to gape at a native shrub or an animal that flourished only in a particularly disagreeable part of whatever country we were in. Yet even his insatiable tourism, it turned out, was also grist to the mill of work, which went on whether he was sightseeing, eating or, for all I knew, while he was sleeping at night. I made this discovery a few days later when I went to his cabin to hear the first song written for *Jubilee*. It was called, astonishingly enough, "The Kling-Kling Bird on the Divi-Divi Tree," a bird and a tree I had heard him asking innumerable questions about during our stopover in Jamaica. It did not surprise me too greatly, therefore, when, sometime after we had sailed away from

Samoa, he informed me that one of the chief ballads for the show was to be entitled "Begin the Beguine." The beguine was a native dance we had driven endless hot miles to witness, and my reservations about the length of the song (I am somewhat ashamed to record that I thought the song had ended when he was only halfway through playing it) were overridden by my relief that one of the chief love songs of the show was not to be about a koala bear or a duck-billed platypus, one or the other of which he had found completely entrancing.

As I grew used to his method of working, however—the long, baffling silences, the sudden withdrawals—I became increasingly fascinated and admiring of the profound sense of dedication he brought to his work. I do not know if it is generally known that Cole Porter is a first-rate musician, thoroughly schooled in musical theory and harmony, with a large and cultivated knowledge of classical music at his command. It was, I know, a surprise to me. Those songs which seemed almost to cascade from the piano with infinite ease and grace, those words which were so captivatingly set to music that in combination they sounded almost as if they had written themselves, had been arrived at with immense labor and out of a solid musical background. Without that background, and in spite of his great musical gift, I do not think he could have written "Begin the Beguine," a song that was as far ahead of its time musically in 1935 as "What Is This Thing Called Love?" was ahead of its time in 1929. Likewise, his steeplechase agility with words—words that seem to quicken the music or fill it with languor and very often with passion—spring from a real devotion to the English language. Here again his erudition is surprising, his knowledge encyclopedic and his taste impeccable. The trite, the hackneyed, the commonplace word was never settled for. The search for the right word—the unerring word that would fit the musical note with exactitude and express precisely what he wanted the song to say—was like the quest for the Holy Grail. There was something almost mystical about his constant pursuit for the explicit, tangible word that would highlight the rhyme scheme or illuminate the middle of a song and make it soar to the end. Wit and elegance he had at his fingertips, and he could write clever, smart and even brilliant lyrics by the yard, but he was scrupulous about what each particular song was to say in relationship to the score as a whole, and he polished and worried over so simple a song as "Why Shouldn't I?" until it gleamed like the perfect little song it is.

I learned a lasting lesson from watching Cole Porter at work. It was, simply, that no artist, however gifted, can ever rely solely on his gift without a steady and relentless industry in its application. The ability to use his gift with vigor and constancy is almost as necessary a requisite as talent itself. Cole Porter is a prime example of this depressing truism. Though the most self-indulgent and the most pleasure-loving man I have ever known, indulgence and pleasure both stopped dead the moment songwriting began. Perversely enough, and to point up the exception to every rule, I suppose, he could fashion a song overnight when necessity demanded it. I was given a startling example of this shortly before rehearsals began.

Marcus Blechman

MOSS HART

Both score and book had been completed by the time we returned to New York. The weekend before rehearsals were scheduled to begin, I accompanied him to Leonard Hanna's farm in Ohio for a last respite before the frenzy that lay just ahead. On Saturday afternoon as we walked through the quiet September countryside, inevitably discussing the only topic that held any interest for either of us, I brought out into the open a nagging thought I had long held—that the score still lacked a major song in the second act. He was surprised, but quickly agreed with me. Thereafter silence fell and the withdrawal began. I might just as well have been strolling through the woods by myself. Early on, I might have mistaken this for annoyance, but I knew by now that he was already at work. Mentally I made a note that, with luck, we might have the song for the third week of rehearsal. It is unwise to count on predictability in people, more particularly in anyone as unpredictable as Cole Porter. The next morning he called me into the living room and closed the doors. He placed a scribbled sheet of note paper on the music rack of the piano and then played and sang the verse and chorus of "Just One of Those Things." No word of either verse or chorus was ever altered. It has been played and sung through the years exactly as I heard it on that Sunday morning in Ohio, a song written overnight, thereby defying all the nice little rules I had conceived about work. The fact remains, however, that with this one exception a Cole Porter song is usually the end product of

hours and days of work such as no self-respecting longshoreman would ever accept without complaining to his union.

Jubilee was a pleasant enough success, and it is interesting to note that two of its songs that I have mentioned—"Begin the Beguine" and "Just One of Those Things"—were dismal failures both in the show and with the public as well. The critics were dismissive and the public uninterested in them. Not until three or four years later did either song begin to assume the characteristics of a popular "hit" or begin to achieve the acclaim that has made them two of the standard songs of the American musical theater.

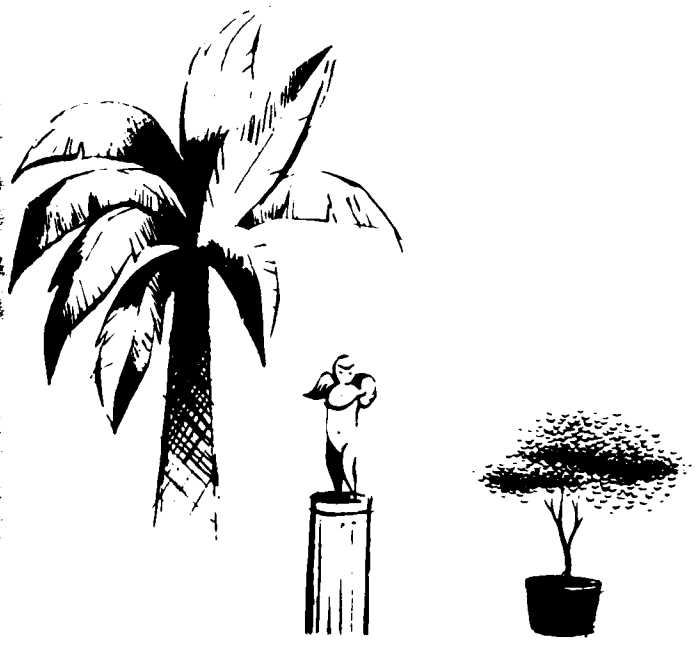
Jubilee was also the end of our collaboration. We have never done another musical show together. I do not know quite why. Through the years we have talked of doing another one, but somehow it has never come to pass. Shows either happen or they don't happen. That is as reasonable an explanation as I can give. Meanwhile, that unending and, to me, unrivaled flow of words and music has continued to pour forth. These recollections are being written during a holiday in Jamaica, and quite accidentally two days ago some vivid memories of our collaboration and of Cole Porter were sent spinning across my mind. A river picnic was arranged for one of the final nights of our stay. Food and a little Jamaican orchestra were dispatched on ahead, and the picnickers followed in large canoes. A huge bonfire was lit, and, after the party, we fell into song in the way common to all picnic parties. We sang Berlin, Gershwin, Kern, Rodgers and Hammerstein and Cole Porter.

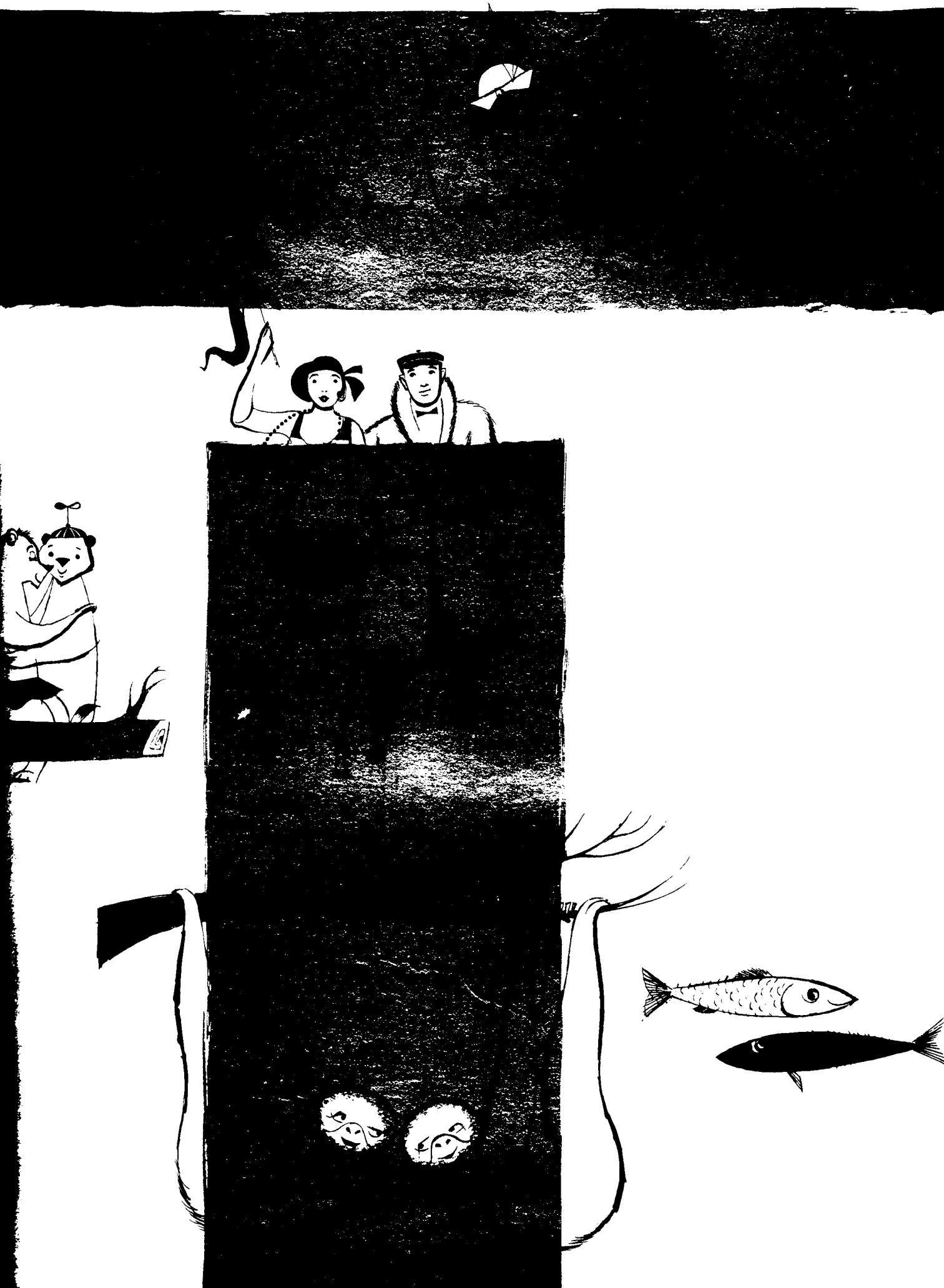
In that lush jungle setting, "Begin the Beguine" seemed particularly appropriate, and I suddenly recalled the time I had first heard it sung by Cole Porter himself, sitting at the upright piano in his cabin as the boat sailed toward the Fiji Islands. I remembered, too, my first glimpse of him in the Ritz Bar, and, long afterward, my vivid memory of him when he was valiantly fighting the effects of a tragic riding accident. I do not think any memoir of Cole Porter can be written without mention of his defiance and his fortitude in triumphing over a catastrophe that would have broken and overwhelmed a lesser man. It is marvelous to think that so many of these songs—including the great score of *Kiss Me, Kate*—these blithe and sunny songs that America has danced and sung for the past two decades, have come from a man whose daily battle against pain and defeat was in itself a lesson in courage and gallantry. It is a testament to the greatness of the human spirit.

In a bleak and sometimes ugly world, to witness an act of personal heroism is to know forever what human beings can be and can do, for it does not always follow that a first-rate artist is an estimable fellow, nor does it matter, I suppose. Too often, however, the artist apart from his talent is a disappointment; he is not very much of a person and it is almost always disillusioning for the hero worshiper to come face to face with his hero. Cole Porter is one of the rare exceptions. He was an early hero of mine and he has remained a late one. He is quite as matchless as his music.

MOSS HART

The COLE PORTER *Song Book*





Let's Do It

FROM PARIS

Moderato

mp *cresc.* *mf*

Semplice *(not fast)*

Bb6 F7 Bb F7

When the lit - tle blue-bird, Who has nev - er said a word, Starts to

poco rit. *p a tempo*

Bb Bbaug. Bb6 Ebm Bb Faug. Bb6 F7

sing: "Spring, Spring!" When the lit - tle blue - bell In the

mf *p*

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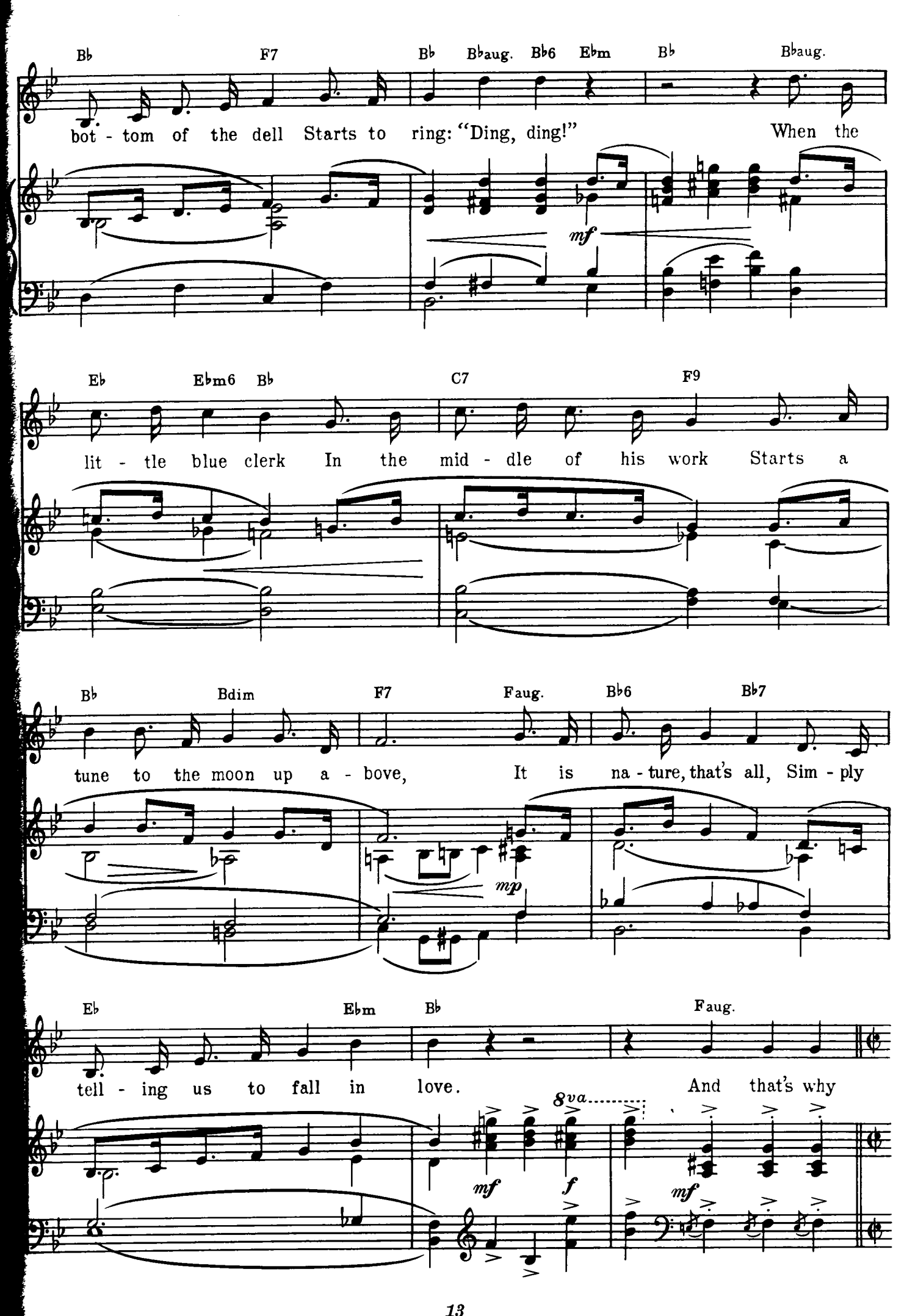

Bb F7 Bb Bbaug. Bb6 Ebm Bb Bbaug.
bot - tom of the dell Starts to ring: "Ding, ding!" When the
mf
Eb Ebm6 Bb C7 F9
lit - tle blue clerk In the mid - dle of his work Starts a
Bb Bdim F7 Faug. Bb6 Bb7
tune to the moon up a - bove, It is na - ture, that's all, Sim - ply
mp
Eb Ebm Bb Faug.
tell - ing us to fall in love. And that's why
8va
mf f mf

Refrain *(brightly)*

Bb F7 Bb

1. Birds do it, Bees do it, E - ven ed - u - cat - ed
2. Spon - ges, they say, do it, Oy - sters, down in Oy - ster
3. - flies in the reeds do it, Sen - ti - men - tal cen - ti -
4. - zees in the zoos do it, Some cou - ra - geous kan - ga -

p

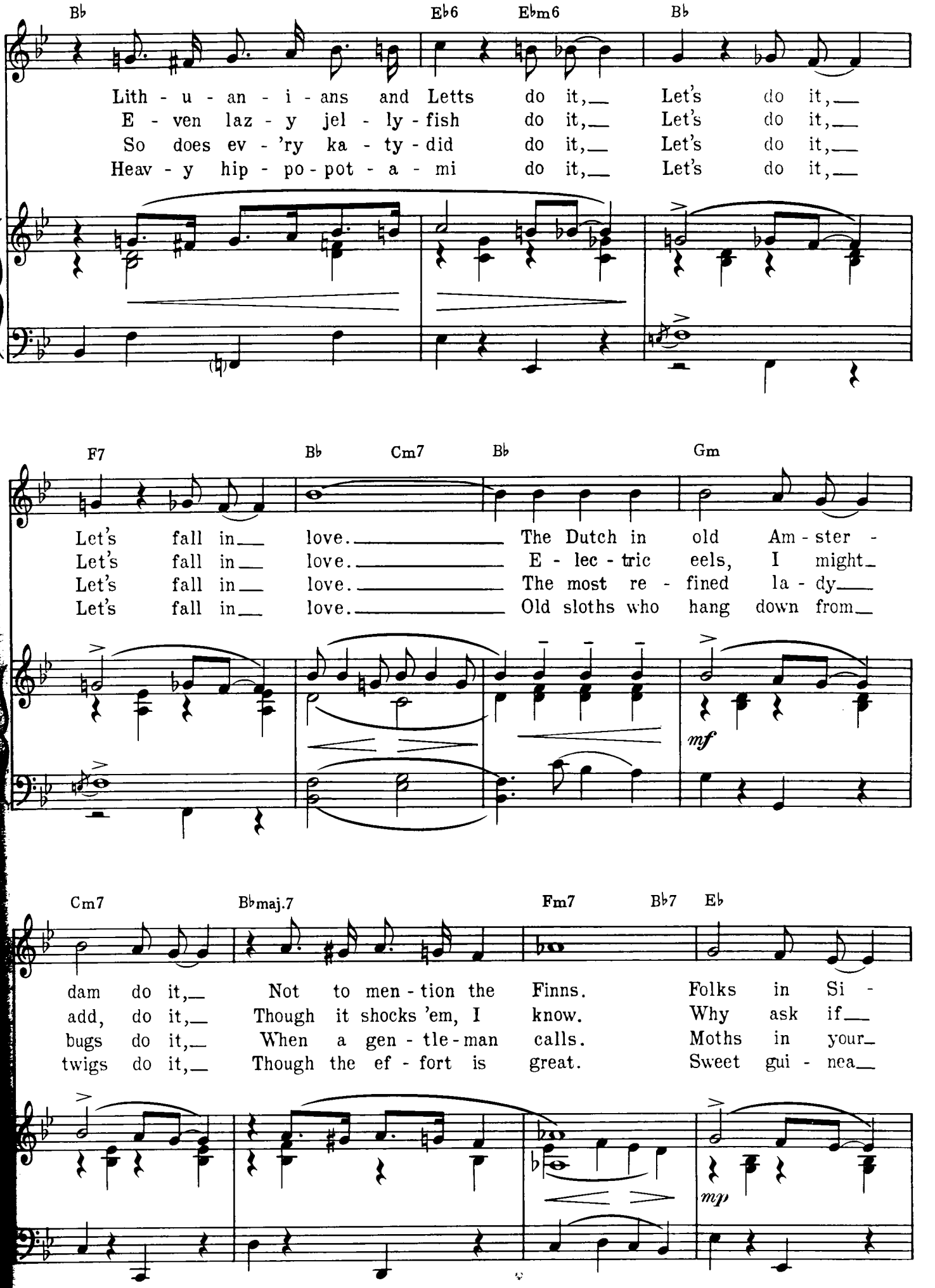
Eb6 Ebm6 Bb F7 Bb Ebm

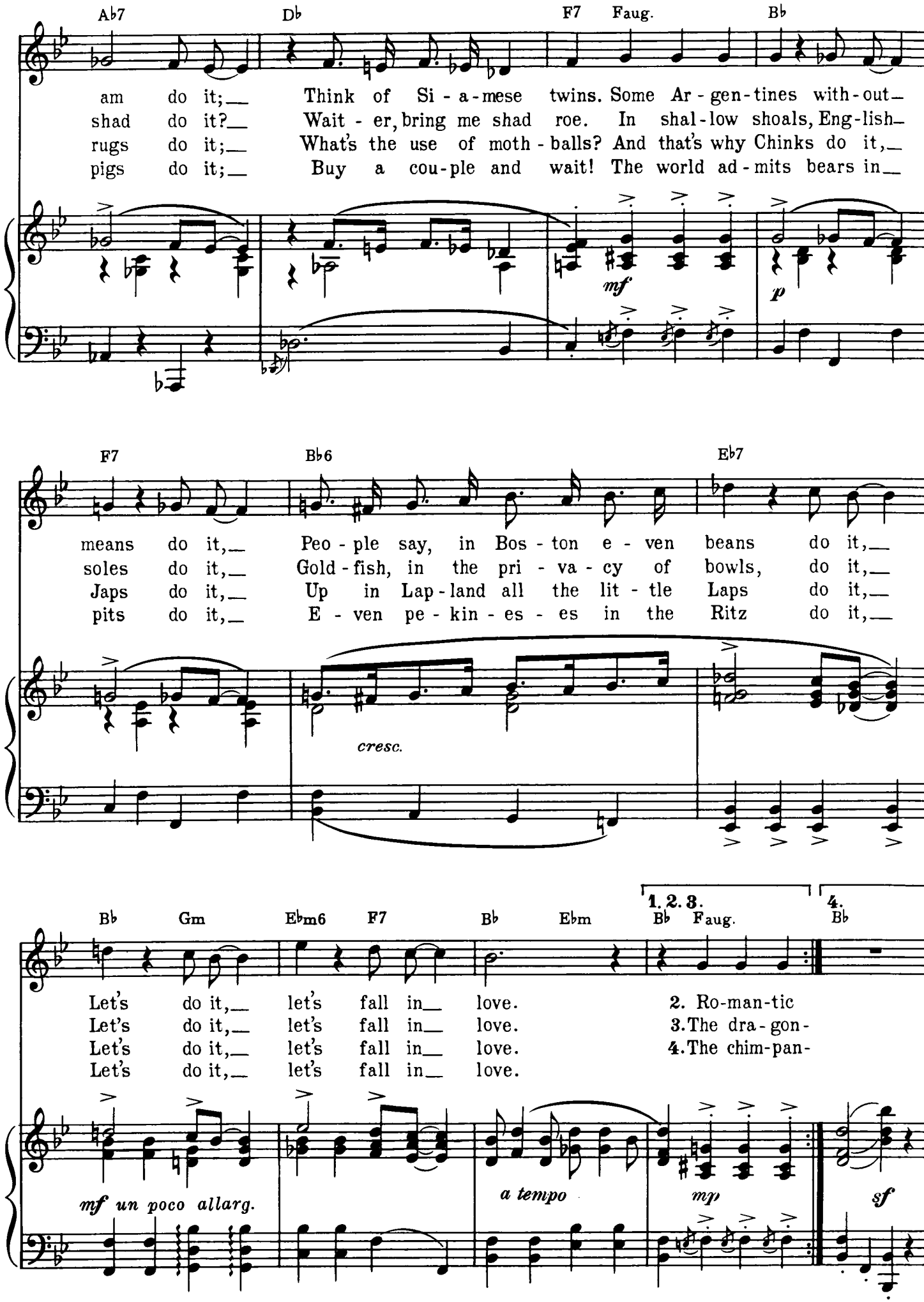
fleas do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.
Bay, do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.
pedes do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.
roos do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.

Bb Faug. Bb F7

In Spain, the best up - per sets do it,
Cold Cape Cod clams, 'gainst their wish, do it,
Mos - qui - toes, Heav - en for - bid, do it,
I'm sure gi - raffes on the sly do it,

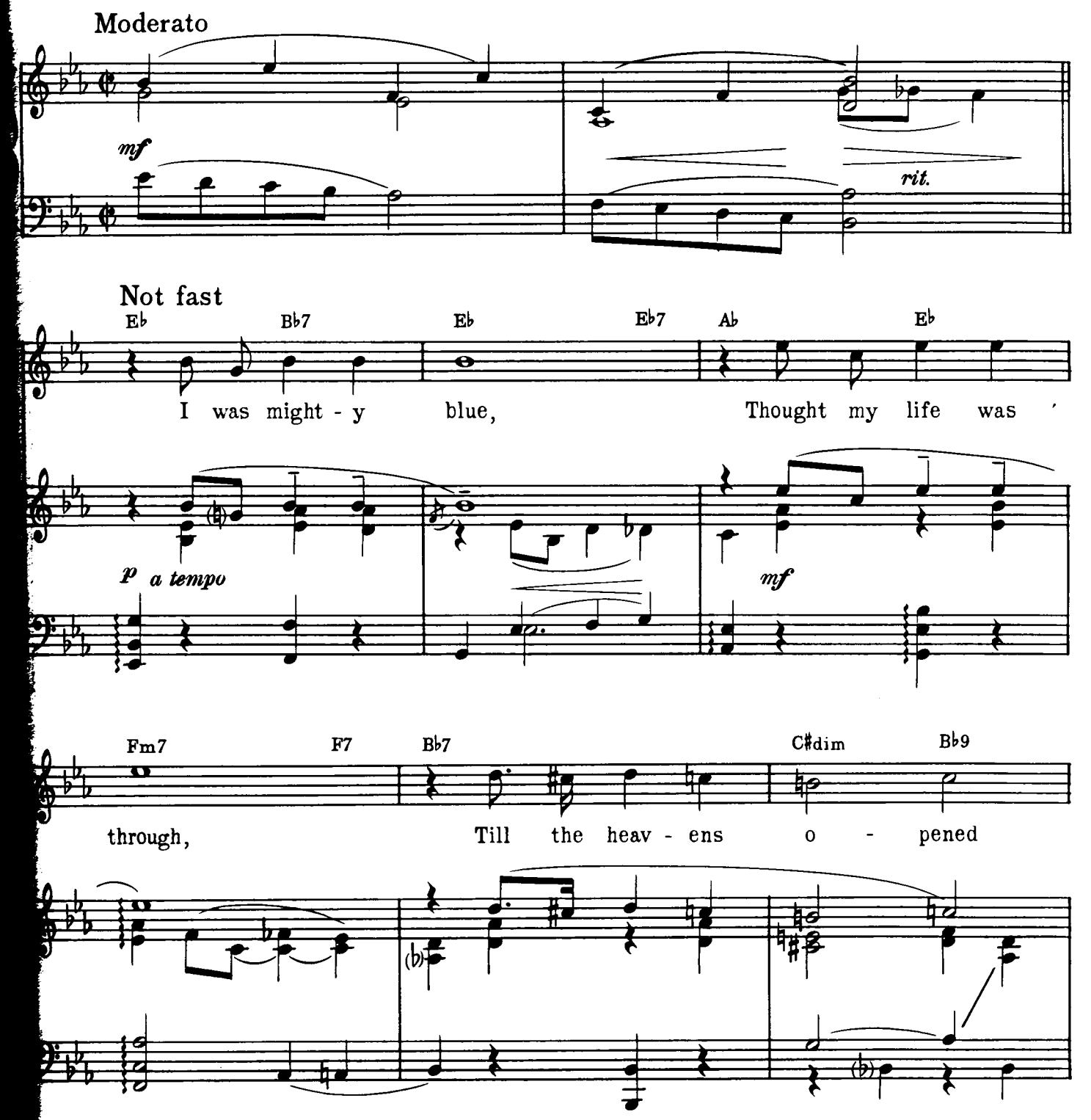
mf *p*


Bb Eb6 Ebm6 Bb
Lith - u - an - i - ans and Letts do it, Let's do it,
E - ven laz - y jel - ly - fish do it, Let's do it,
So does ev - 'ry ka - ty - did do it, Let's do it,
Heav - y hip - po - pot - a - mi do it, Let's do it,
F7 Bb Cm7 Bb Gm
Let's fall in love. The Dutch in old Am - ster -
Let's fall in love. E - lec - tric eels, I might
Let's fall in love. The most re - fined la - dy
Let's fall in love. Old sloths who hang down from
mf
Cm7 Bbmaj.7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb
dam do it, Not to men - tion the Finns. Folks in Si -
add, do it, Though it shocks 'em, I know. Why ask if
bugs do it, When a gen - tle - man calls. Moths in your
twigs do it, Though the ef - fort is great. Sweet gui - nea
mp


Ab7 Db F7 Faug. Bb
am do it;— Think of Si - a - mese twins. Some Ar - gen - tines with - out—
shad do it?— Wait - er, bring me shad roe. In shal - low shoals, Eng - lish—
rugs do it;— What's the use of moth - balls? And that's why Chinks do it,—
pigs do it;— Buy a cou - ple and wait! The world ad - mits bears in—
mf
p
F7 Bb6 Eb7
means do it,— Peo - ple say, in Bos - ton e - ven beans do it,—
soles do it,— Gold - fish, in the pri - va - cy of bowls, do it,—
Japs do it,— Up in Lap - land all the lit - tle Laps do it,—
pits do it,— E - ven pe - kin - es - es in the Ritz do it,—
cresc.
Bb Gm Ebm6 F7 Bb Ebm 1. 2. 3. Bb Faug. 4. Bb
Let's do it,— let's fall in— love. 2. Ro - man - tic
Let's do it,— let's fall in— love. 3. The dra - gon -
Let's do it,— let's fall in— love. 4. The chim - pan -
Let's do it,— let's fall in— love.
mf un poco allarg.
a tempo
mp
sf

You Do Something to Me

FROM FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN



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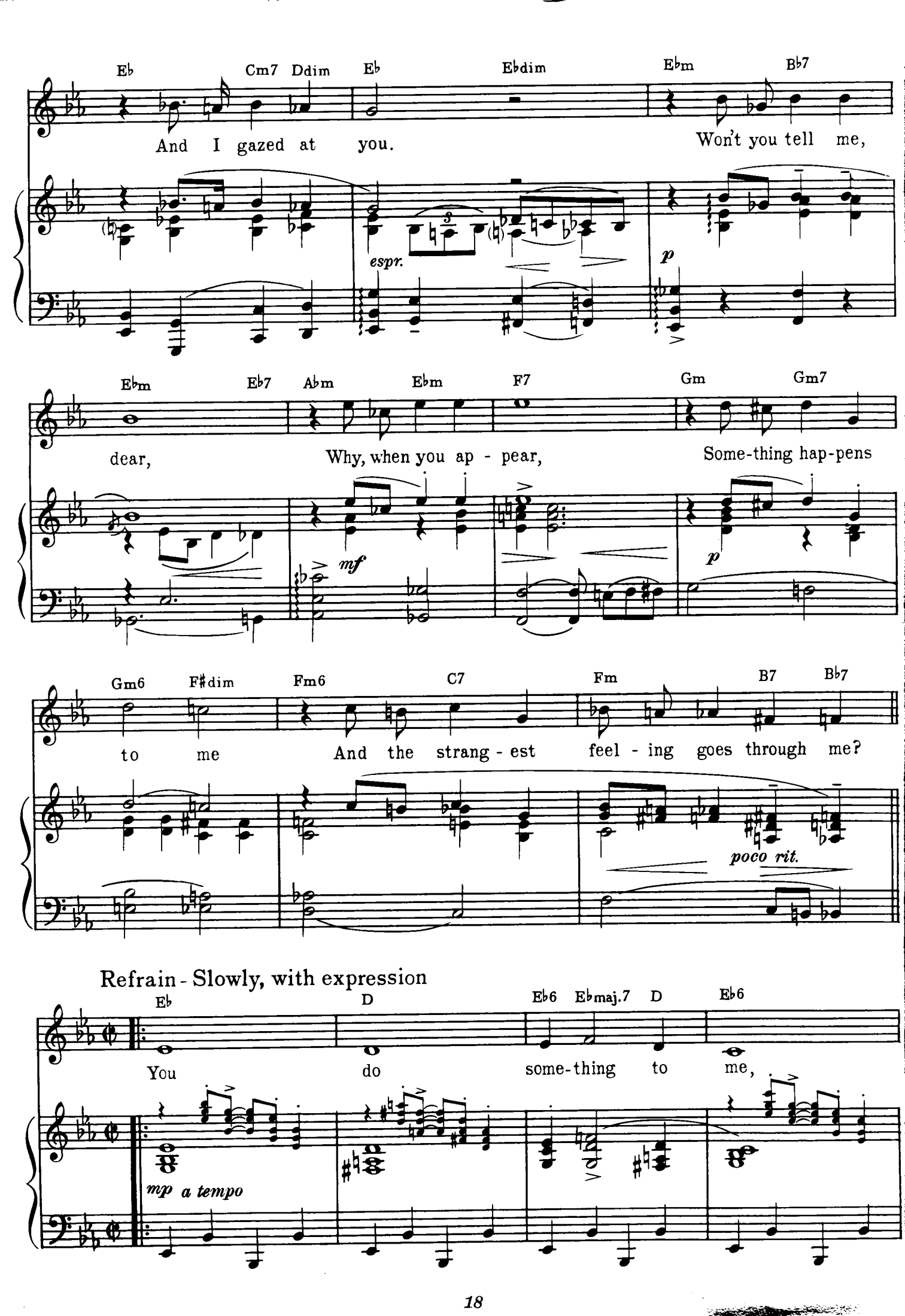
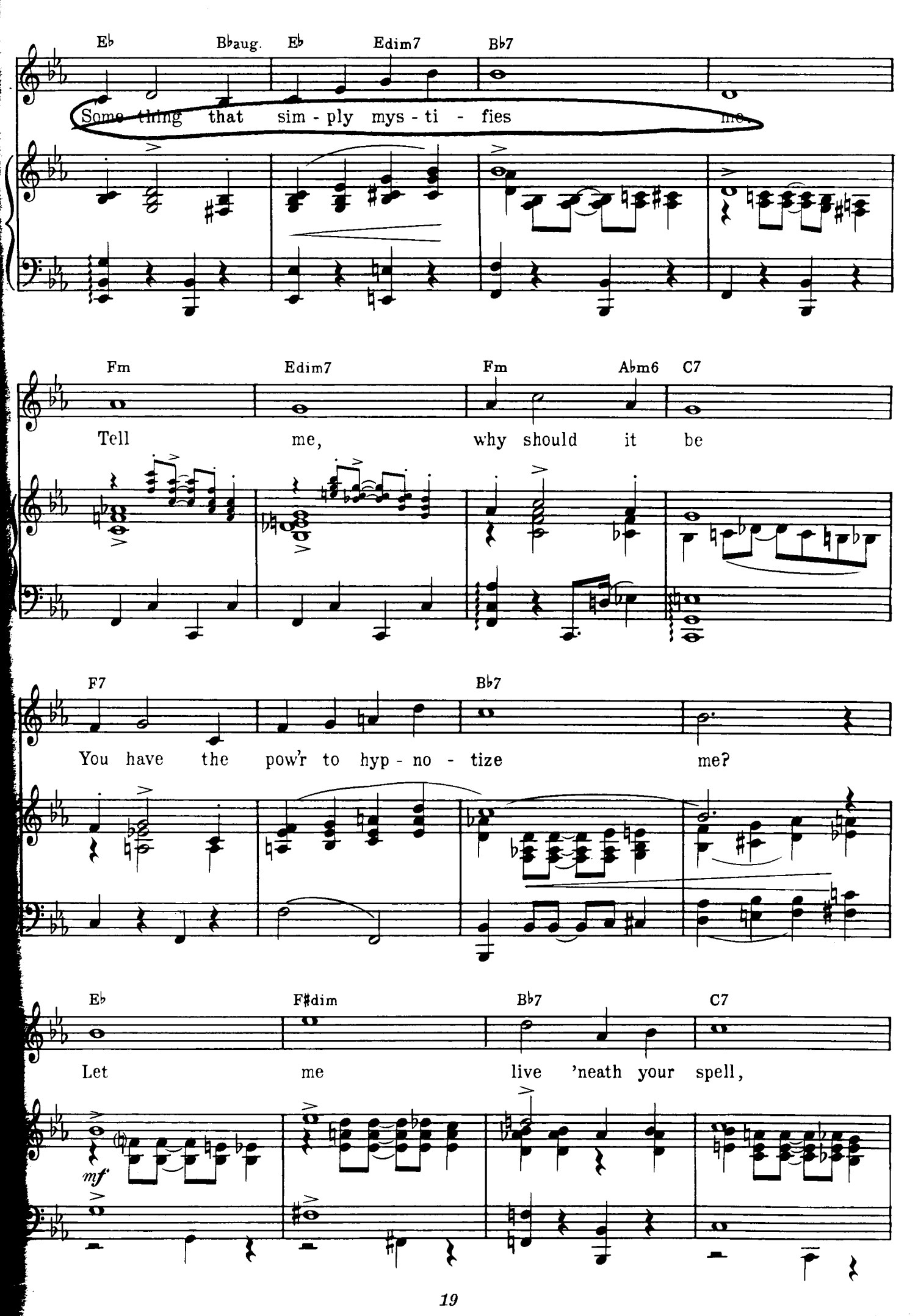
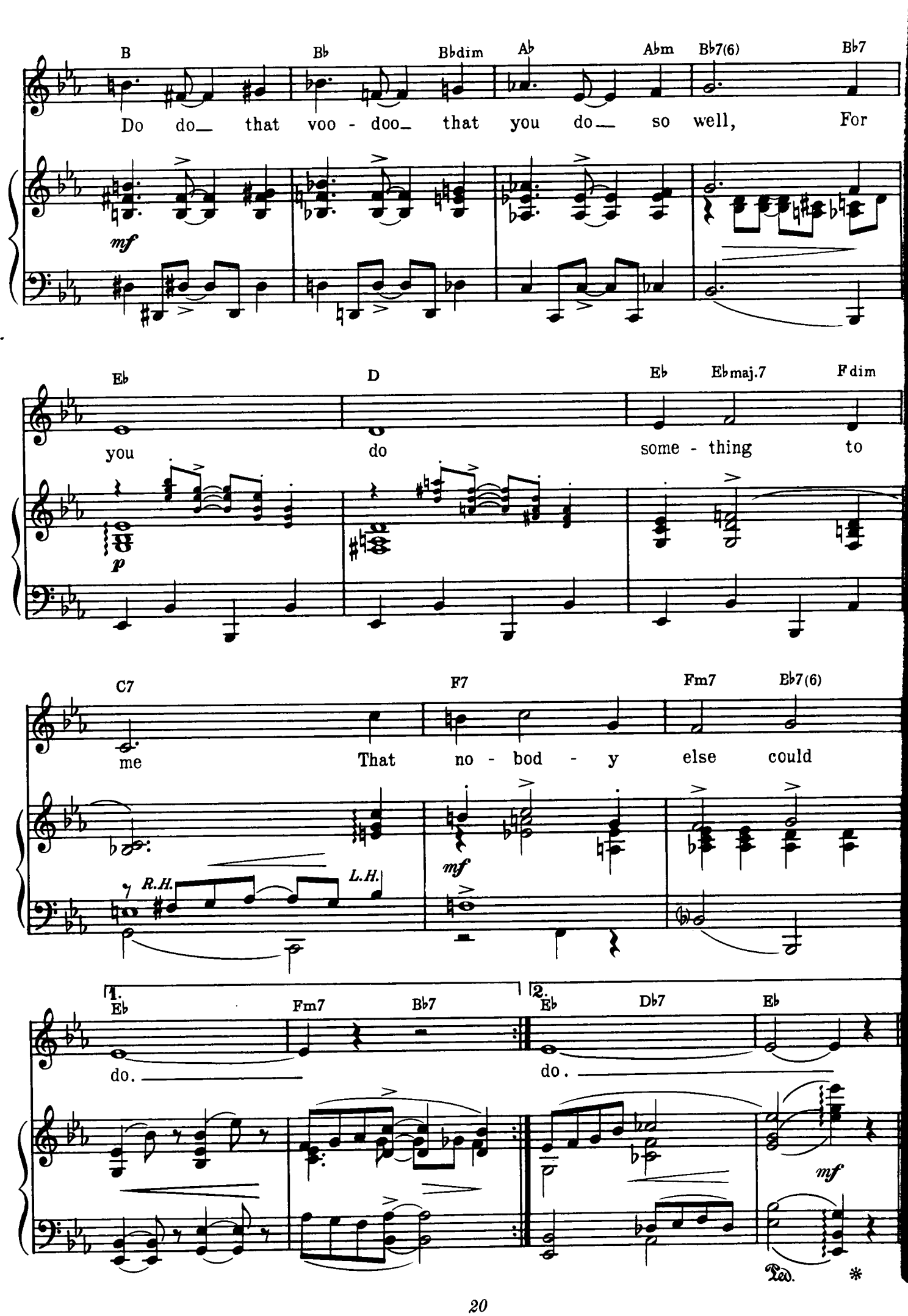
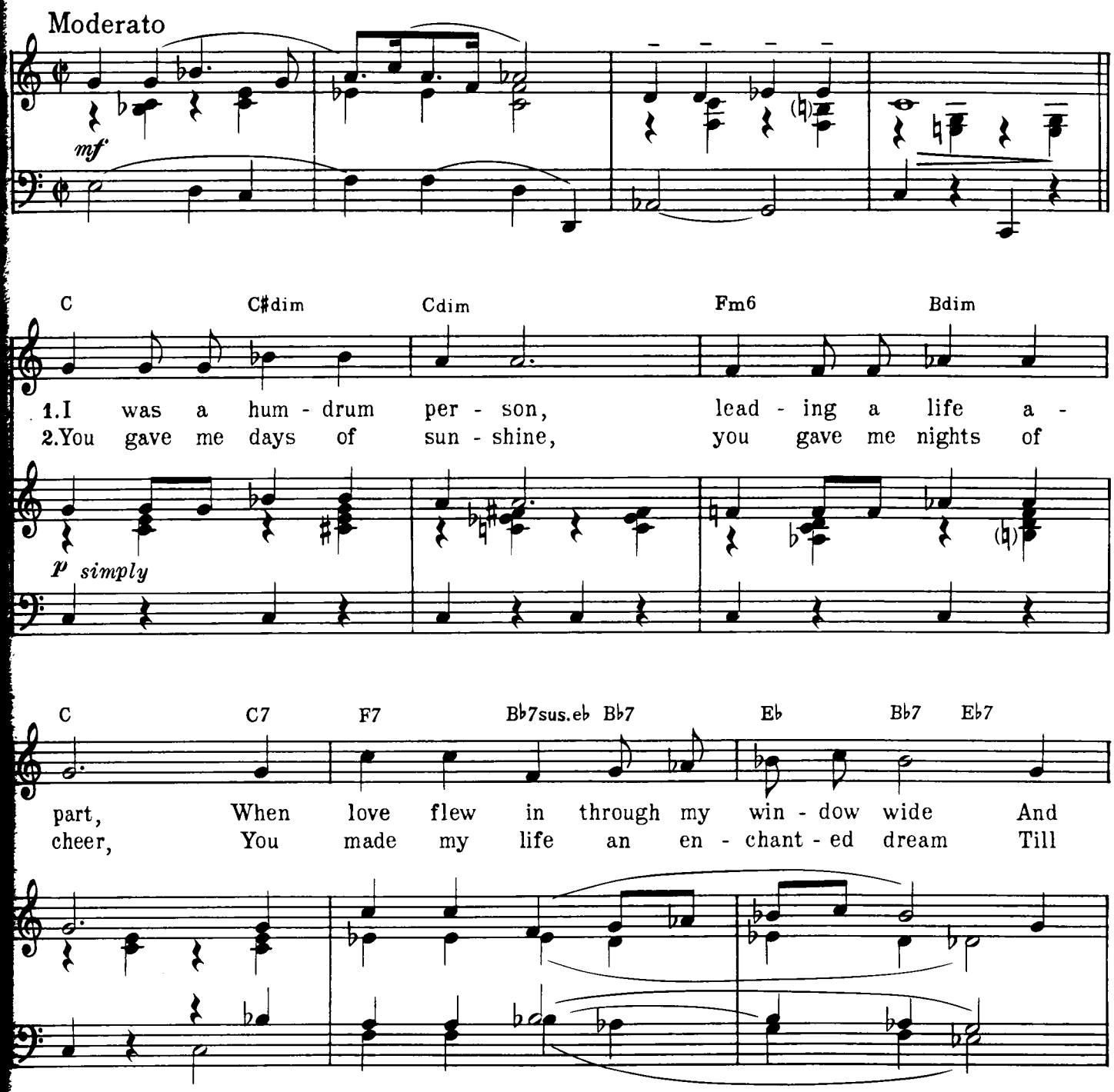

Eb Cm7 Ddim Eb Ebdim Ebm Bb7
And I gazed at you. Won't you tell me,
espr.
p
Ebm Eb7 Abm Ebm F7 Gm Gm7
dear, Why, when you ap - pear, Some-thing hap-pens
mf
p
Gm6 F#dim Fm6 C7 Fm B7 Bb7
to me And the strang - est feel - ing goes through me?
poco rit.
Refrain - Slowly, with expression
Eb D Eb6 Ebmaj.7 D Eb6
You do some-thing to me,
mp a tempo


E♭ B♭aug. E♭ Edim7 B♭7
Some thing that sim - ply mys - ti - fies me.
Fm Edim7 Fm A♭m6 C7
Tell me, why should it be
F7 B♭7
You have the pow'r to hyp - no - tize me?
E♭ F♯dim B♭7 C7
Let me live 'neath your spell,
mf


B Bb Bbdim Ab Abm Bb7(6) Bb7
Do do_ that voo - doo_ that you do_ so well, For
mf
Eb D Eb Ebmaj.7 Fdim
you do some - thing to
p
C7 F7 Fm7 Eb7(6)
me That no - bod - y else could
R.H. L.H.
mf
1. Eb Fm7 Bb7
do.
2. Eb Db7 Eb
do.
mf
Ped. *

What Is This Thing Called Love?

FROM WAKE UP AND DREAM



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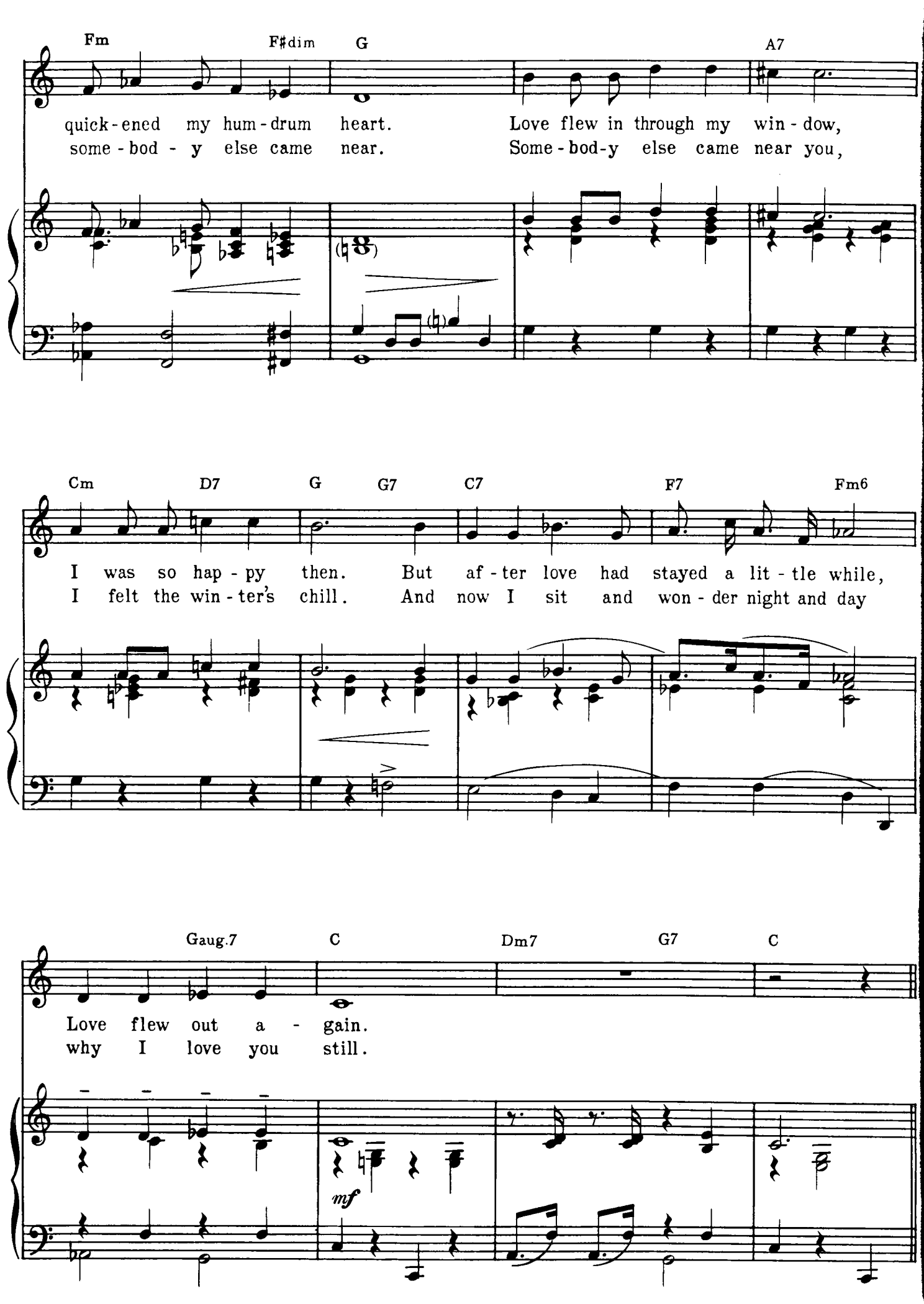

Fm
F♯dim
G
A7
quick-ened my hum-drum heart. Love flew in through my win-dow,
some-bod-y else came near. Some-bod-y else came near you,
Cm
D7
G
G7
C7
F7
Fm6
I was so hap-py then. But af-ter love had stayed a lit-tle while,
I felt the win-ter's chill. And now I sit and won-der night and day
Gaug.7
C
Dm7
G7
C
Love flew out a-gain.
why I love you still.
mf

Refrain - Slow *(in the manner of a "Blues")*

C7 Fm6

What is this thing called love? This

mp *marked (but not too fast)*

G7 Gaug.7 C Cmaj.7 C6 C7

fun - ny thing called love? Just who can solve

(simile)

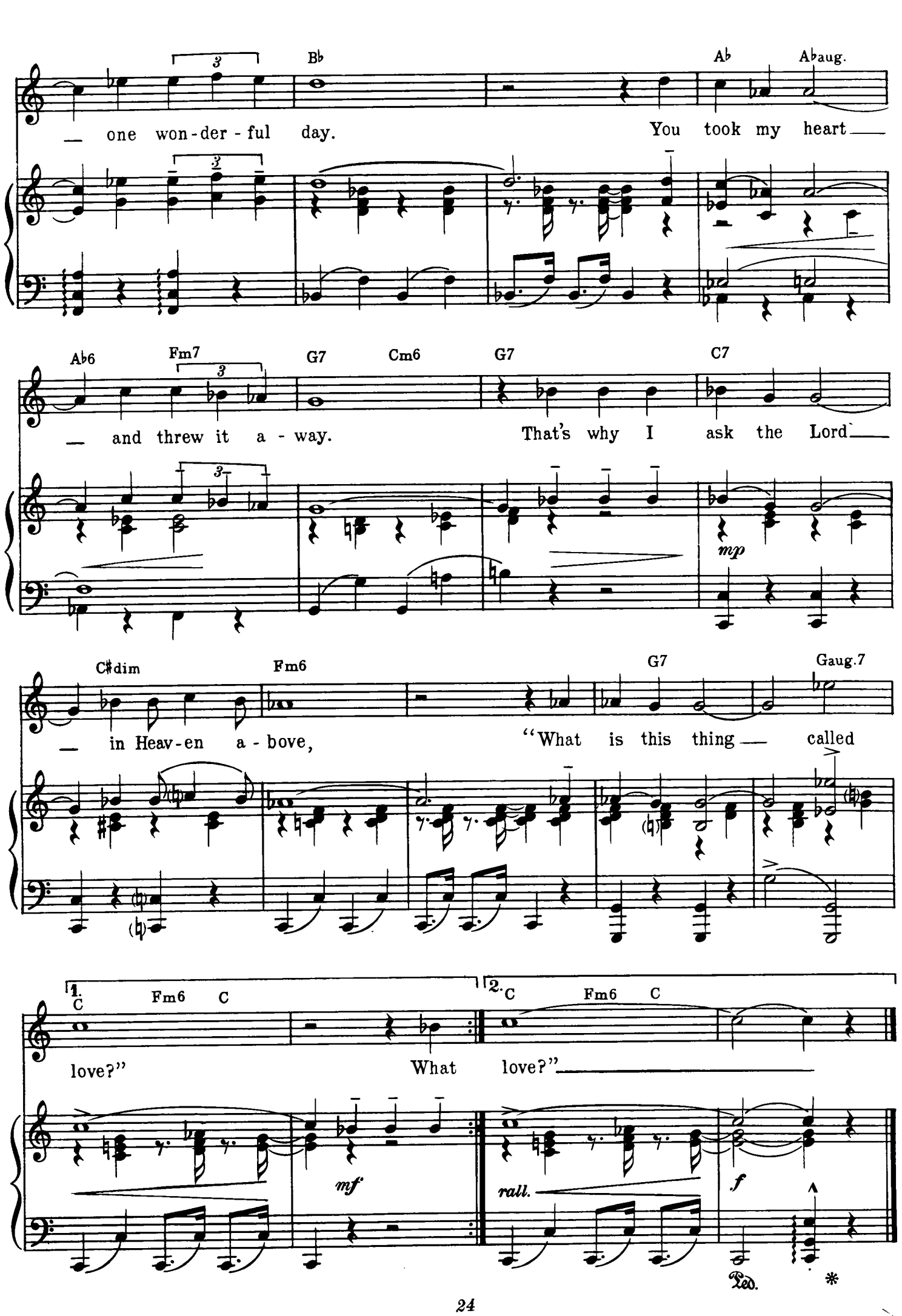
C#dim Fm6 G7

its mys - ter - y? Why should it make

Gaug.7 C Cm F7

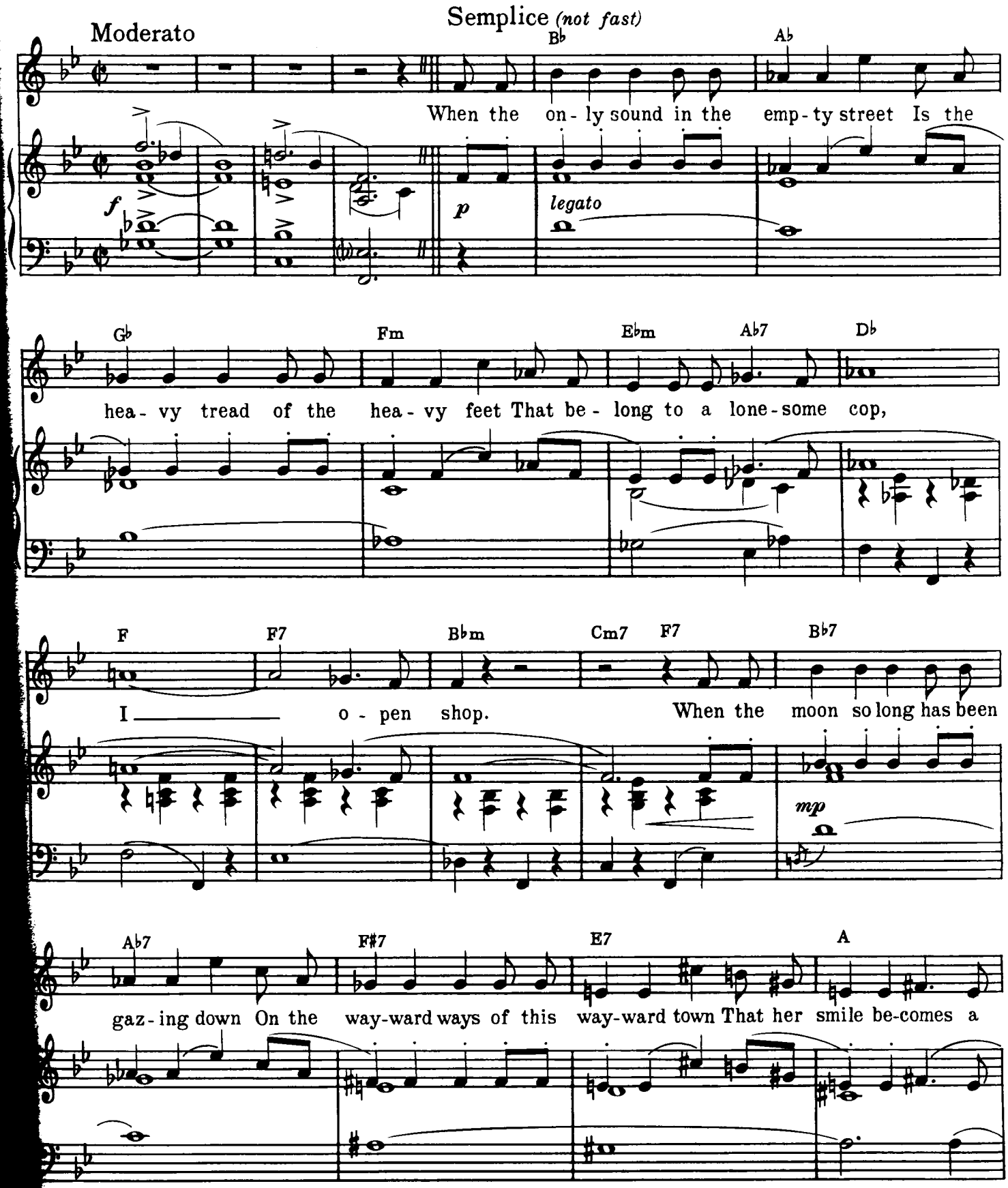
a fool of me? I saw you there

R.H. *mf*


B♭
A♭
A♭aug.
one won-der-ful day.
You took my heart
A♭6
Fm7
G7
Cm6
G7
C7
and threw it a-way.
That's why I ask the Lord
mp
C♯dim
Fm6
G7
Gaug.7
in Heav-en a-bove,
"What is this thing called
1. C
Fm6
C
2. C
Fm6
C
love?"
What love?"
mf
rall.
f
Ped.
*

Love for Sale

FROM THE NEW YORKERS



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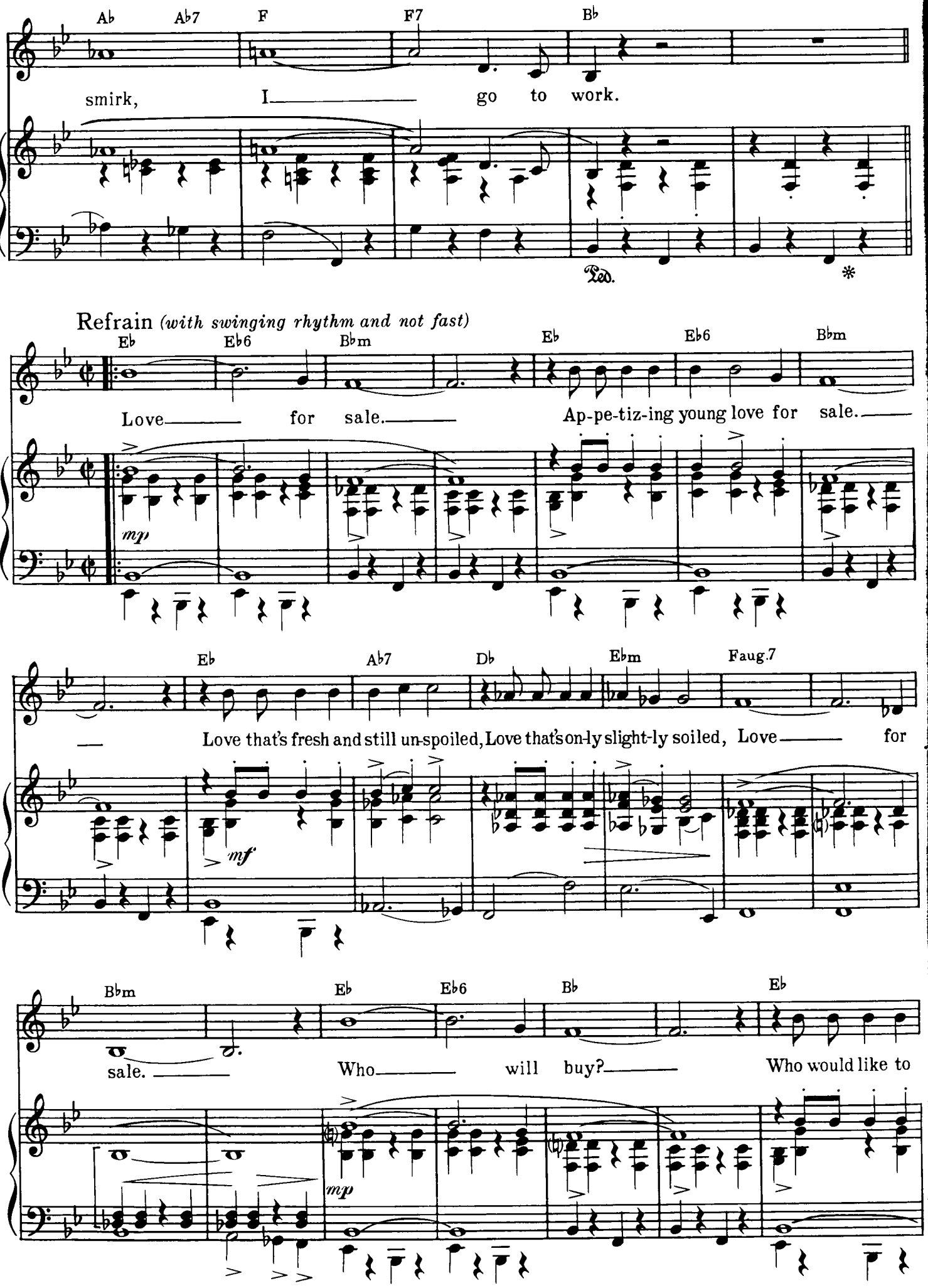
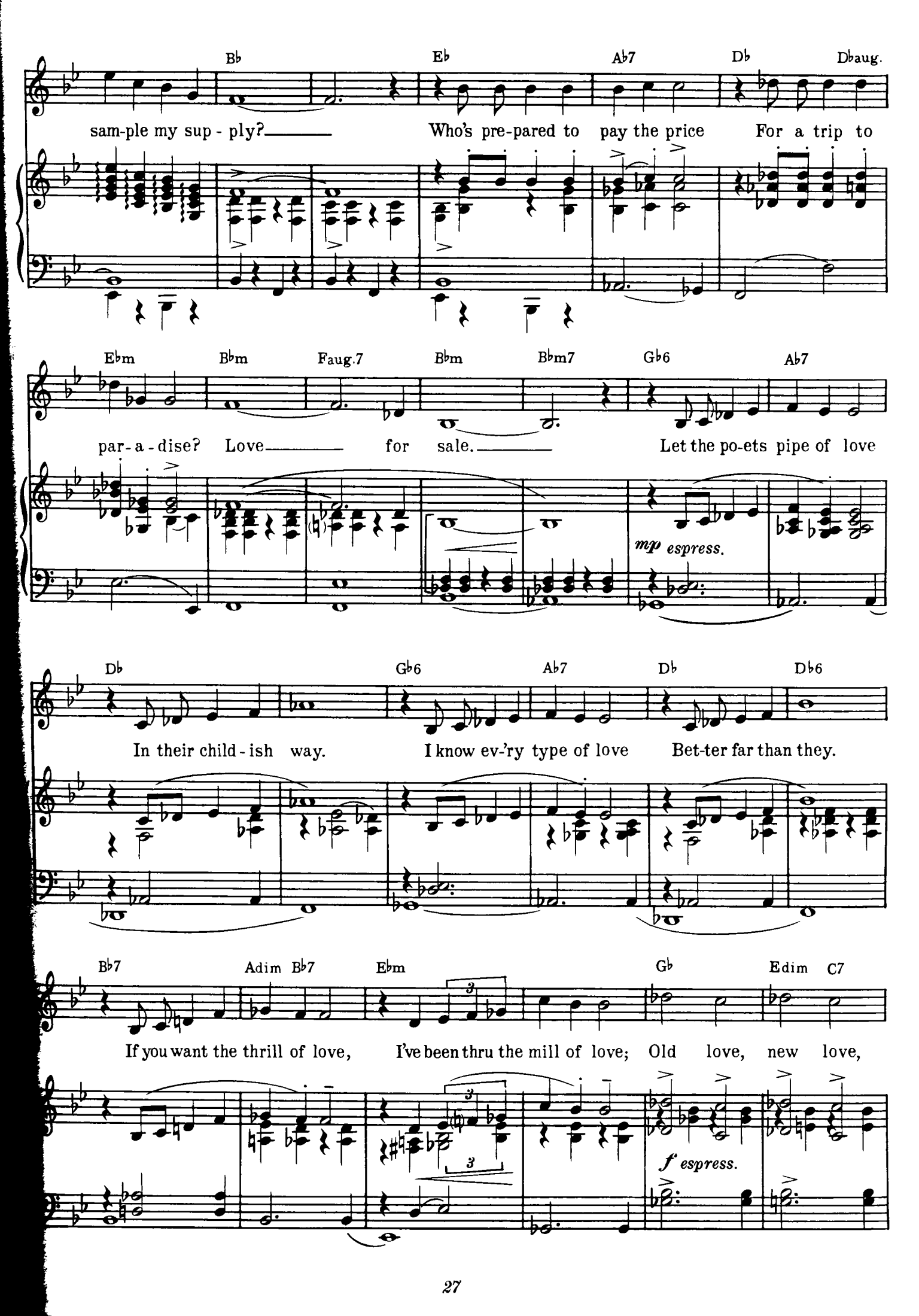

Ab Ab7 F F7 Bb
smirk, I go to work.
Ped. *
Refrain (with swinging rhythm and not fast)
Eb Eb6 Bbm Eb Eb6 Bbm
Love for sale. Ap-pe-tiz-ing young love for sale.
mp
Eb Ab7 Db Ebm Faug.7
Love that's fresh and still un-spoiled, Love that's on-ly slight-ly soiled, Love for
mf
Bbm Eb Eb6 Bb Eb
sale. Who will buy? Who would like to
mp


Bb Eb Ab7 Db Dbaug.
sam-ple my sup - ply? Who's pre-pared to pay the price For a trip to
Ebm Bbm Faug.7 Bbm Bbm7 Gb6 Ab7
par-a-dise? Love for sale. Let the po-ets pipe of love
mp espress.
Db Gb6 Ab7 Db Db6
In their child-ish way. I know ev-'ry type of love Bet-ter far than they.
Bb7 Adim Bb7 Ebm Gb Edim C7
If you want the thrill of love, I've been thru the mill of love; Old love, new love,
f espress.

B7 Bdim7 B♭7(♭5) E♭ E♭6 B♭m E♭

Ev-'ry love but true love. Love ___ for sale. ___ Ap-pe-tiz-ing

rall. *più rit.* *f a tempo*

E♭6 B♭ E♭ A♭7 D♭ G♭

young love for sale. ___ If you want to buy my wares, Fol-low me and climb the stairs,

molto cresc.

Faug.7 B♭m B♭m7 B♭m6 E♭9 G♭6

Love ___ for sale. ___ Love ___

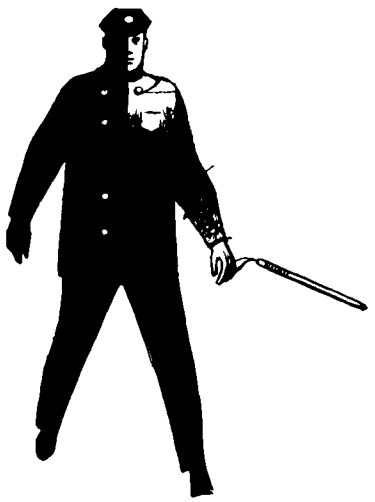
ff broadly *dimin.* *p*

Faug.7 Edim7 E♭m6 1. B♭ 2. B♭

for sale. ___

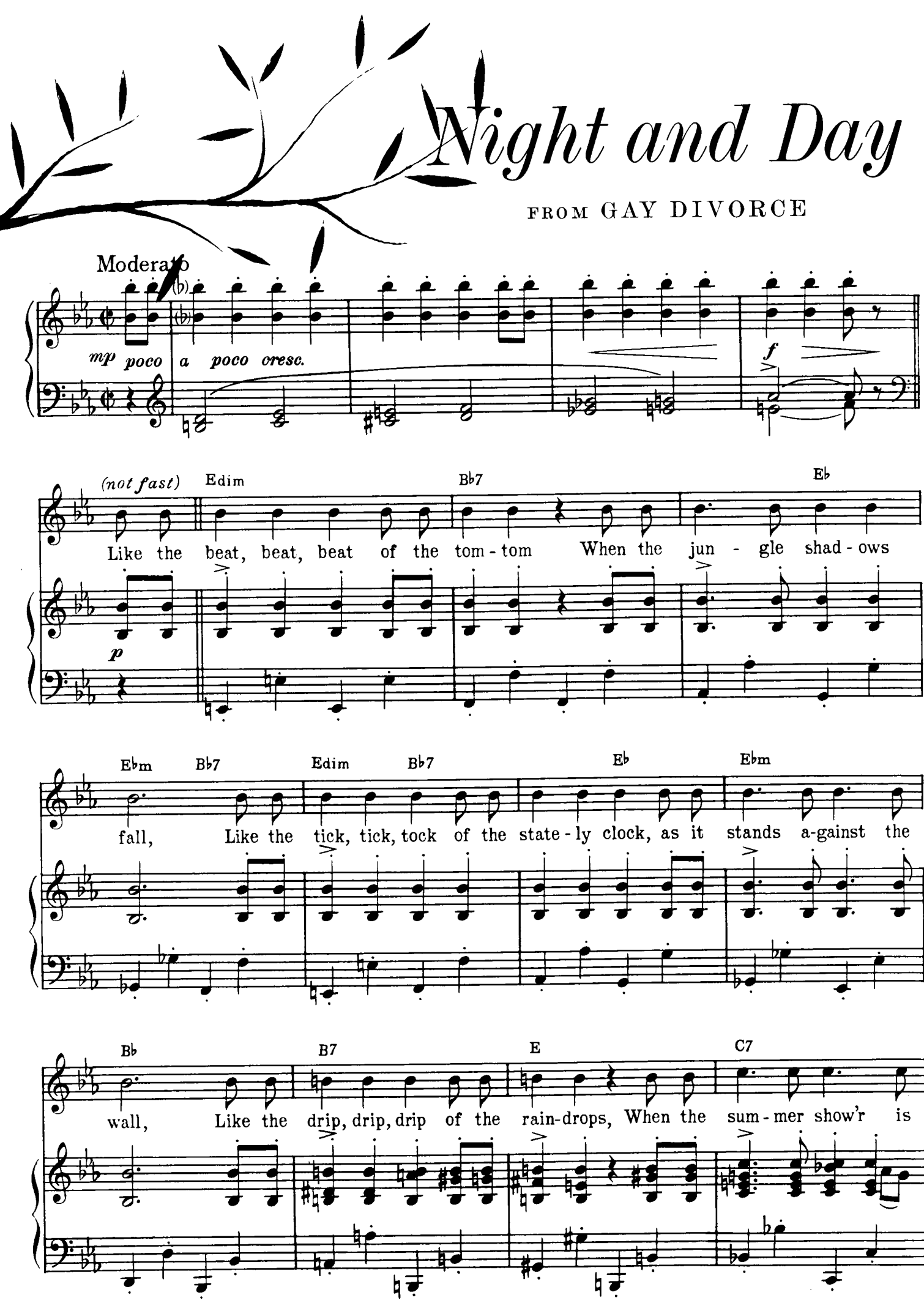
p *dim. e morendo* *a tempo* *pp*

Ped. *



Night and Day

FROM GAY DIVORCE



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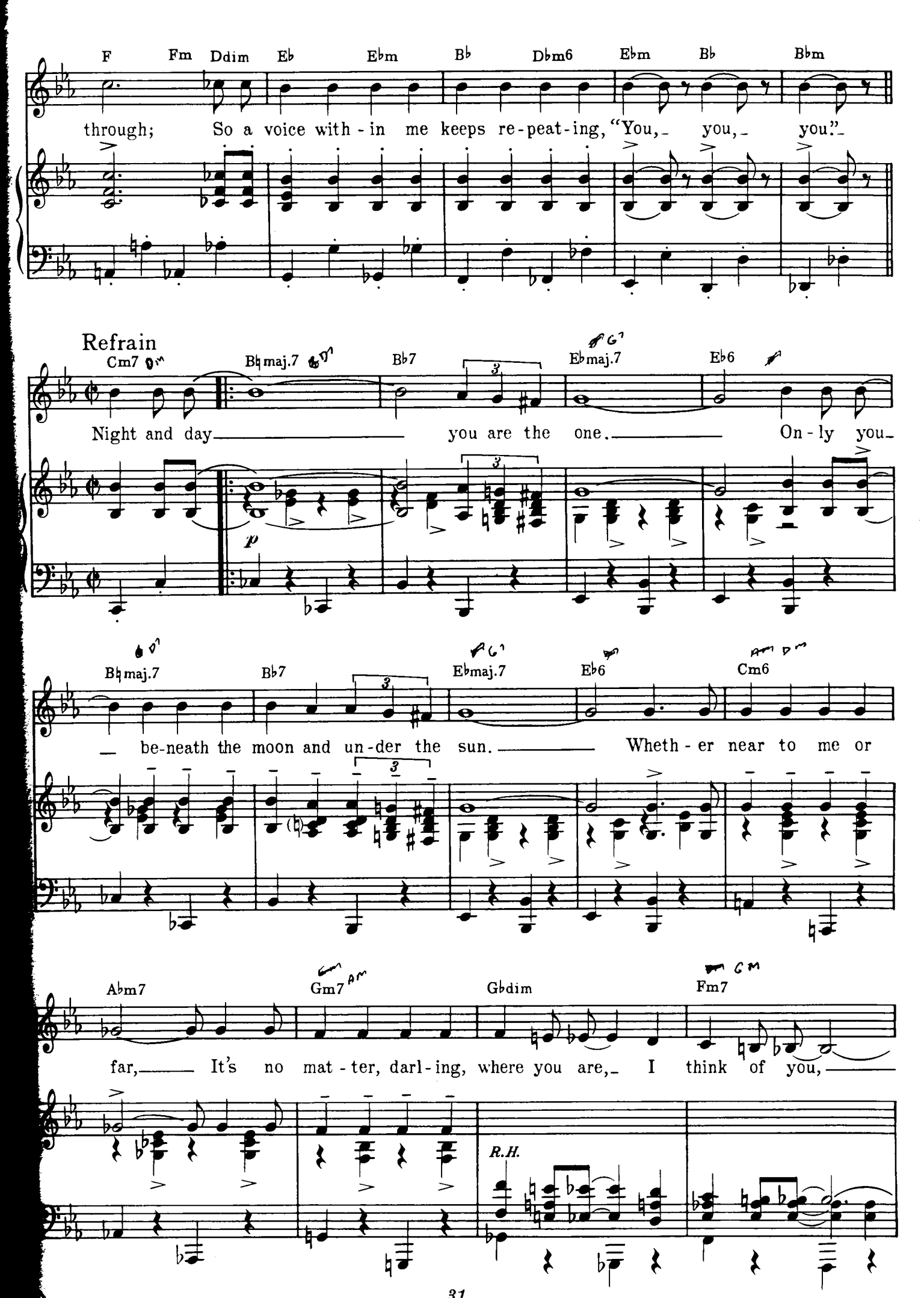
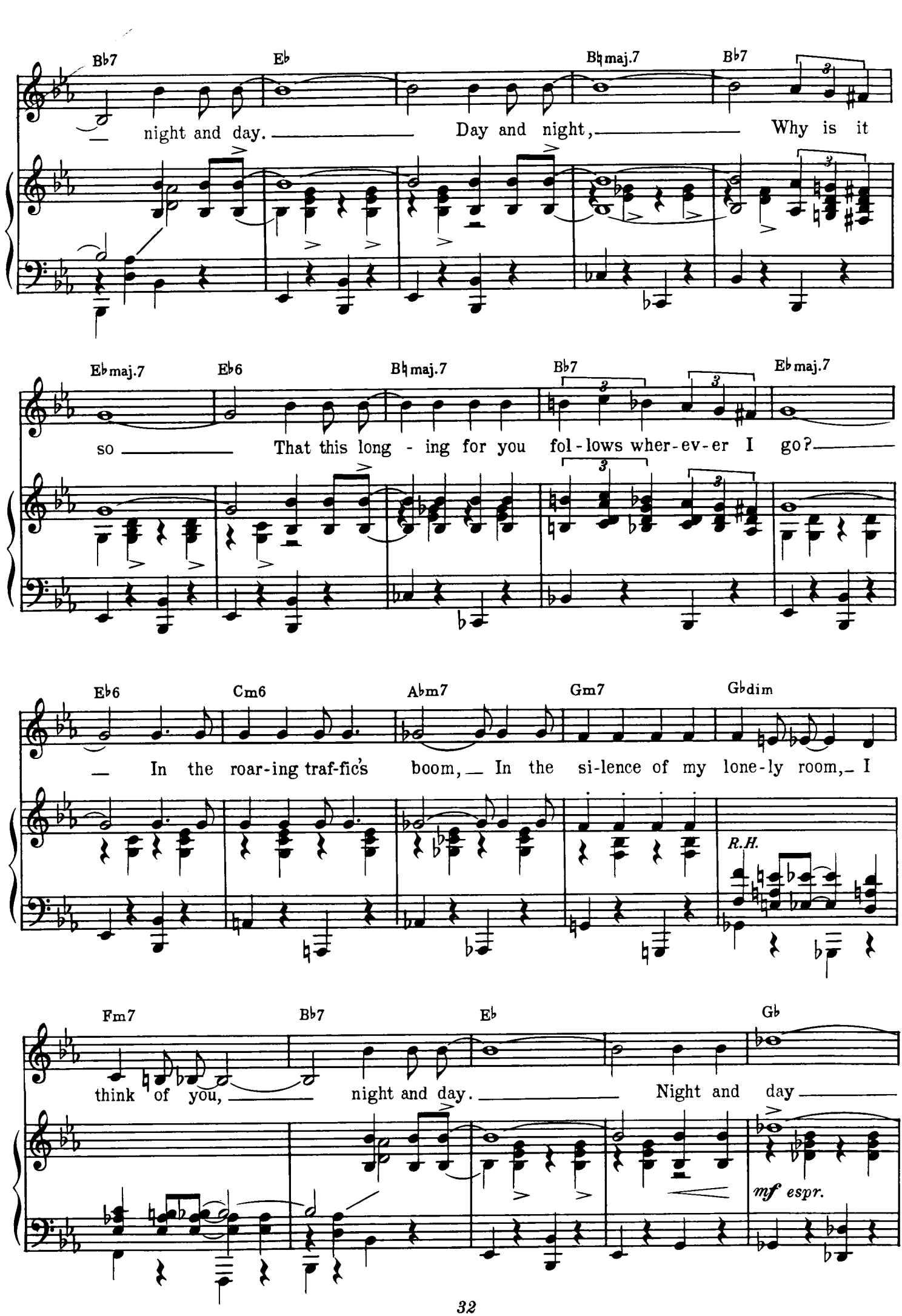
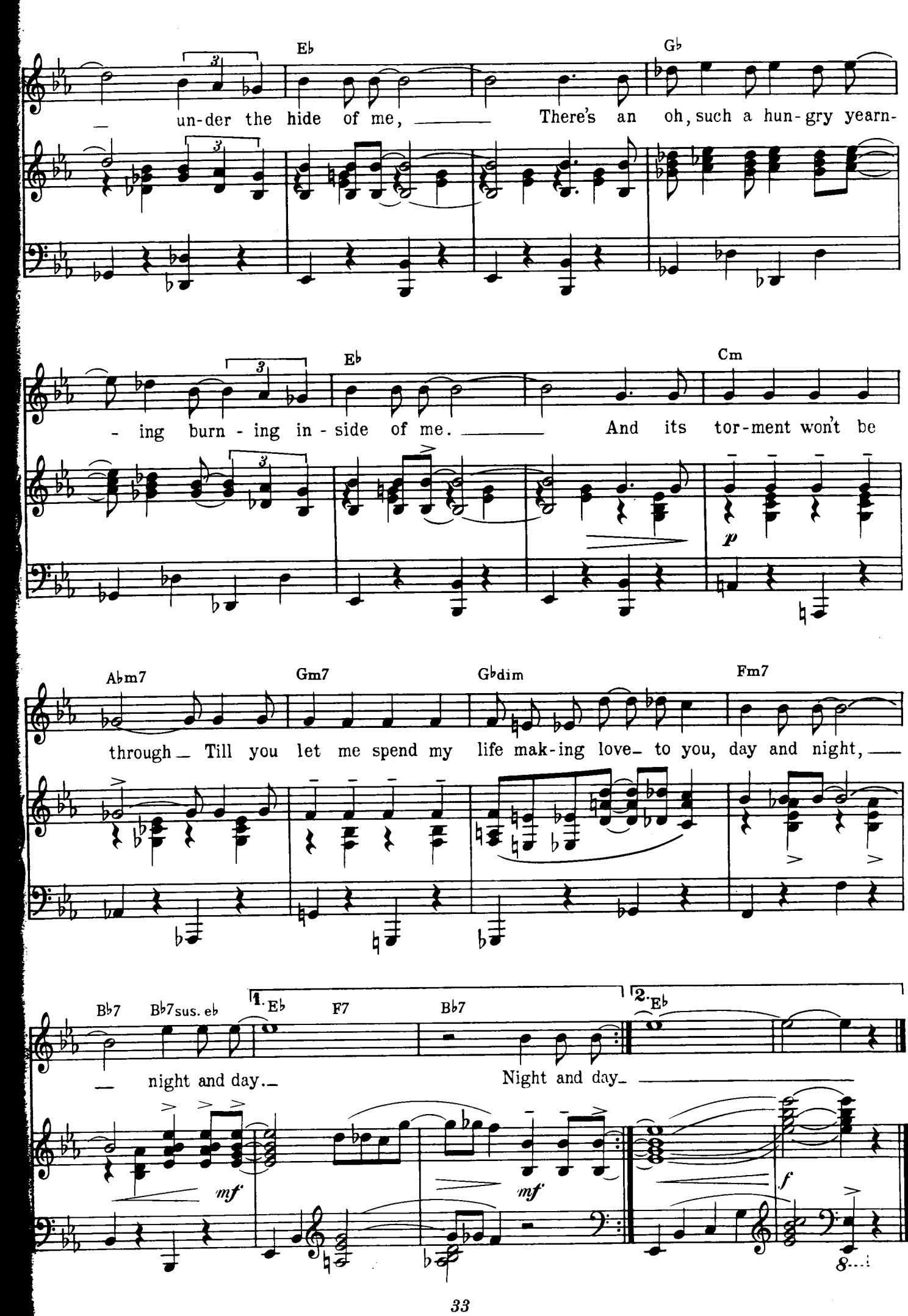

F Fm Ddim Eb Ebm Bb Dbm6 Ebm Bb Bbm
through; So a voice with - in me keeps re - peat - ing, "You, you, you."
Refrain
Cm7 Bbmaj.7 Bb7 Ebmaj.7 Eb6
Night and day you are the one. On - ly you
p
Bbmaj.7 Bb7 Ebmaj.7 Eb6 Cm6
be-neath the moon and un-der the sun. Wheth - er near to me or
Abm7 Gm7 Gbdim Fm7
far, It's no mat - ter, darl - ing, where you are, I think of you,
R.H.


Bb7 Eb Bbmaj.7 Bb7
night and day. Day and night, Why is it
Ebmaj.7 Eb6 Bbmaj.7 Bb7 Ebmaj.7
so That this long - ing for you fol - lows wher - ev - er I go?
Eb6 Cm6 Abm7 Gm7 Gbdim
In the roar - ing traf - fic's boom, In the si - lence of my lone - ly room, I
R.H.
Fm7 Bb7 Eb Gb
think of you, night and day. Night and day
mf espr.


E♭
G♭
un-der the hide of me, There's an oh, such a hun-gry yearn-
E♭
Cm
- ing burn - ing in - side of me. And its tor-ment won't be
p
A♭m7
Gm7
G♭dim
Fm7
through Till you let me spend my life mak-ing love to you, day and night,
B♭7
B♭7sus. eb
1. E♭
F7
B♭7
2. E♭
night and day. Night and day
mf
mf
f

I Get a Kick Out of You

FROM ANYTHING GOES

Moderato

Eb

My sto-ry is

mp

p

Fm7 Bb7 Eb6 Bb7 Eb Bb7

much too sad to be told, But prac-tic-'ly ev-'ry-thing leaves me to-tal-ly

Eb Fm7 Bb7 Eb Fm7 Bb7 G

cold. The on-ly ex-cep-tion I know is the case

mf

D7 G D7 Bb7

When I'm out on a qui-et spree Fight-ing vain-ly the old en-nui

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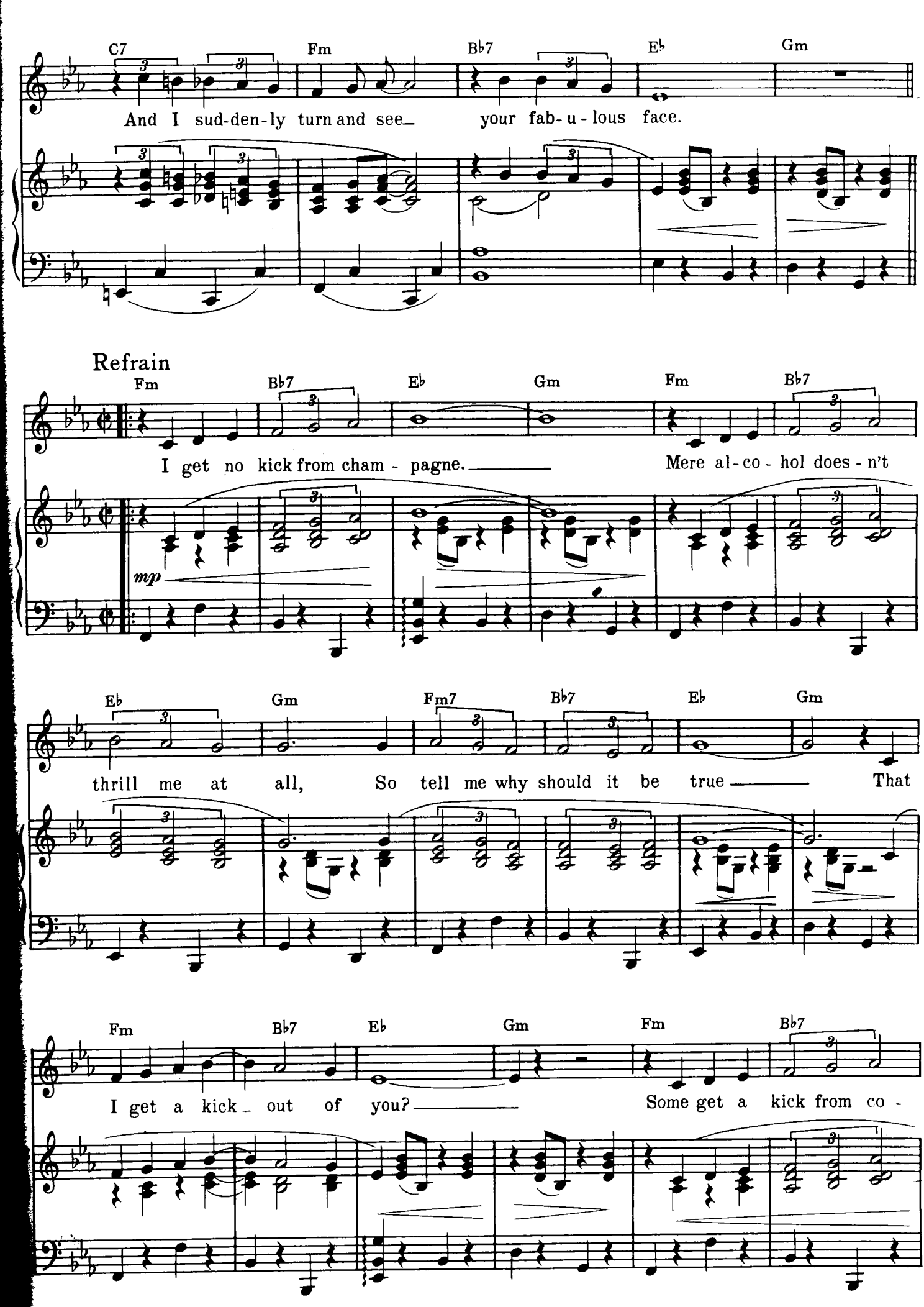
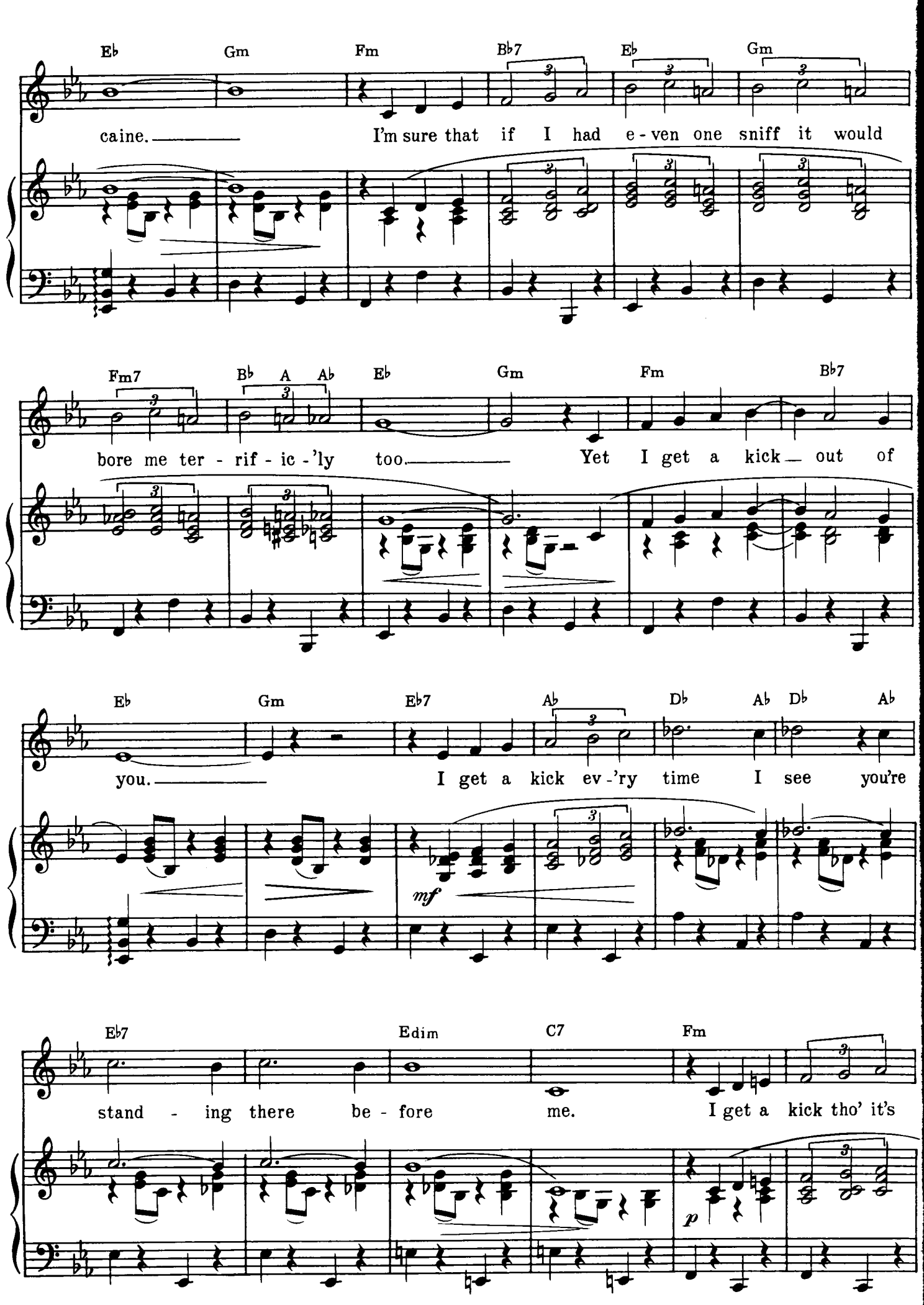
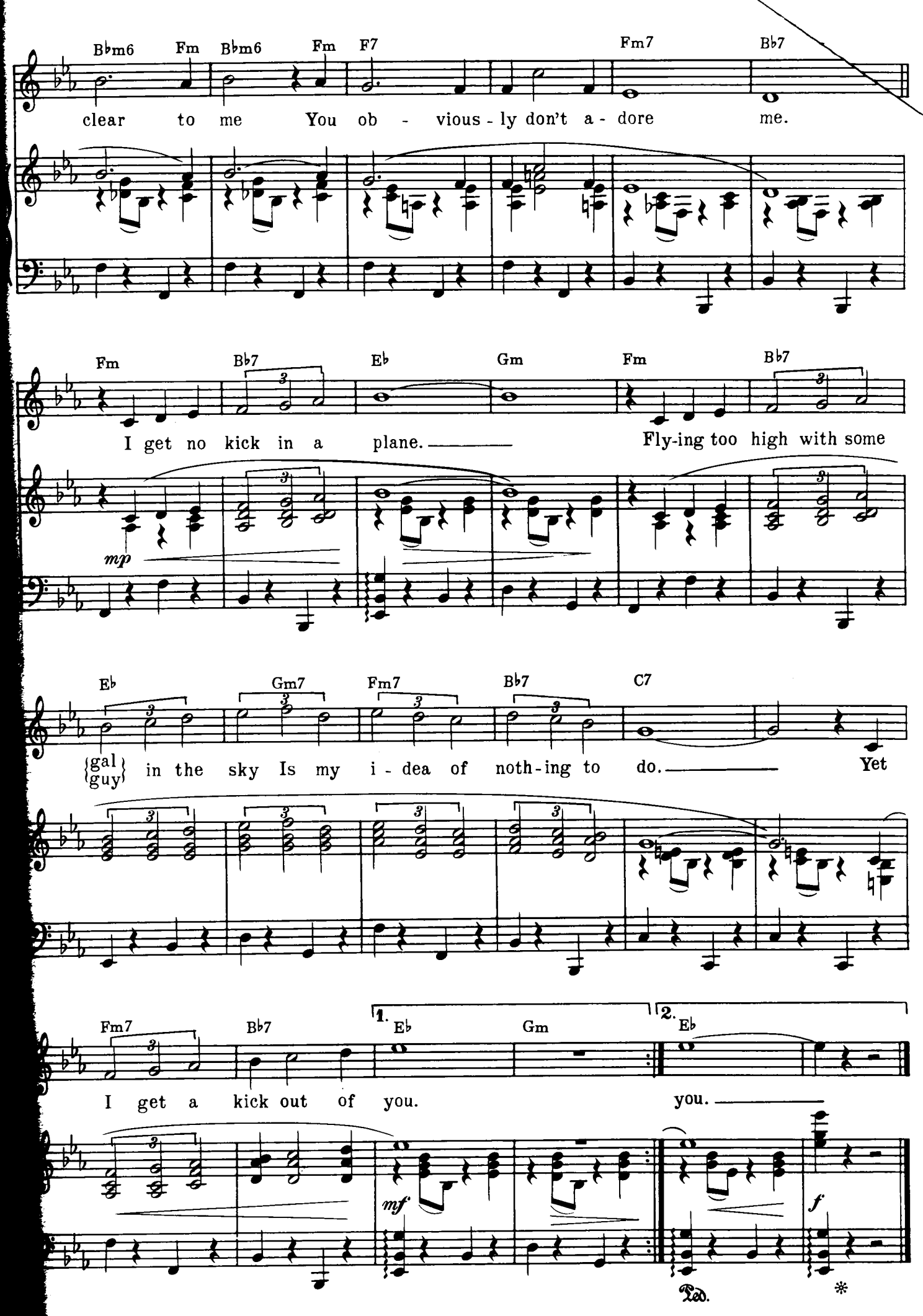
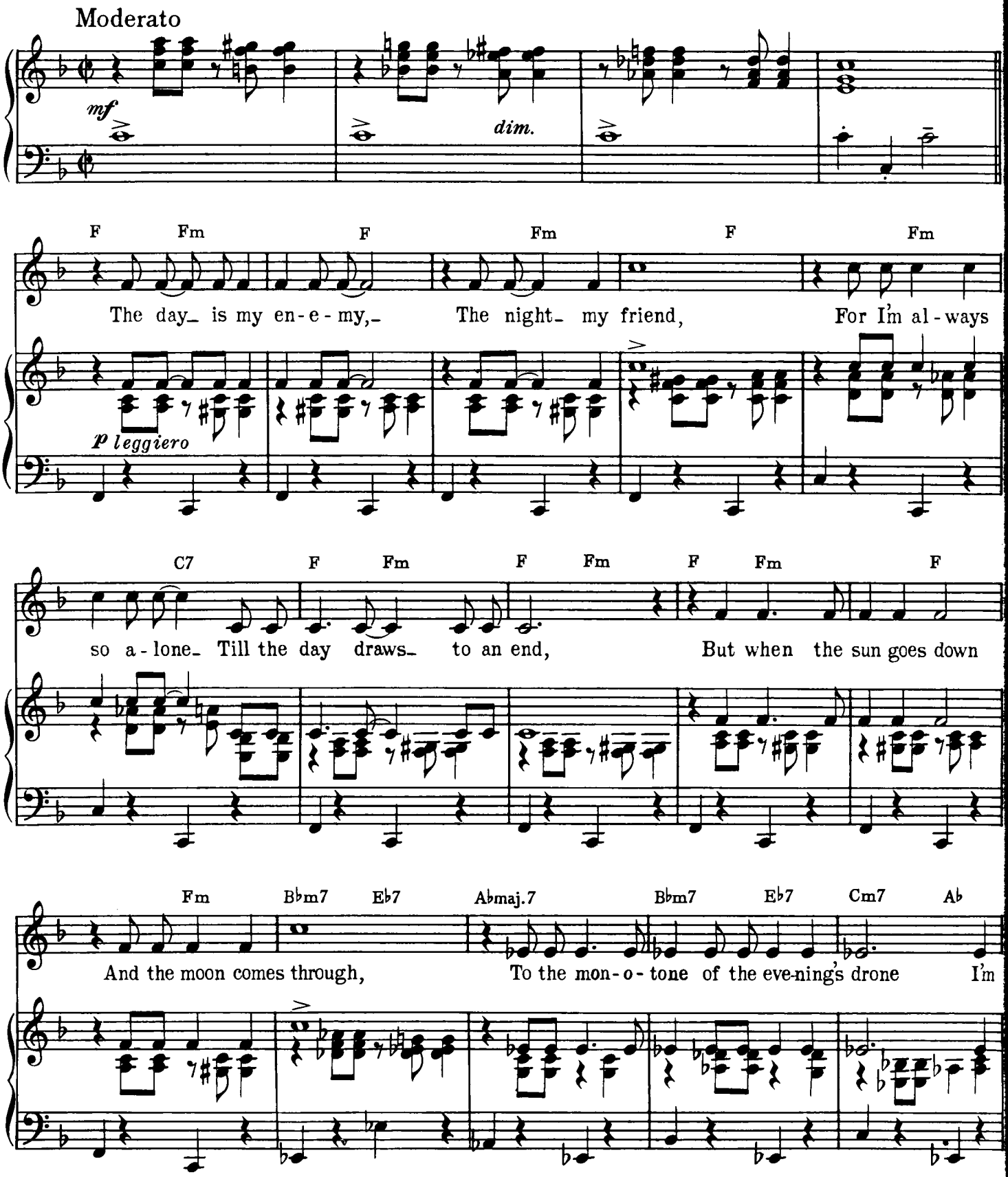

C7 Fm Bb7 Eb Gm
And I sud-den-ly turn and see your fab-u-lous face.
Refrain
Fm Bb7 Eb Gm Fm Bb7
I get no kick from cham - pagne. Mere al-co-hol does-n't
mp
Eb Gm Fm7 Bb7 Eb Gm
thrill me at all, So tell me why should it be true That
Fm Bb7 Eb Gm Fm Bb7
I get a kick out of you? Some get a kick from co -


Eb Gm Fm Bb7 Eb Gm
caine. I'm sure that if I had e-ven one sniff it would
Fm7 Bb A Ab Eb Gm Fm Bb7
bore me ter - rif - ic -'ly too. Yet I get a kick out of
Eb Gm Eb7 Ab Db Ab Db Ab
you. I get a kick ev -'ry time I see you're
mf
Eb7 Edim C7 Fm
stand - ing there be - fore me. I get a kick tho' it's
p


B♭m6 Fm B♭m6 Fm F7 Fm7 B♭7
clear to me You ob - vious - ly don't a - dore me.
Fm B♭7 E♭ Gm Fm B♭7
I get no kick in a plane. Fly-ing too high with some
mp
E♭ Gm7 Fm7 B♭7 C7
{gal guy} in the sky Is my i - dea of noth-ing to do. Yet
Fm7 B♭7 1. E♭ Gm 2. E♭
I get a kick out of you. you.
mf f
Ped. *

All Through the Night

FROM ANYTHING GOES



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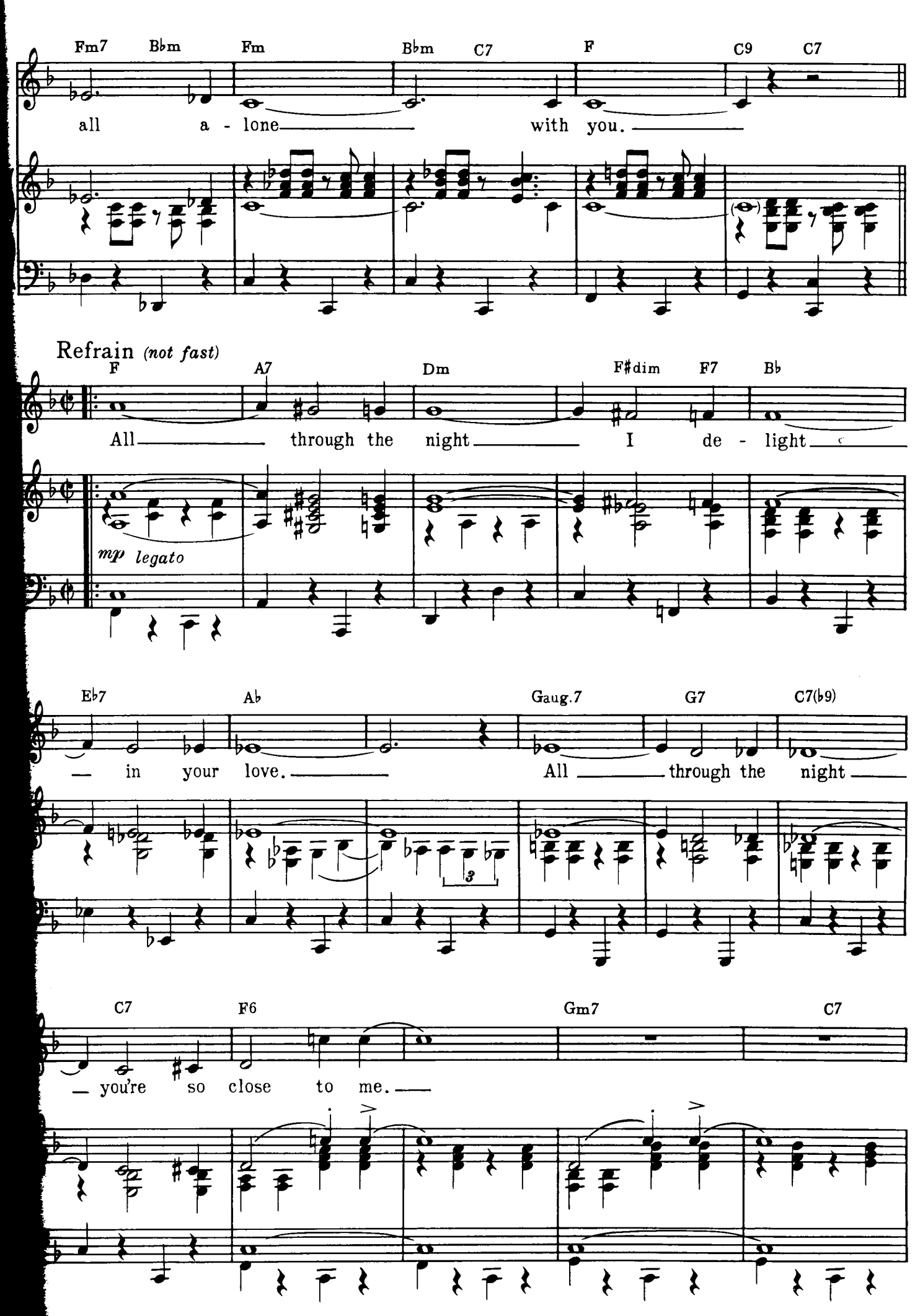

Fm7 B♭m Fm B♭m C7 F C9 C7
all a - lone with you.
Refrain (not fast)
F A7 Dm F♯dim F7 B♭
All through the night I de - light
mp legato
E♭7 A♭ Gaug.7 G7 C7(♭9)
in your love. All through the night
C7 F6 Gm7 C7
you're so close to me.

F A7 Dm F♯dim7 F7 B♭ E♭7

All through the night from a height far a-

A♭ E maj.7 E7 E6 E♭7(♭9) E♭7

bove, You and your love bring me

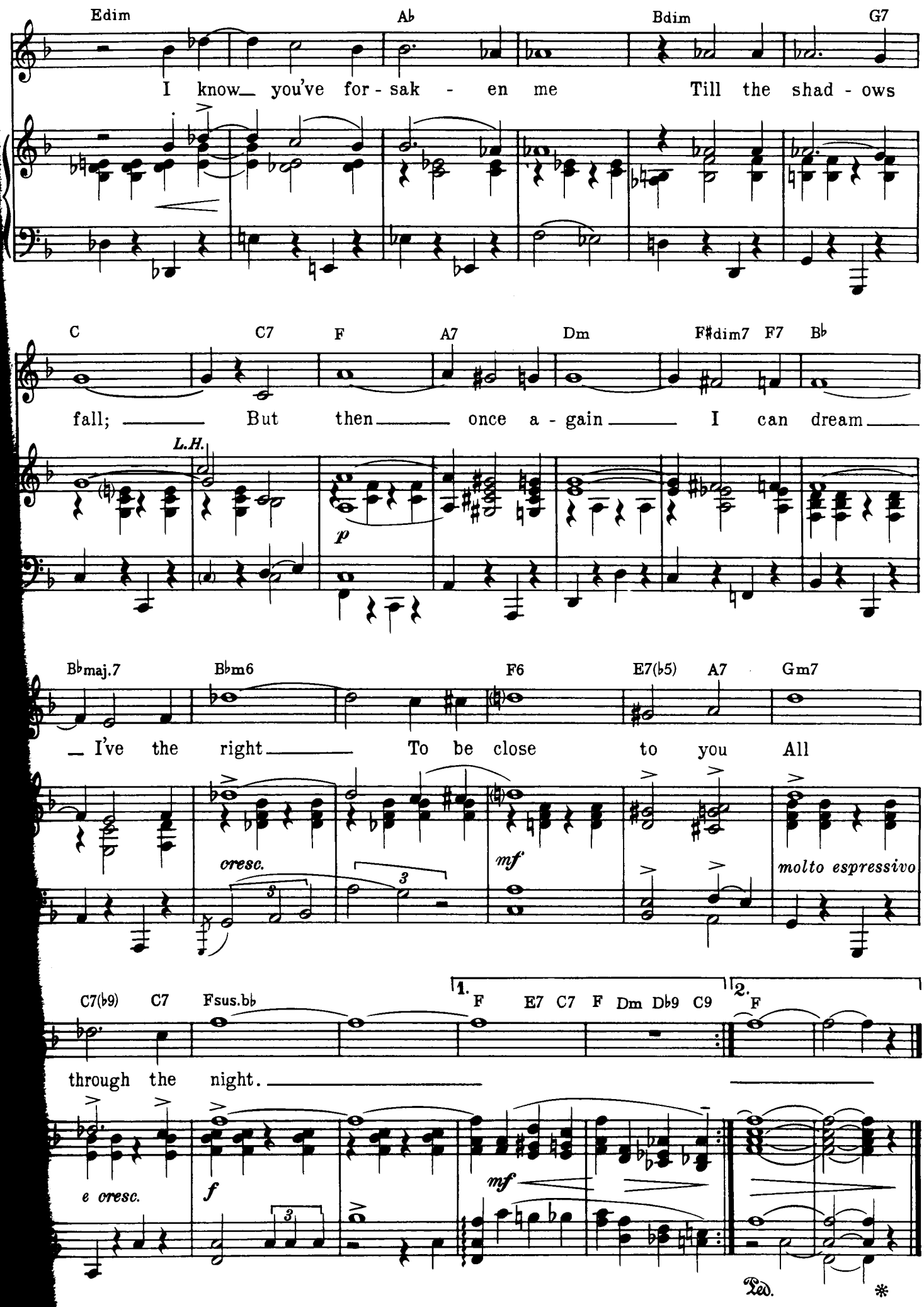
A♭m6 A♭ C7 Fm

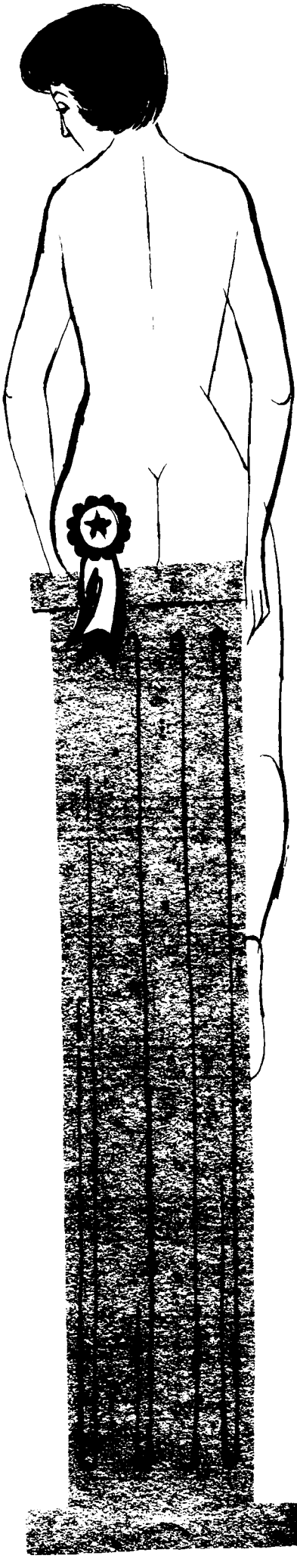
ec - sta - sy. When dawn comes to

mf

B♭m6 C7 C7(♭5) C7 A♭7 D♭6

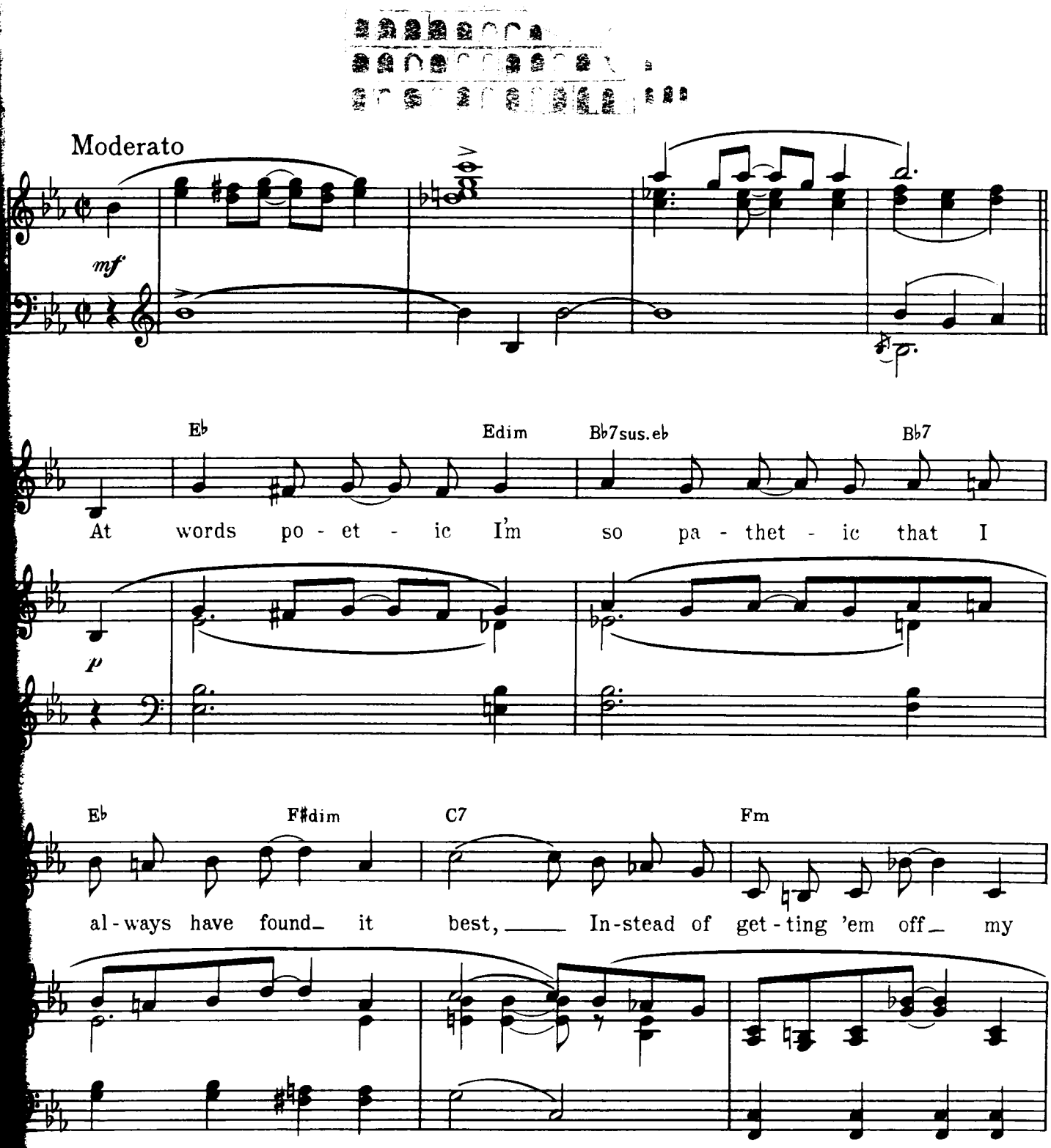
wak - en me, You're nev - er there at all.


Edim
Ab
Bdim
G7
I know you've for - sak - en me Till the shad - ows
C
C7
F
A7
Dm
F#dim7
F7
Bb
fall; But then once a - gain I can dream
L.H.
p
Bbmaj.7
Bbm6
F6
E7(b5)
A7
Gm7
I've the right To be close to you All
cresc.
mf
molto espressivo
C7(b9)
C7
Fsus.bb
1.
F
E7
C7
F
Dm
Db9
C9
2.
F
through the night.
e cresc.
f
mf
Ped.
*



You're the Top

FROM ANYTHING GOES



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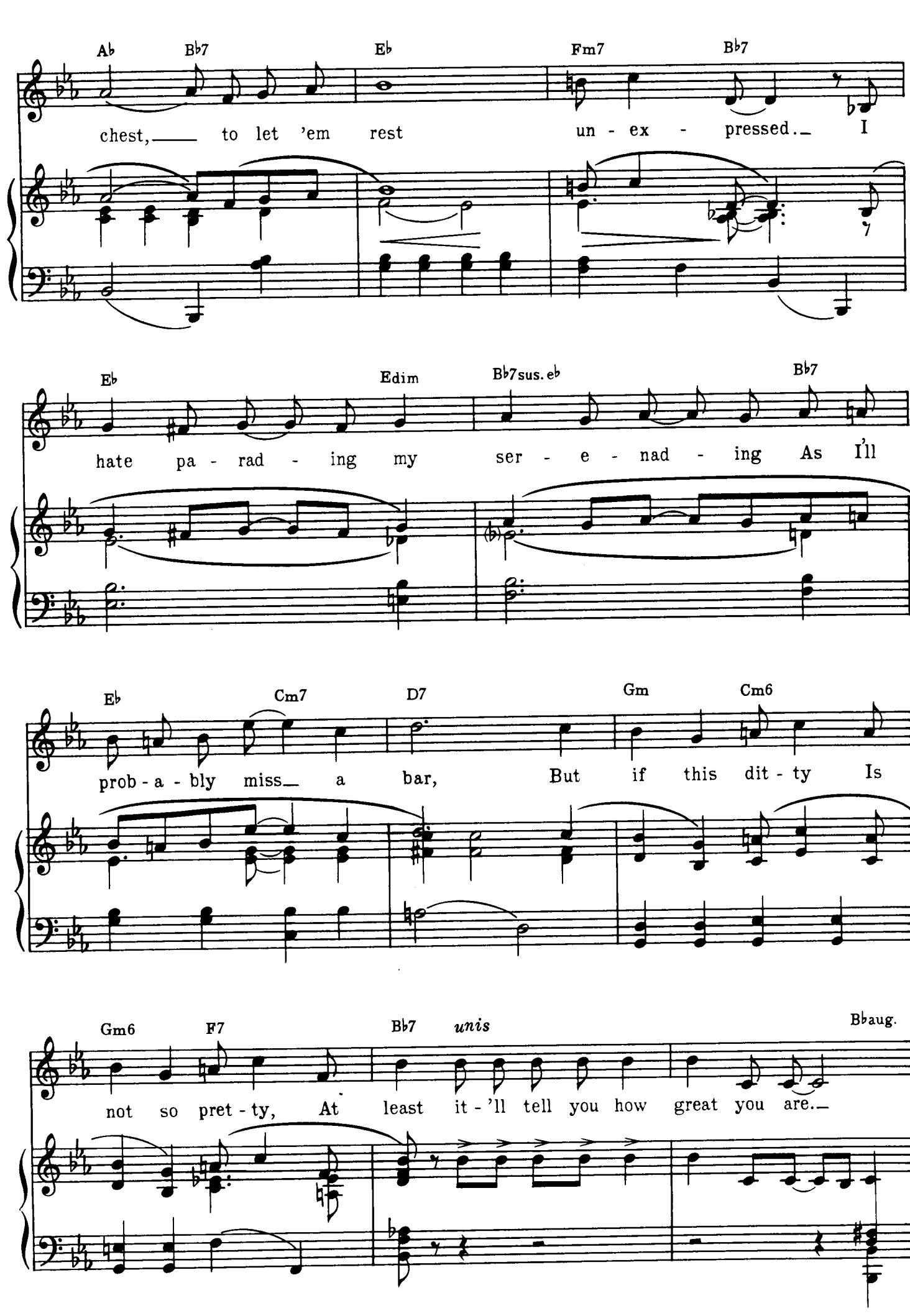
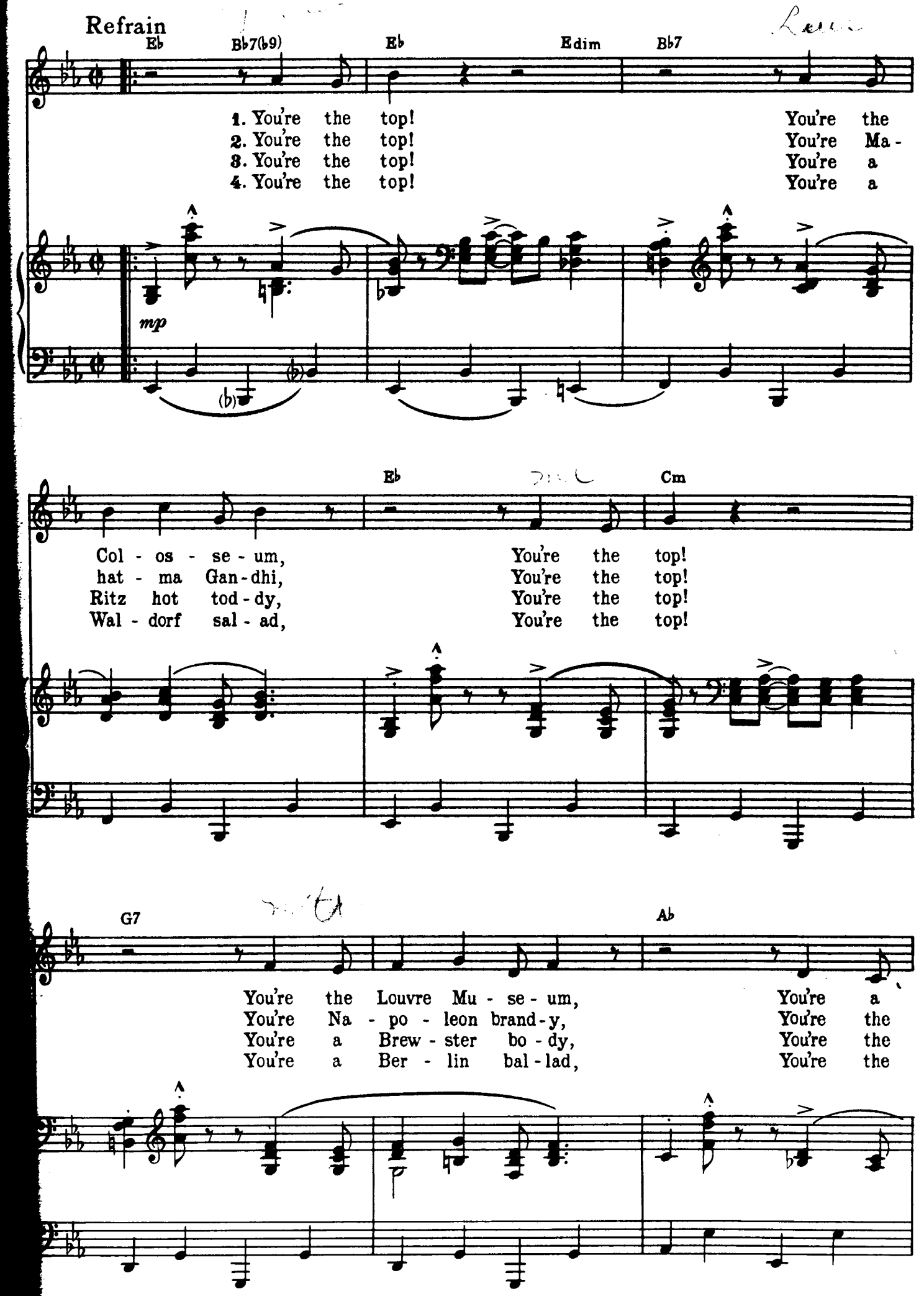
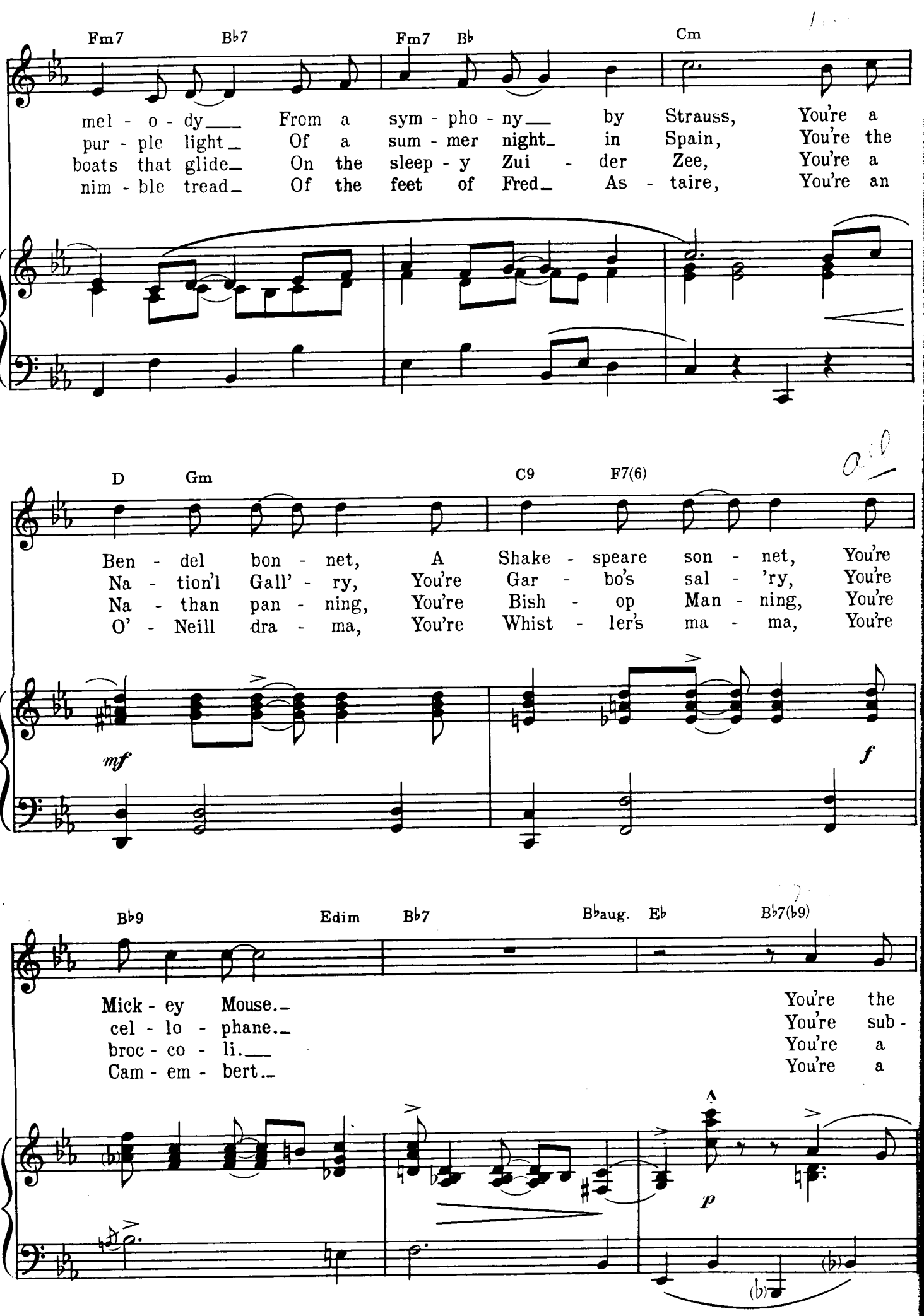
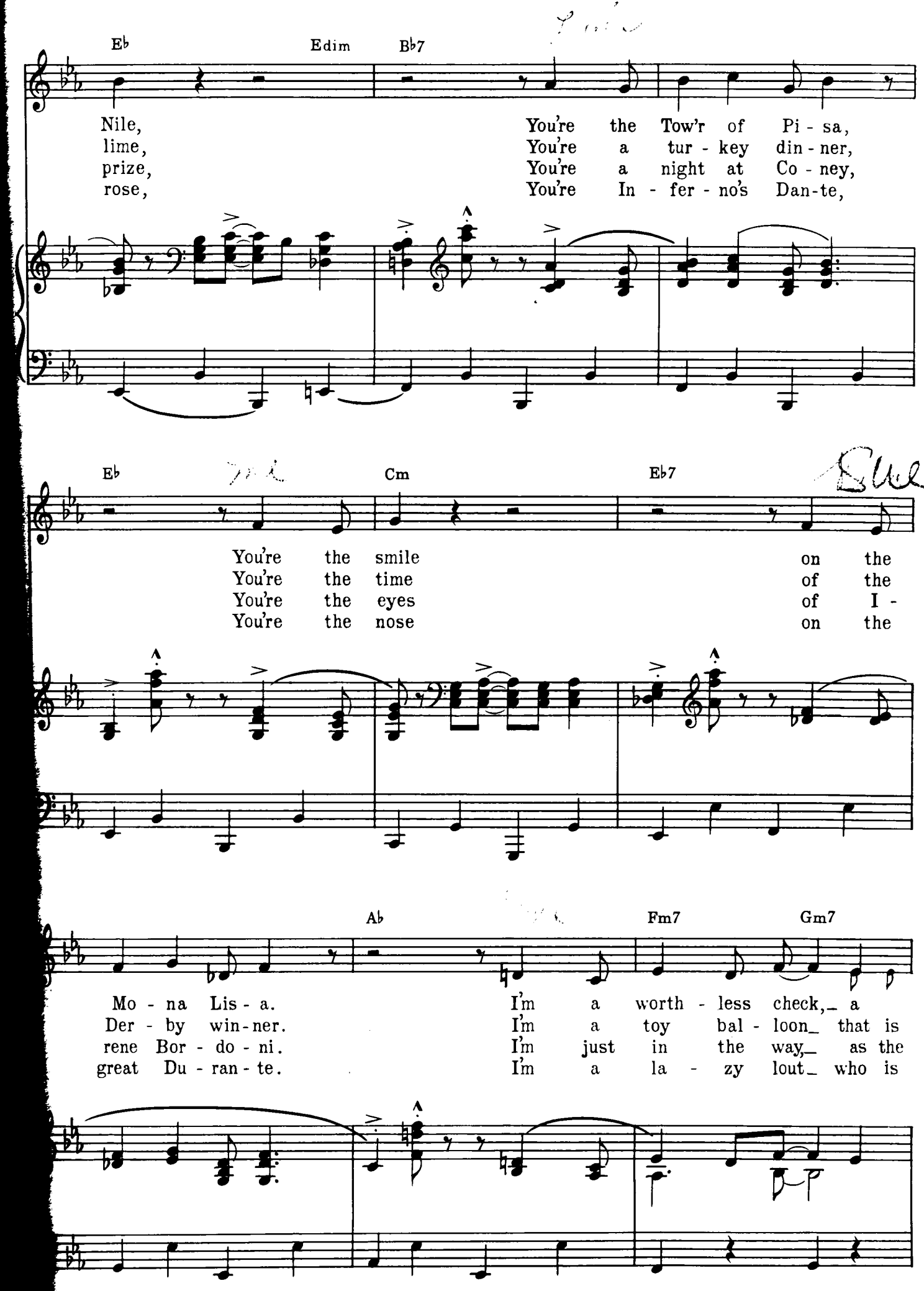
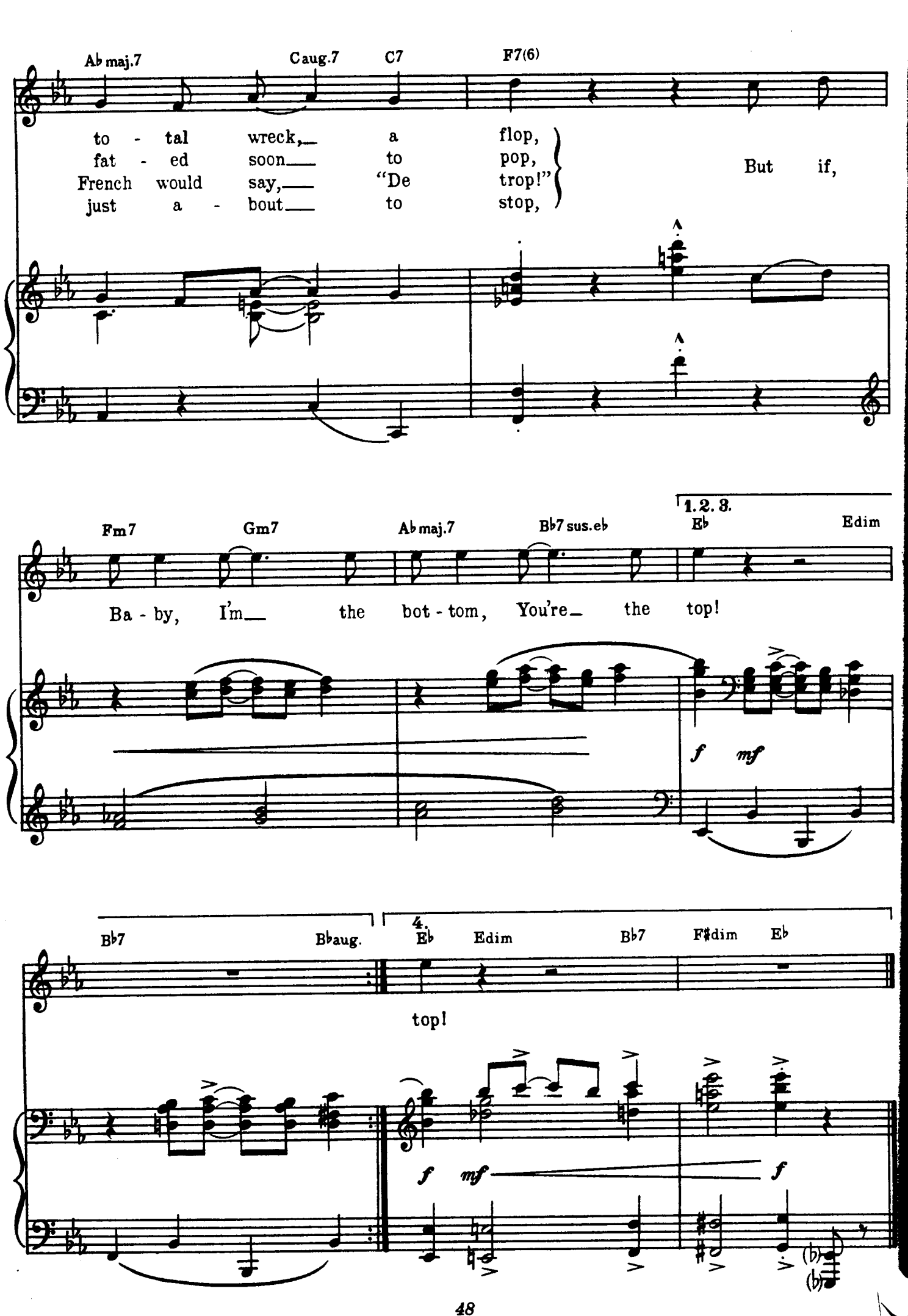

Ab Bb7 Eb Fm7 Bb7
chest, to let 'em rest un - ex - pressed. I
Eb Edim Bb7sus. eb Bb7
hate pa - rad - ing my ser - e - nad - ing As I'll
Eb Cm7 D7 Gm Cm6
prob - a - bly miss a bar, But if this dit - ty Is
Gm6 F7 Bb7 unis Bbaug.
not so pret - ty, At least it - 'll tell you how great you are.


Refrain
Eb
Bb7(b9)
Eb
Edim
Bb7
1. You're the top! You're the
2. You're the top! You're Ma-
3. You're the top! You're a
4. You're the top! You're a
mp
Eb
Cm
Col - os - se - um, You're the top!
hat - ma Gan - dhi, You're the top!
Ritz hot tod - dy, You're the top!
Wal - dorf sal - ad, You're the top!
G7
Ab
You're the Louvre Mu - se - um, You're a
You're Na - po - leon brand - y, You're the
You're a Brew - ster bo - dy, You're the
You're a Ber - lin bal - lad, You're the

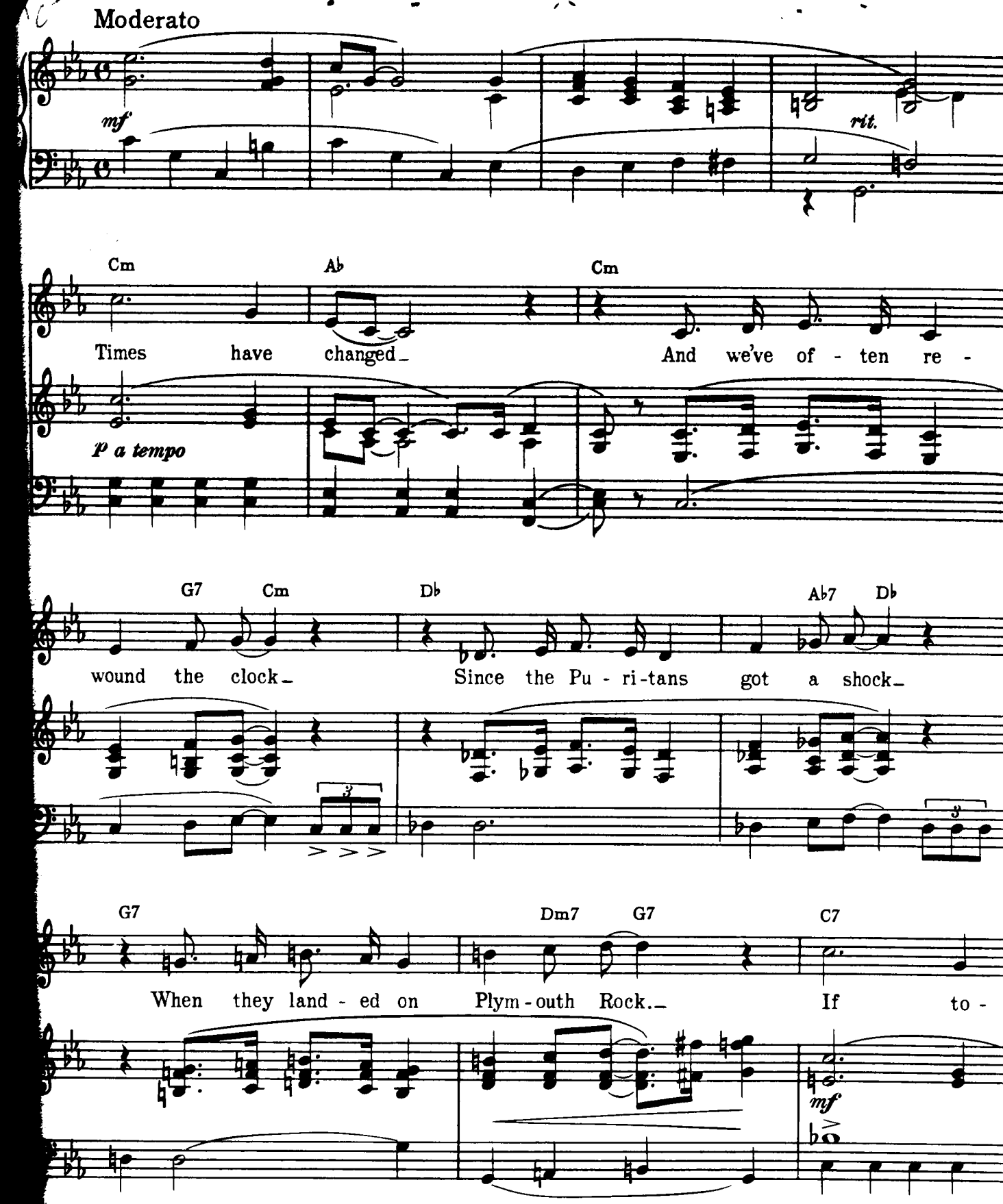

Fm7 Bb7 Fm7 Bb Cm
mel - o - dy From a sym - pho - ny by Strauss, You're a
pur - ple light Of a sum - mer night in Spain, You're the
boats that glide On the sleep - y Zui - der Zee, You're a
nim - ble tread Of the feet of Fred As - taire, You're an
D Gm C9 F7(6)
Ben - del bon - net, A Shake - speare son - net, You're
Na - tion'l Gall' - ry, You're Gar - bo's sal - 'ry, You're
Na - than pan - ning, You're Bish - op Man - ning, You're
O' - Neill dra - ma, You're Whist - ler's ma - ma, You're
mf
f
Bb9 Edim Bb7 Bbaug. Eb Bb7(b9)
Mick - ey Mouse. You're the
cel - lo - phane. You're sub -
broc - co - li. You're a
Cam - em - bert. You're a
p


Eb
Edim
Bb7
Nile, You're the Tow'r of Pi - sa,
lime, You're a tur - key din - ner,
prize, You're a night at Co - ney,
rose, You're In - fer - no's Dan-te,
Eb
Cm
Eb7
You're the smile on the
You're the time of the
You're the eyes of I -
You're the nose on the
Ab
Fm7
Gm7
Mo - na Lis - a. I'm a worth - less check, a
Der - by win - ner. I'm a toy bal - loon that is
rene Bor - do - ni. I'm just in the way, as the
great Du - ran - te. I'm a la - zy lout who is


Ab maj.7
Caug.7
C7
F7(6)
to - tal wreck, a flop,
fat - ed soon to pop,
French would say, "De trop!"
just a - bout to stop,
But if,
Fm7
Gm7
Ab maj.7
Bb7 sus.eb
1.2.3.
Eb
Edim
Ba - by, I'm the bot - tom, You're the top!
f
mf
Bb7
Bbaug.
4.
Eb
Edim
Bb7
F#dim
Eb
top!
f
mf
f

Anything Goes

FROM ANYTHING GOES



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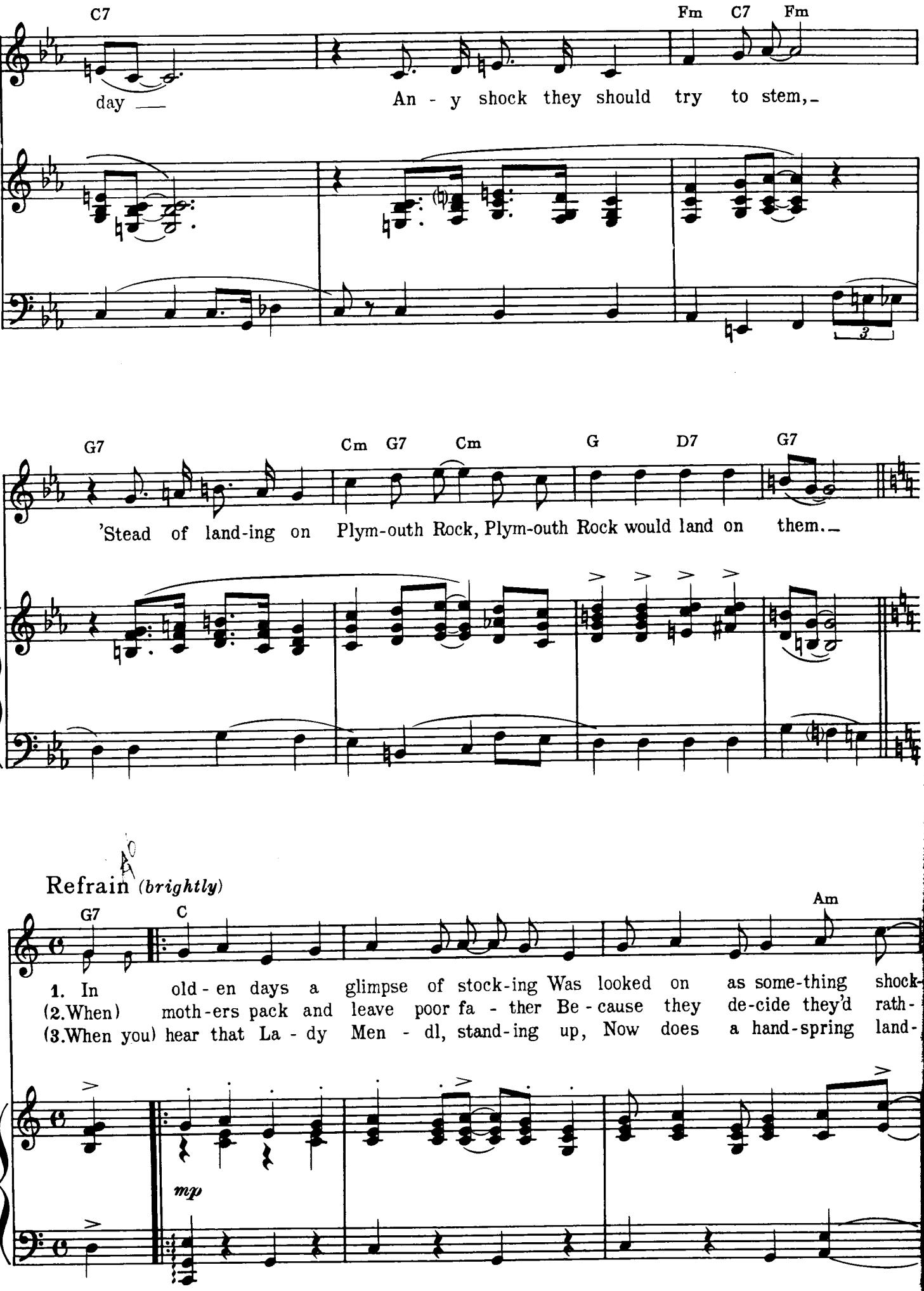

C7
Fm C7 Fm
day —
An - y shock they should try to stem,-
G7
Cm G7 Cm
G D7 G7
'Stead of land-ing on Plym-outh Rock, Plym-outh Rock would land on them.-
Refrain (brightly)
G7
C
Am
1. In old - en days a glimpse of stock-ing Was looked on as some-thing shock-
(2.When) moth-ers pack and leave poor fa - ther Be - cause they de-cide they'd rath-
(3.When you) hear that La - dy Men - dl, stand-ing up, Now does a hand-spring land-
mp

C7 F6 Fm6 C F6

— ing, But now, God knows, — An - y - thing goes. —
— er Be ten - nis pros, — An - y - thing goes. —
— ing up On her toes, — An - y - thing goes. —

C Gaug.7 C Am

— Good au - thors, too, who once knew bet - ter words Now on - ly use four - let-
— When Mis - sus Ned Mc - Lean, God bless her, Can get Rus-sian Reds to "yes"
— When Sam Gold-wyn can with great con - vic - tion in - struct An - na Sten in dic-

mf *mp*

C7 F6 Fm6 C Dm7

- ter words, writ - ing prose, — An - y - thing goes.
— her, Then I sup - pose — An - y - thing goes.
- tion, Then An - na shows — An - y - thing goes.

C B7 E B7

The world- has gone mad to - day_ And good's bad to - day,_ And black's
If driv - ing fast cars you like,_ If low bars you like,_ If old
Just think_ of those shocks you got_ And those knocks you got_ And those

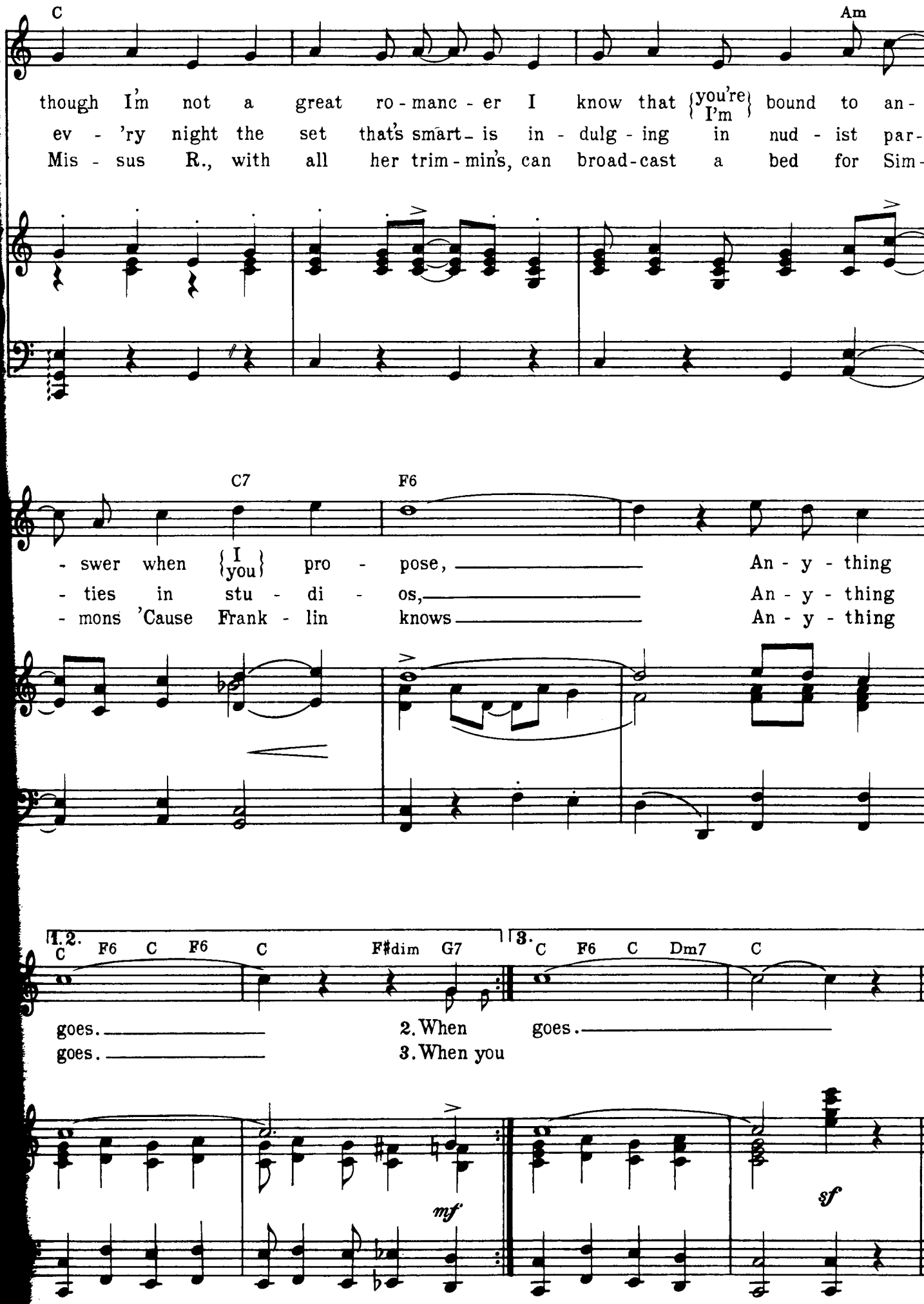
mf

E B7 Em

white to - day,_ And day's night to - day,_ When most guys to - day_ That wom-en
hymns you like,_ Or bare limbs you like,_ If Mae West you like,_ Or me un-
blues you got_ From that news you got,_ And those pains you got_ (If an - y

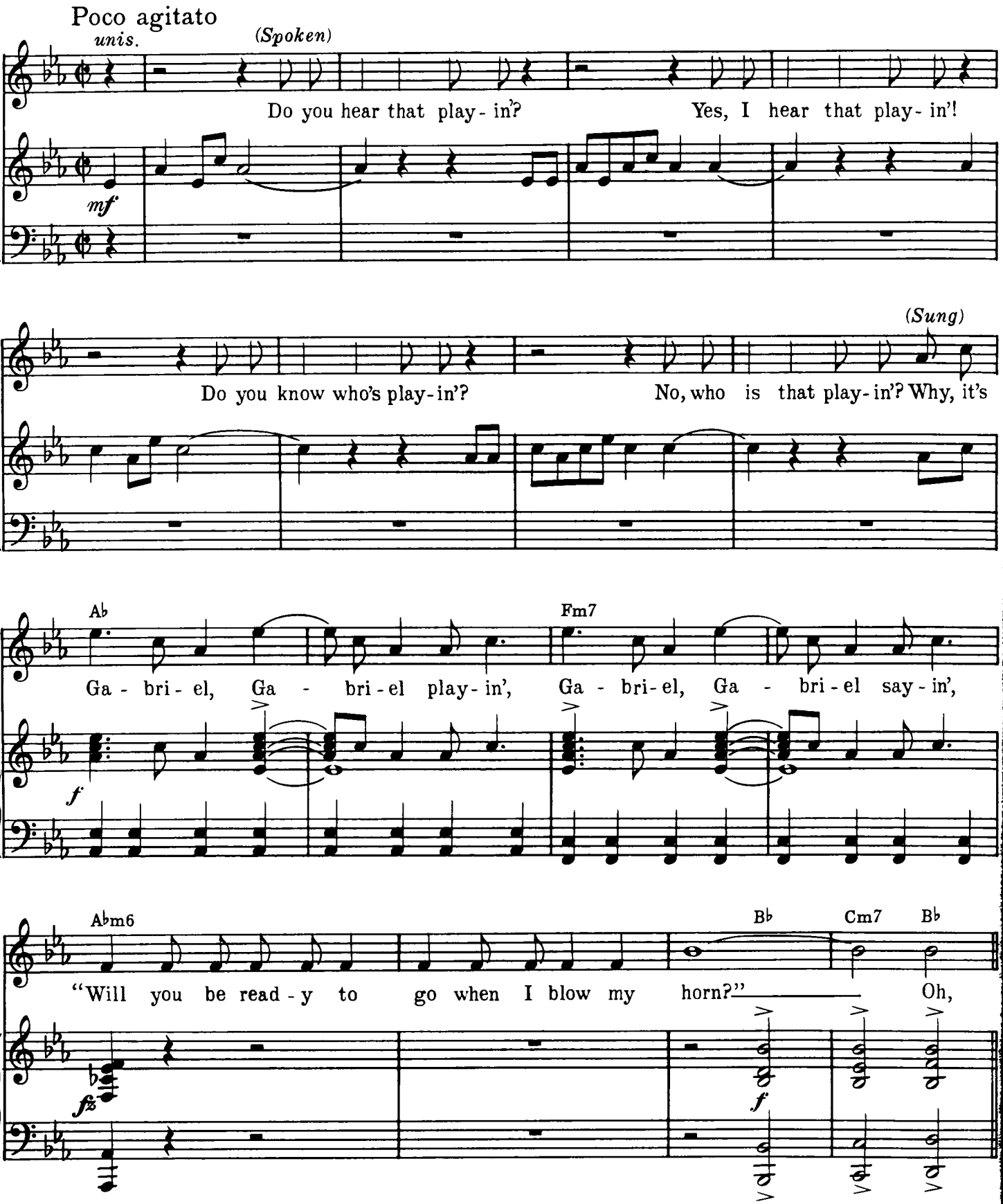
Em7 C♯dim Cdim C♯dim G7

prize to - day_ Are just sil - ly gi - go - los._____ So
dressed you like,_ Why, no - bo - dy would op - pose._____ When
brains you got)_ From those lit - tle ra - di - os._____ So


C
Am
though I'm not a great ro - manc - er I know that {you're / I'm} bound to an-
ev - 'ry night the set that's smart - is in - dulg - ing in nud - ist par-
Mis - sus R., with all her trim - min's, can broad - cast a bed for Sim-
C7
F6
- swer when {I / you} pro - pose, An - y - thing
- ties in stu - di - os, An - y - thing
- mons 'Cause Frank - lin knows An - y - thing
1.2.
C F6 C F6 C F#dim G7
3.
C F6 C Dm7 C
goes.
goes.
2. When goes.
3. When you
mf
sf

Blow, Gabriel, Blow

FROM ANYTHING GOES



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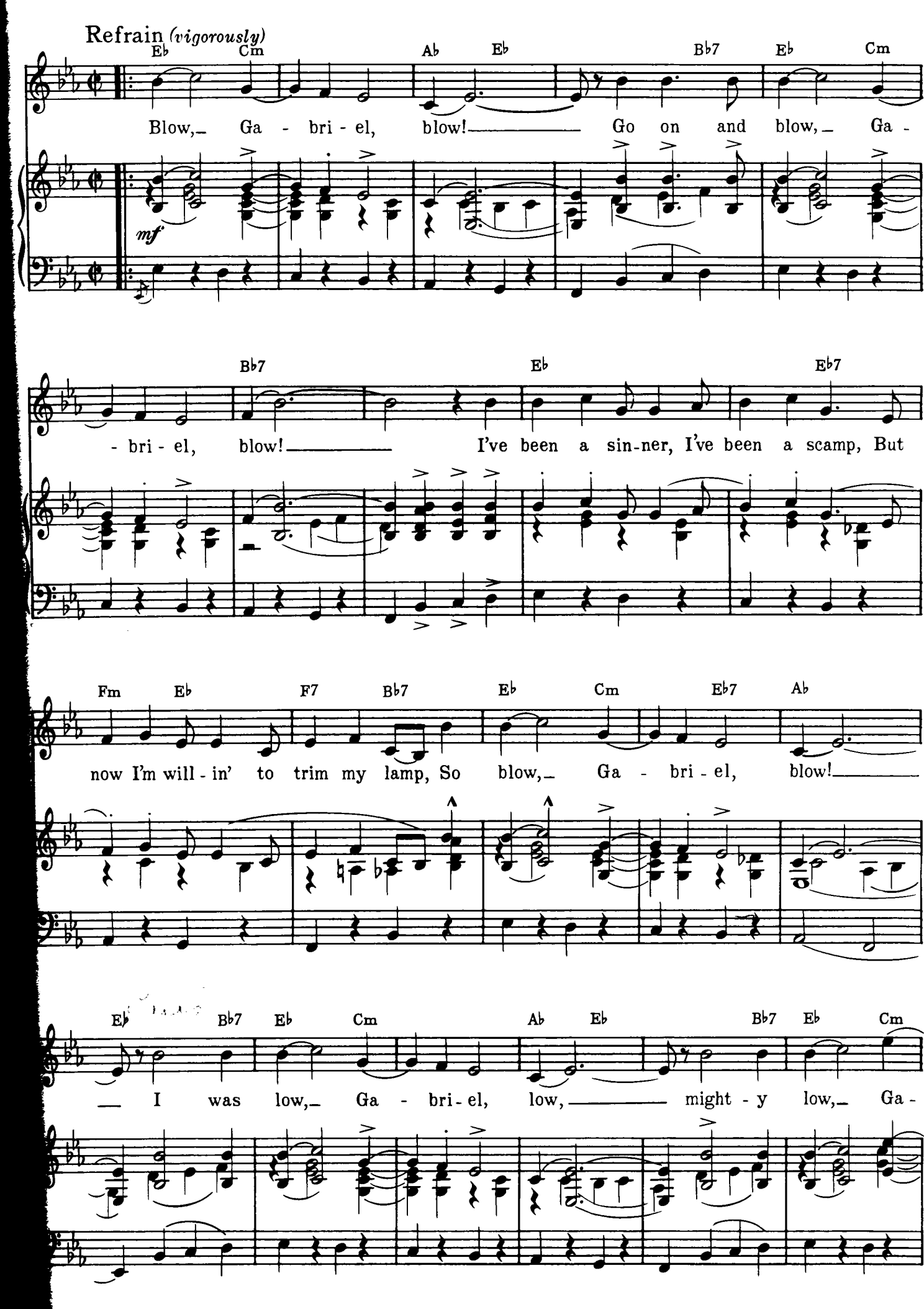
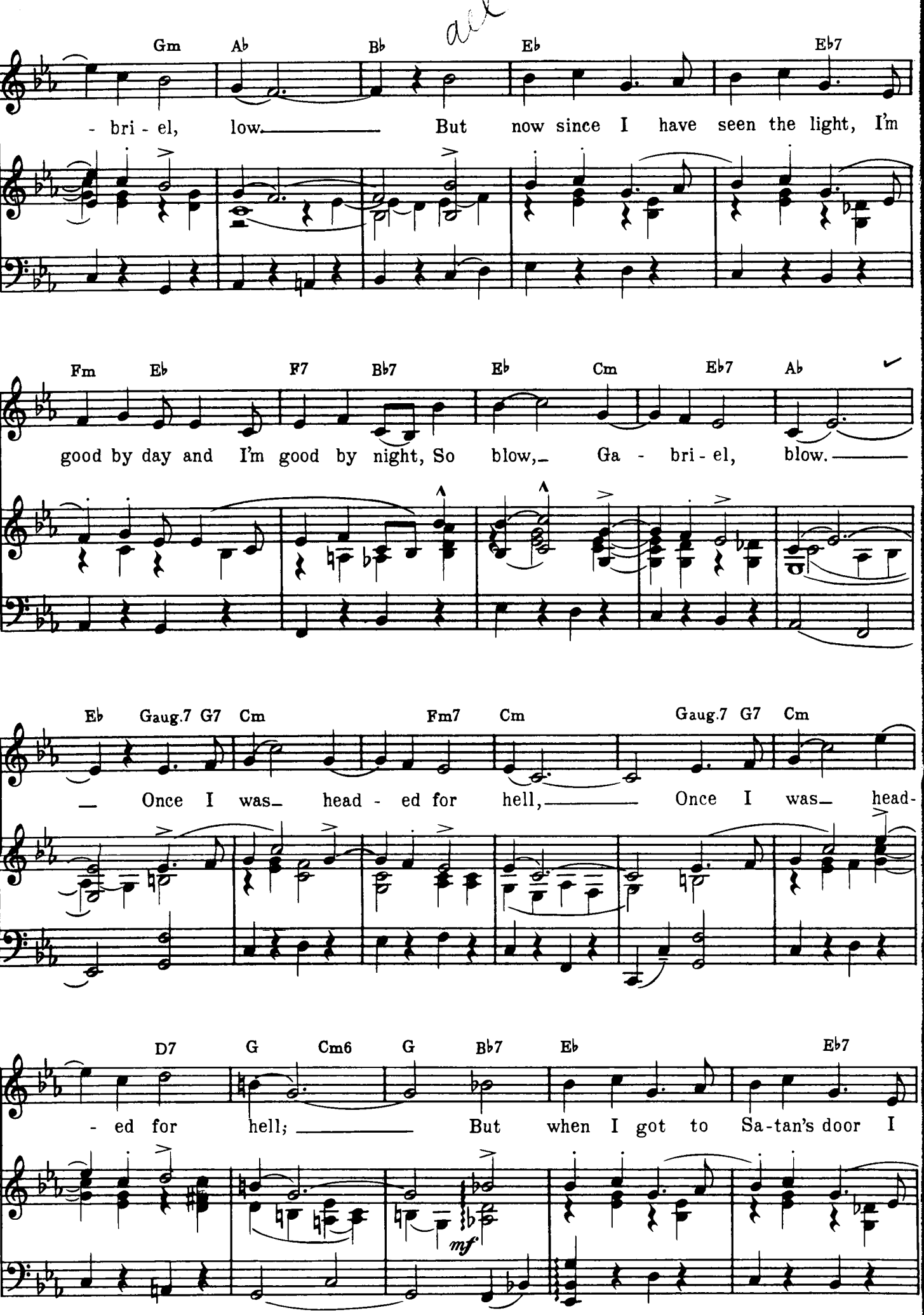
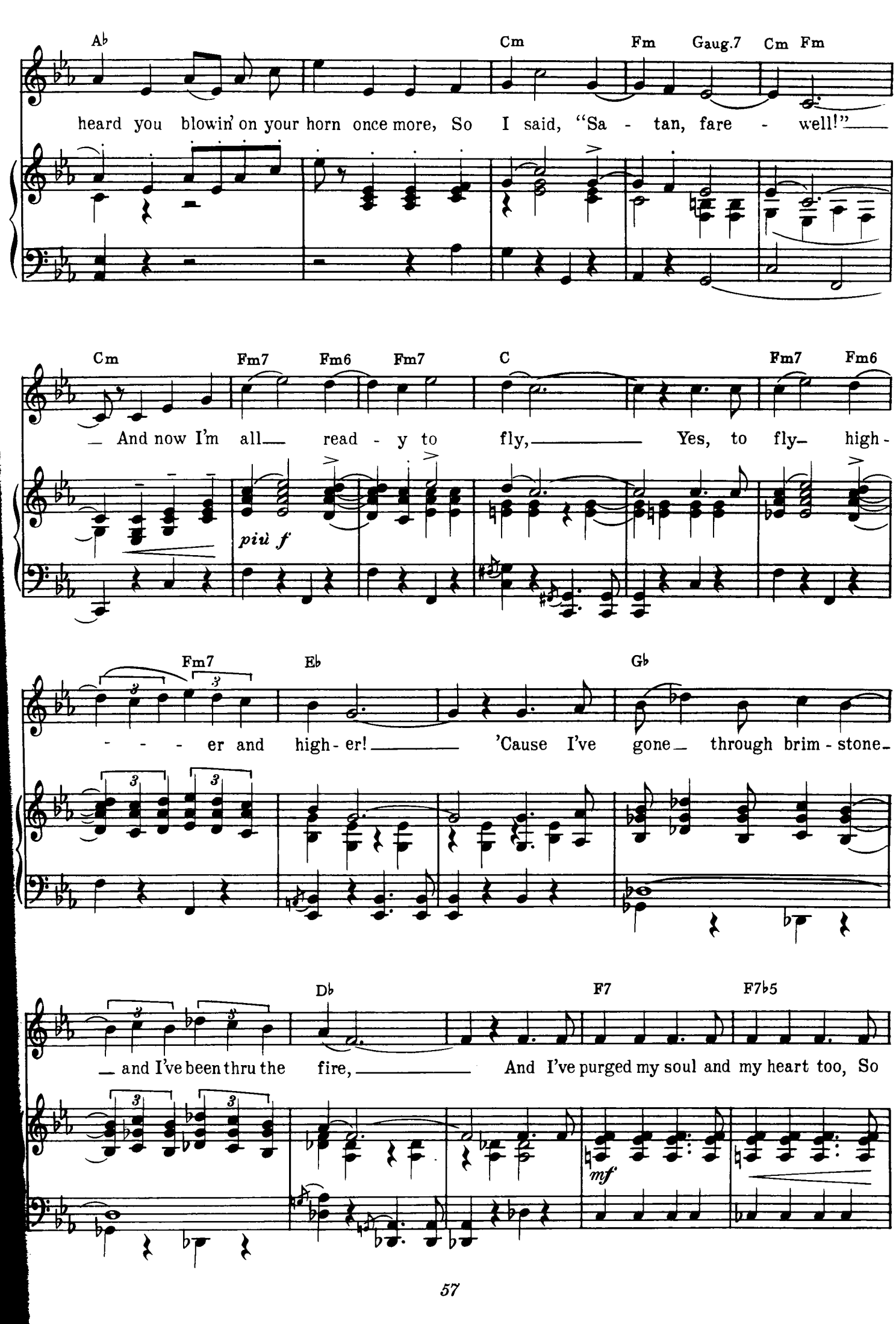
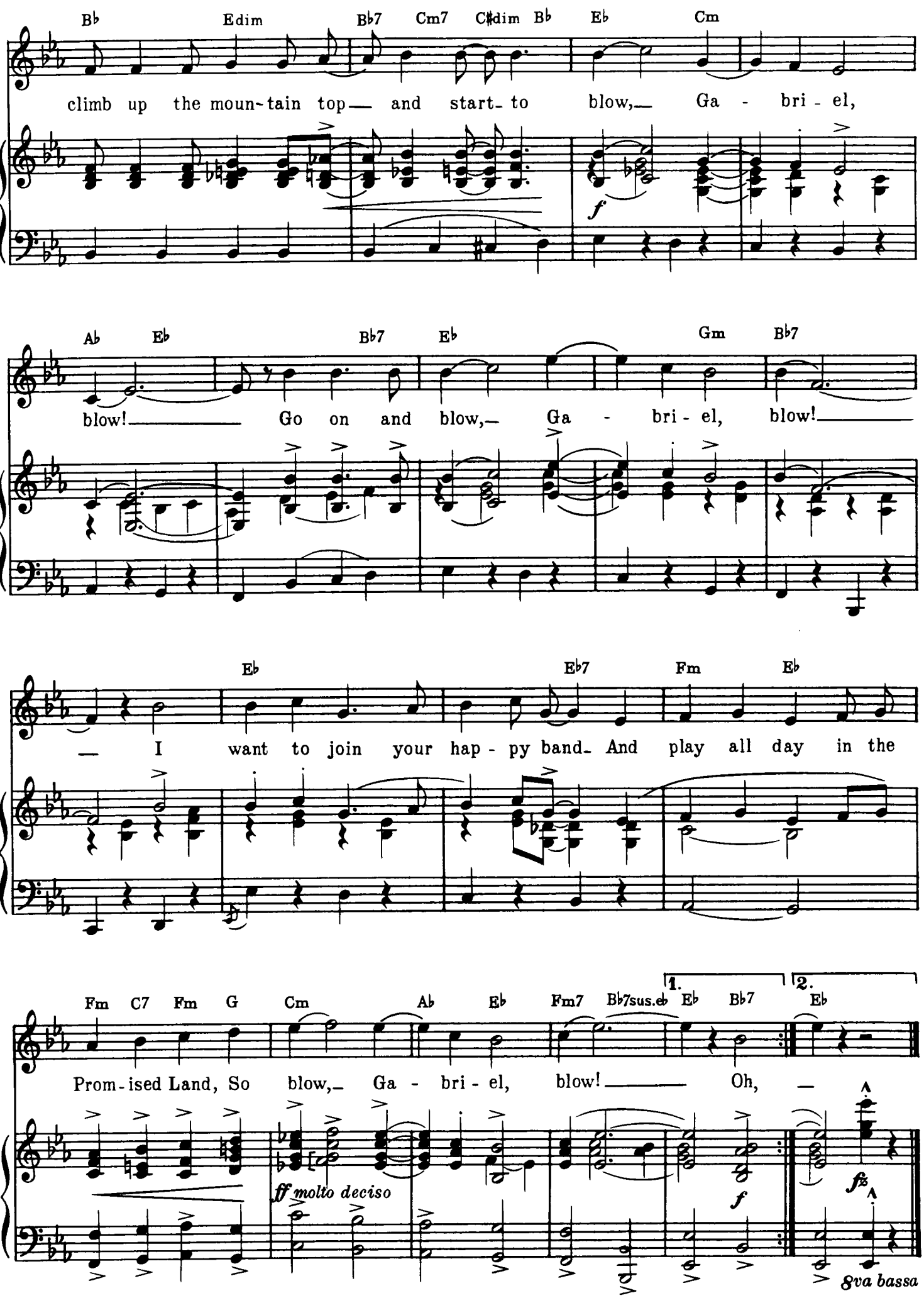

Refrain (vigorously)
Eb Cm Ab Eb Bb7 Eb Cm
Blow, Ga - bri - el, blow! Go on and blow, Ga -
mf
Bb7 Eb Eb7
- bri - el, blow! I've been a sin-ner, I've been a scamp, But
Fm Eb F7 Bb7 Eb Cm Eb7 Ab
now I'm will - in' to trim my lamp, So blow, Ga - bri - el, blow!
Eb Bb7 Eb Cm Ab Eb Bb7 Eb Cm
I was low, Ga - bri - el, low, might - y low, Ga -

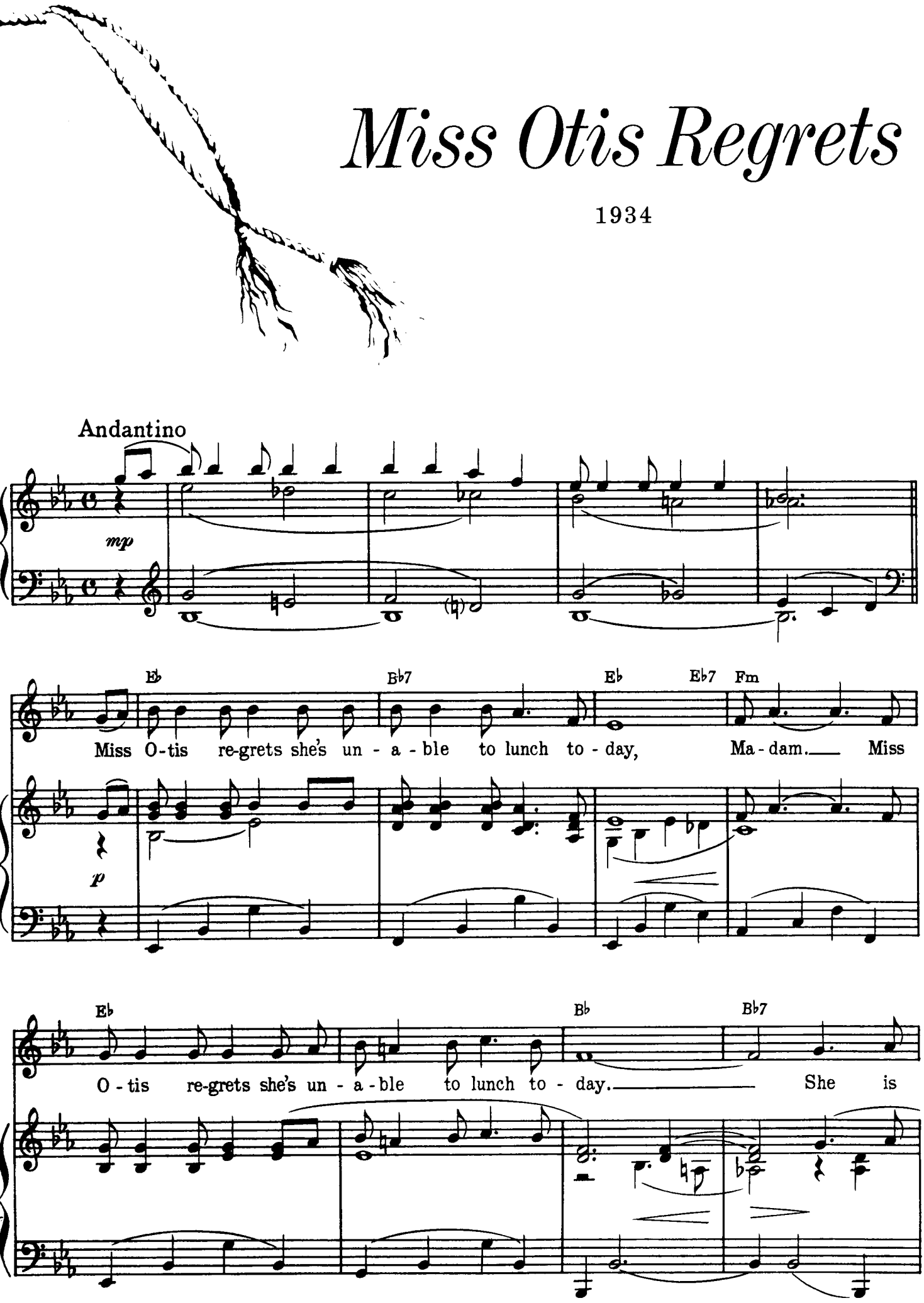

Gm Ab Bb Eb Eb7
- bri - el, low. But now since I have seen the light, I'm
Fm Eb F7 Bb7 Eb Cm Eb7 Ab
good by day and I'm good by night, So blow, Ga - bri - el, blow.
Eb Gaug.7 G7 Cm Fm7 Cm Gaug.7 G7 Cm
Once I was head - ed for hell, Once I was head-
D7 G Cm6 G Bb7 Eb Eb7
- ed for hell; But when I got to Sa-tan's door I
mf


A♭ Cm Fm Gaug.7 Cm Fm
heard you blowin' on your horn once more, So I said, "Sa - tan, fare - well!"
Cm Fm7 Fm6 Fm7 C Fm7 Fm6
And now I'm all read - y to fly, Yes, to fly high-
più f
Fm7 E♭ G♭
- - - er and high - er! 'Cause I've gone through brim - stone-
D♭ F7 F7♭5
and I've been thru the fire, And I've purged my soul and my heart too, So
mf


B♭ E dim B♭7 Cm7 C♯dim B♭ E♭ Cm
climb up the moun-tain top— and start- to blow,— Ga - bri - el,
f
A♭ E♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm B♭7
blow!— Go on and blow,— Ga - bri - el, blow!—
E♭ E♭7 Fm E♭
— I want to join your hap - py band- And play all day in the
Fm C7 Fm G Cm A♭ E♭ Fm7 B♭7sus.E♭ 1. E♭ B♭7 2. E♭
Prom-ised Land, So blow,— Ga - bri - el, blow!— Oh, —
ff molto deciso
f
fz
8va bassa

Miss Otis Regrets

1934



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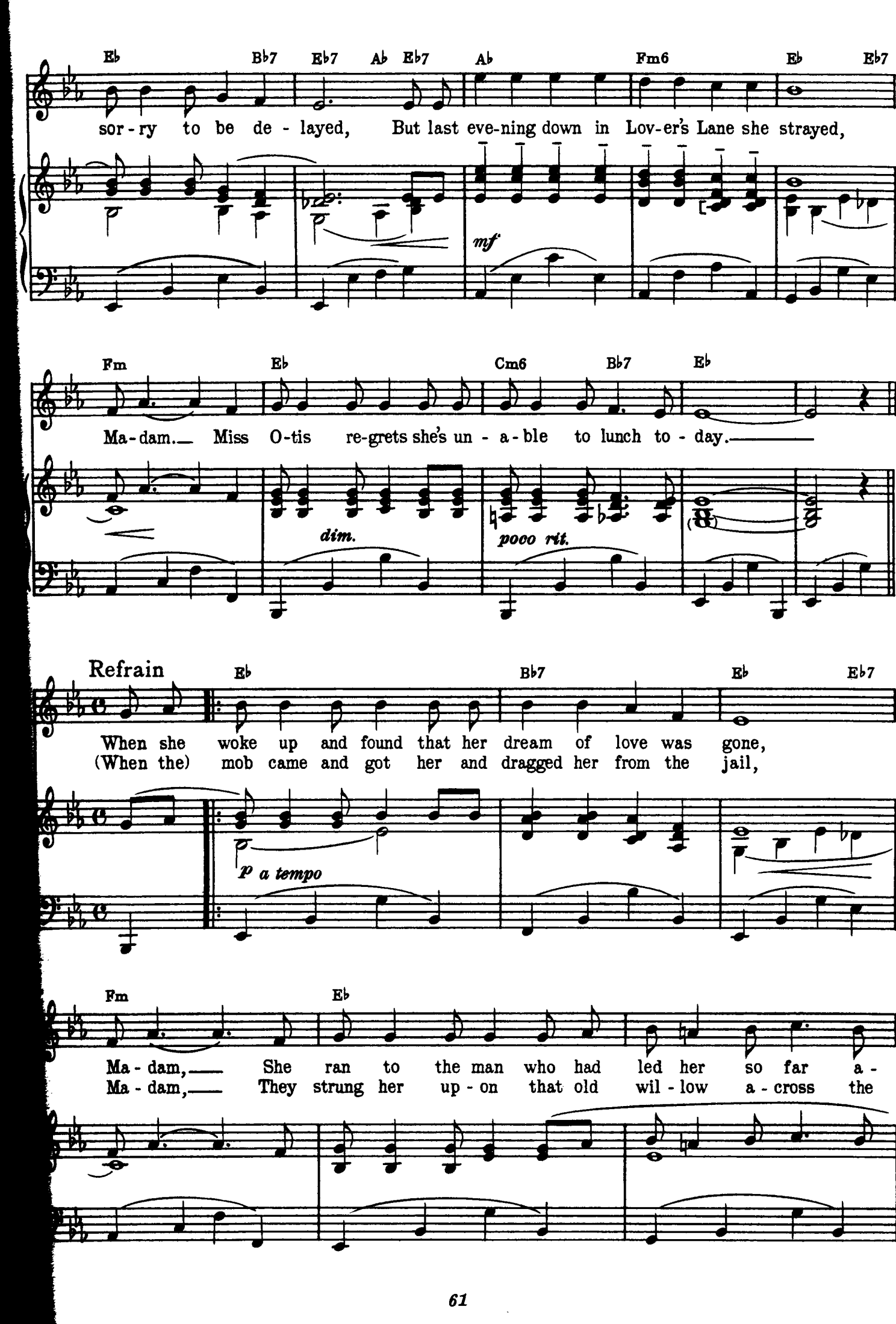
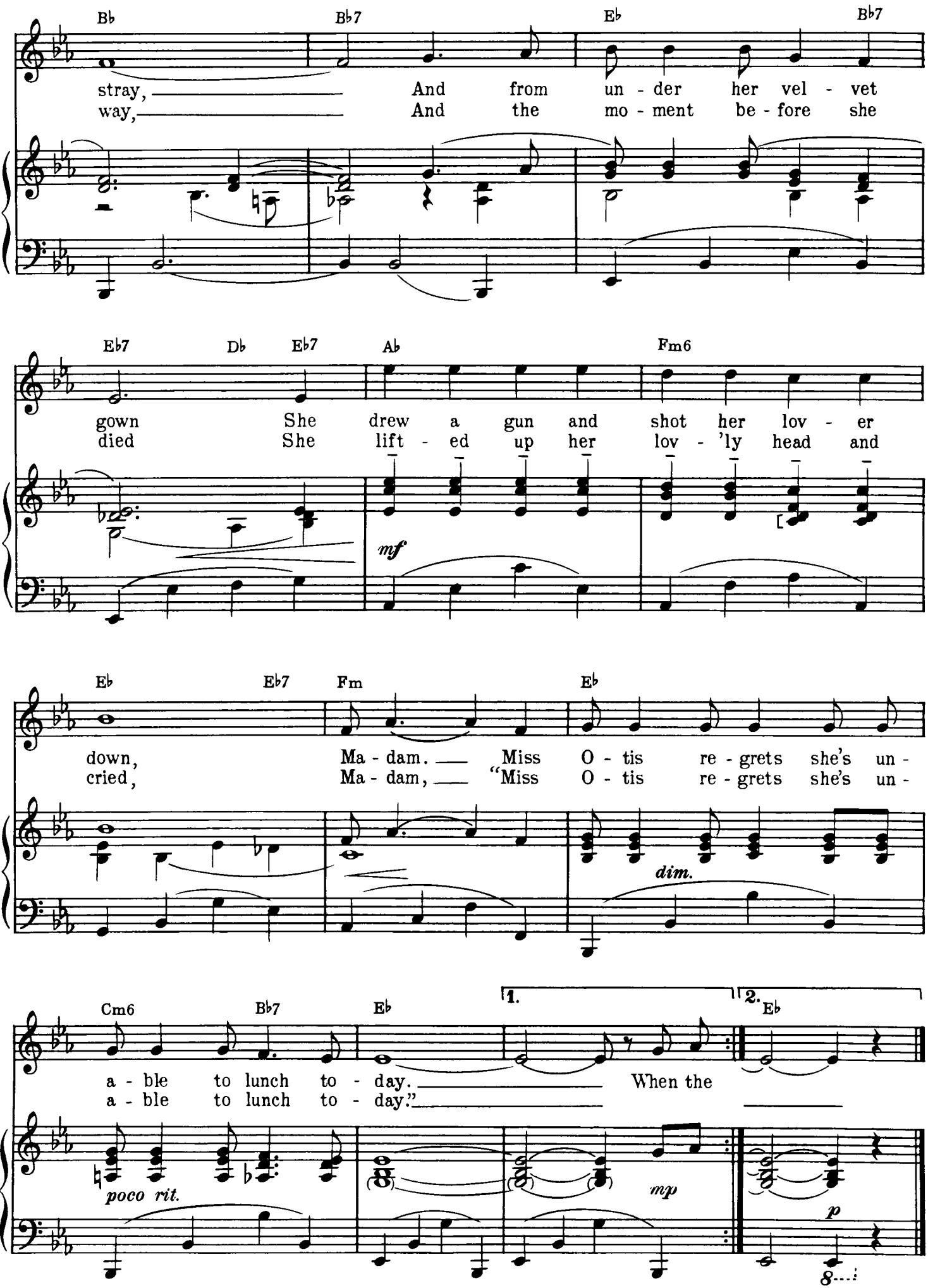
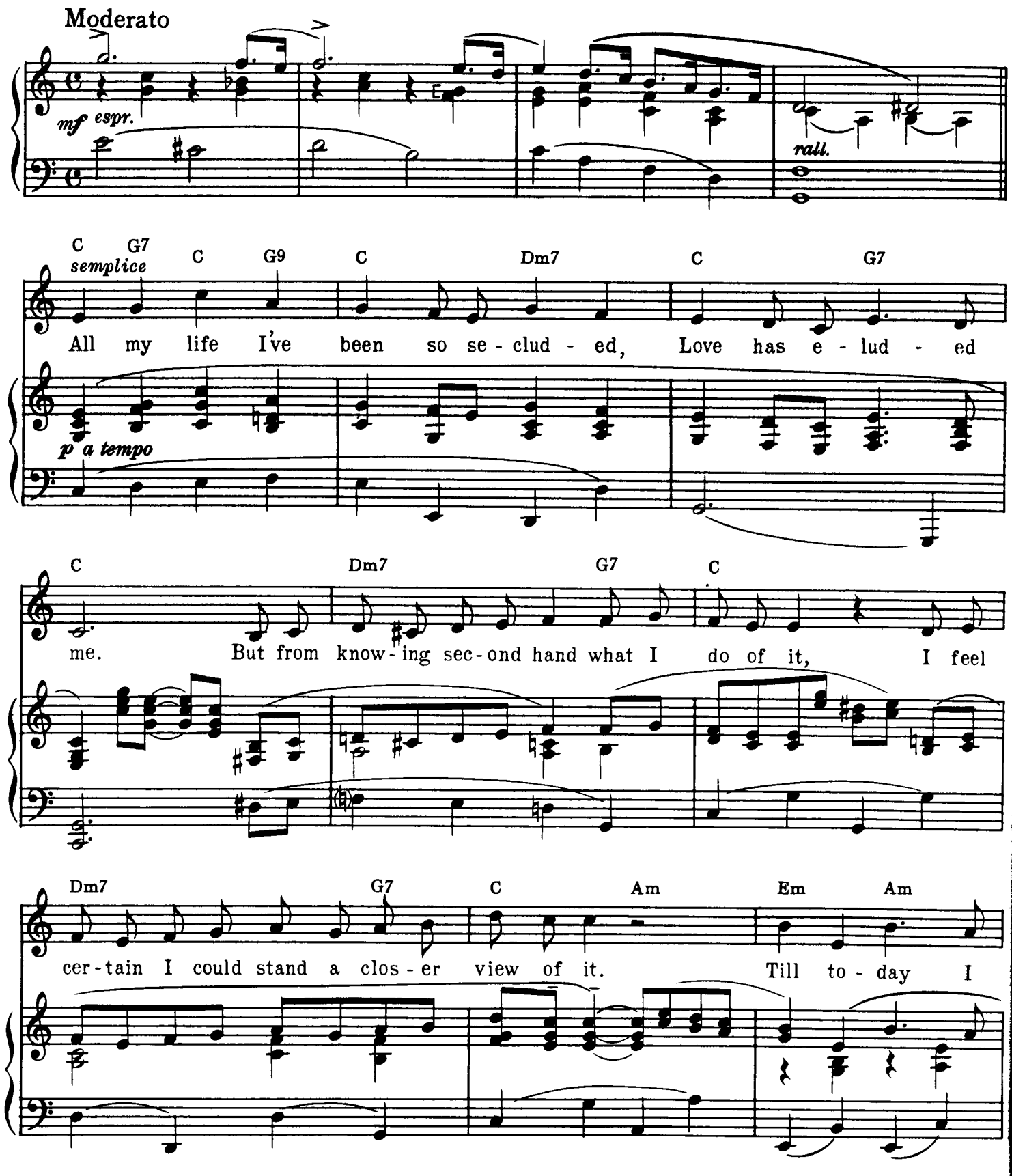

Eb Bb7 Eb7 Ab Eb7 Ab Fm6 Eb Eb7
sor-ry to be de-layed, But last eve-ning down in Lov-er's Lane she strayed,
mf
Fm Eb Cm6 Bb7 Eb
Ma-dam. Miss O-tis re-grets she's un-a-ble to lunch to-day.
dim.
pooo rit.
Refrain
Eb Bb7 Eb Eb7
When she woke up and found that her dream of love was gone,
(When the) mob came and got her and dragged her from the jail,
p a tempo
Fm Eb
Ma-dam, She ran to the man who had led her so far a-
Ma-dam, They strung her up-on that old wil-low a-cross the


Bb Bb7 Eb Bb7
stray, And from un - der her vel - vet
way, And the mo - ment be - fore she
Eb7 Db Eb7 Ab Fm6
gown She drew a gun and shot her lov - er
died She lift - ed up her lov - 'ly head and
mf
Eb Eb7 Fm Eb
down, Ma - dam. Miss O - tis re - grets she's un -
cried, Ma - dam, "Miss O - tis re - grets she's un -
dim.
Cm6 Bb7 Eb 1. 2. Eb
a - ble to lunch to - day. When the
a - ble to lunch to - day."
poco rit.
mp
p

Why Shouldn't I?

FROM JUBILEE



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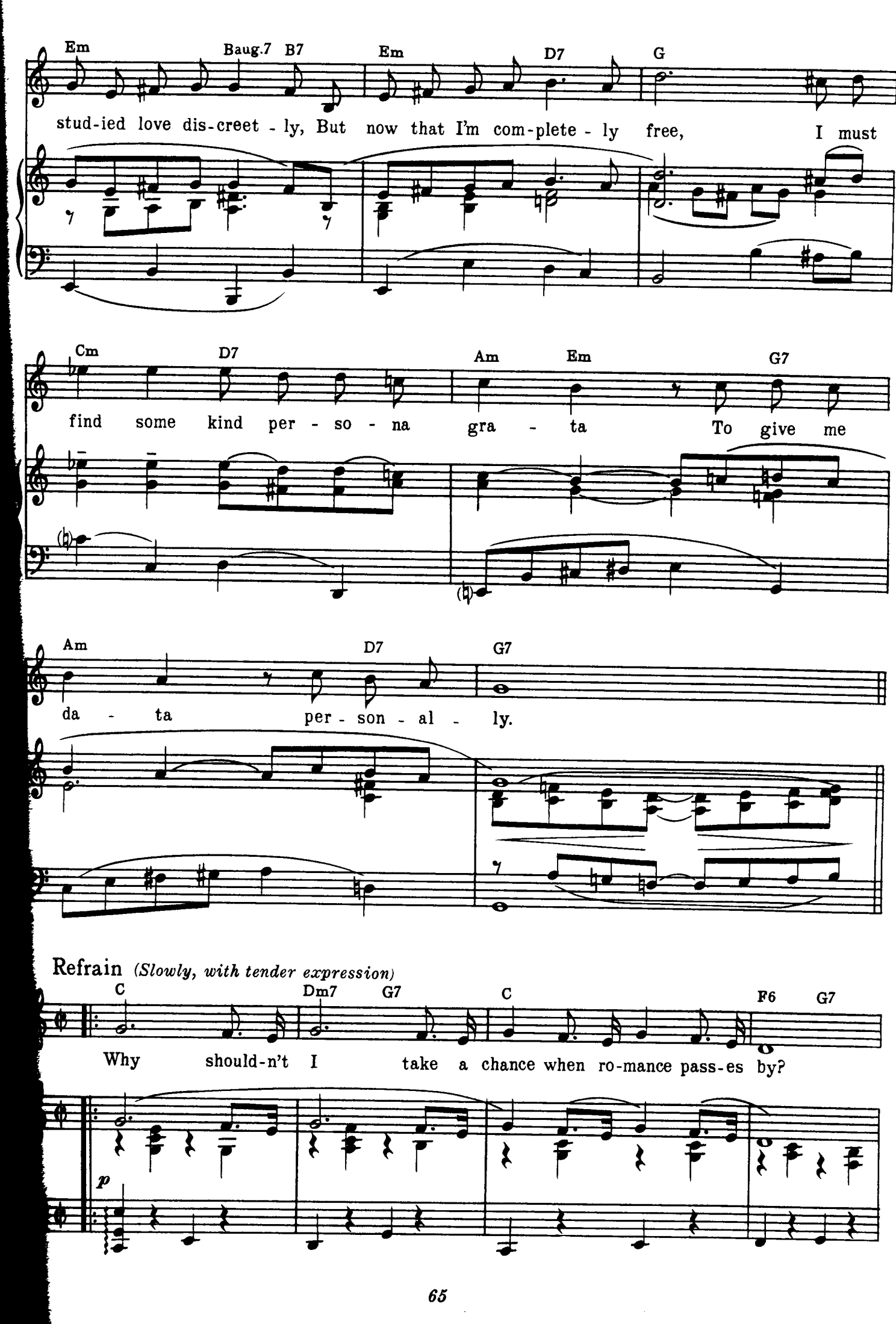
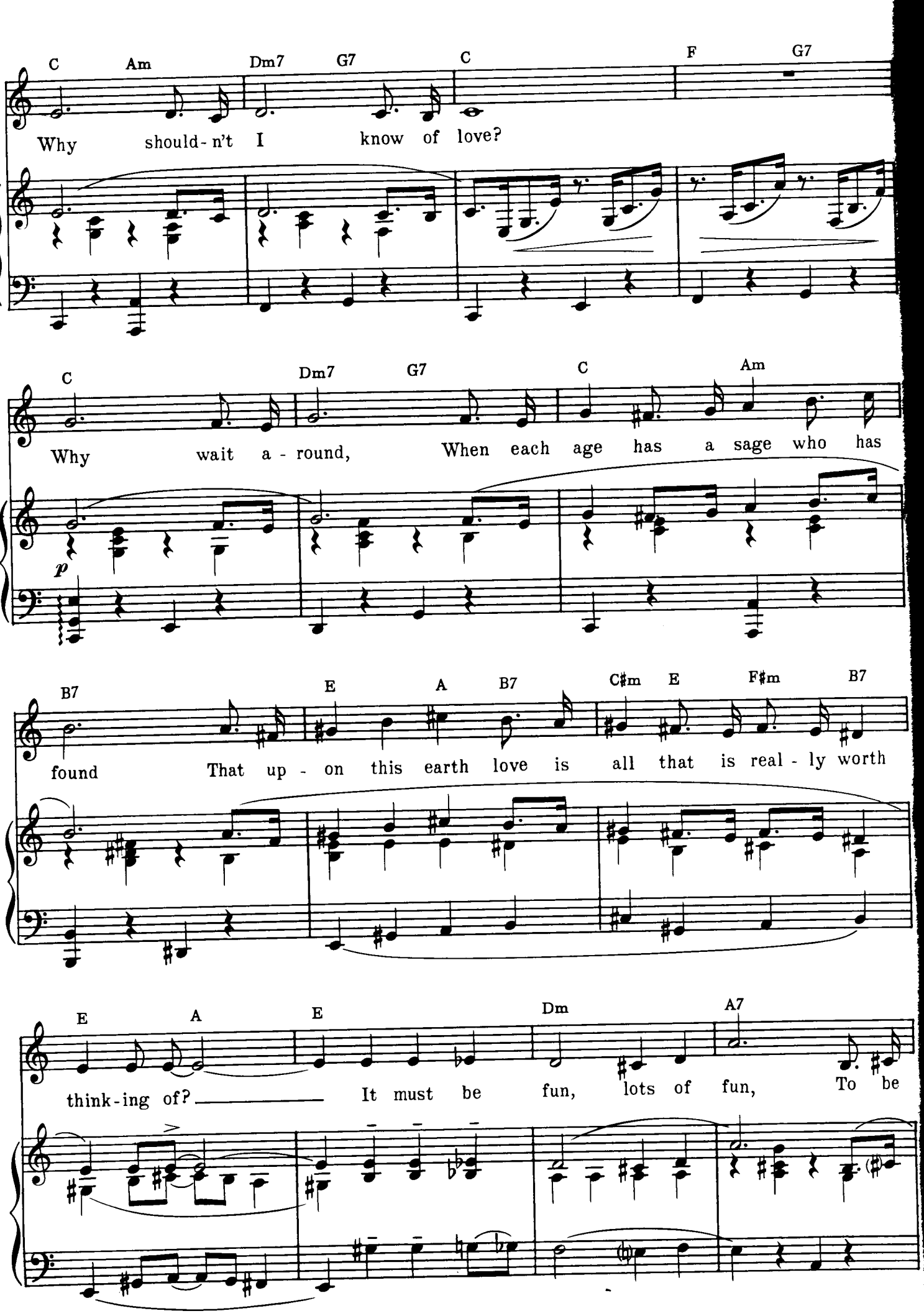
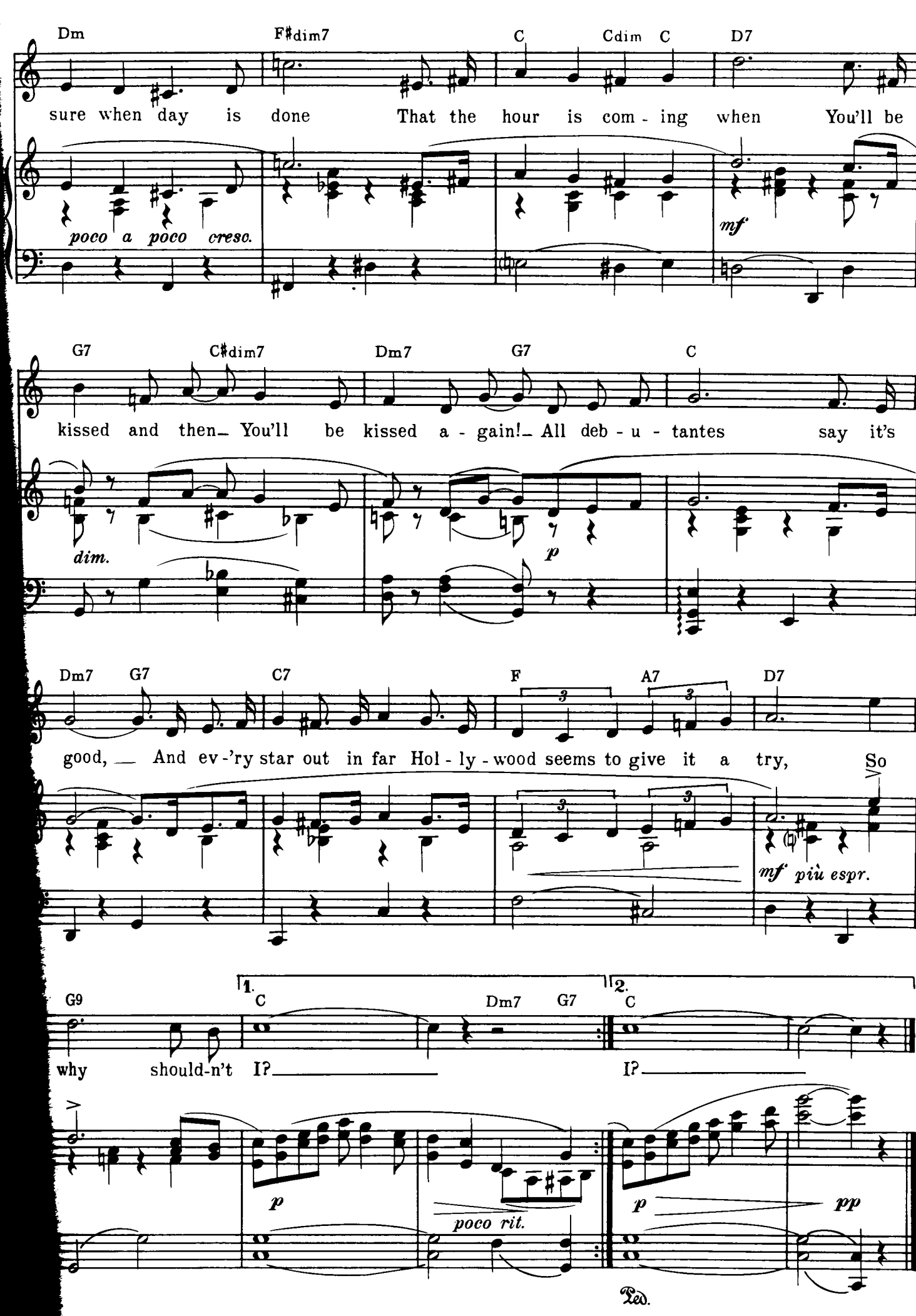
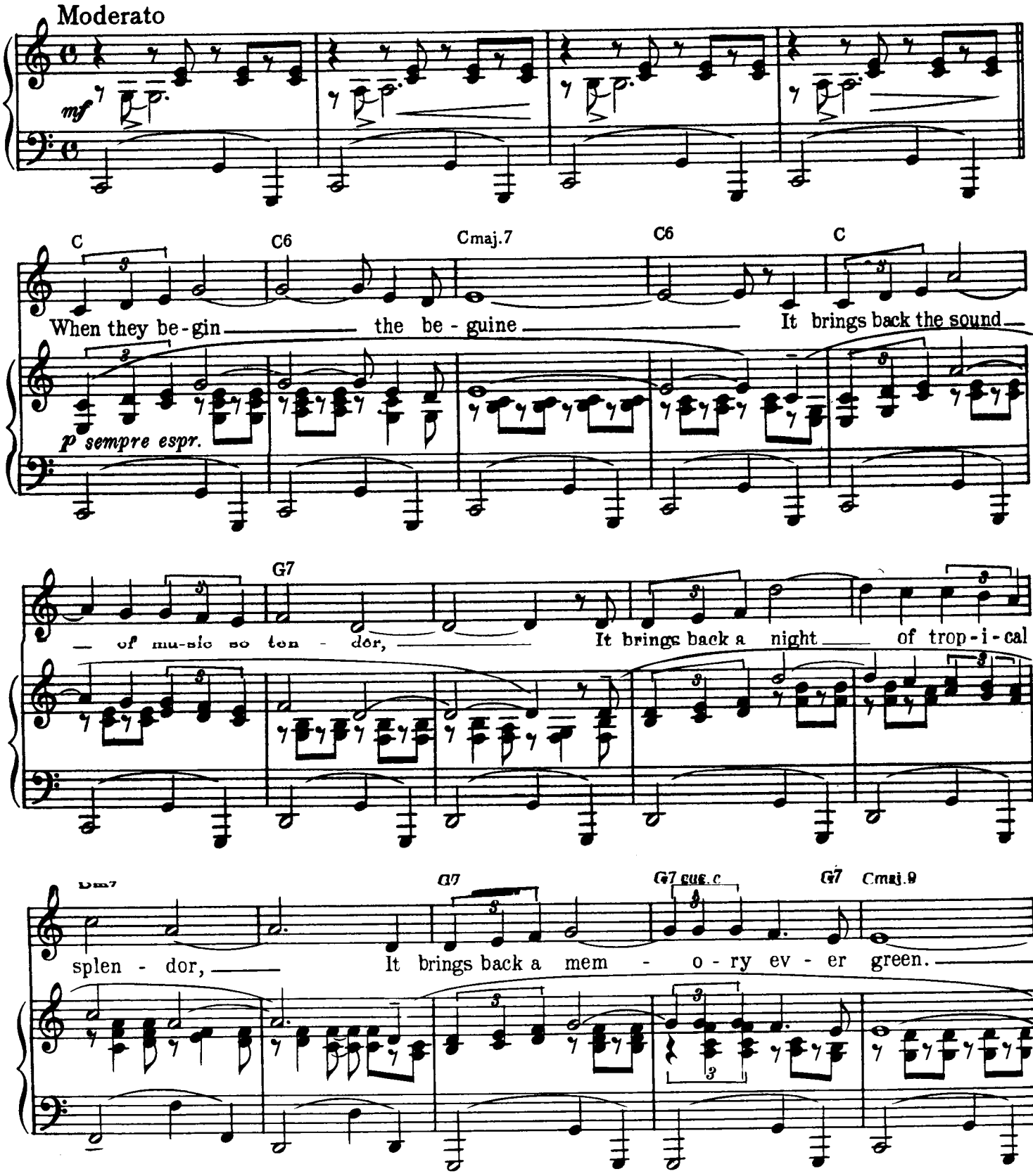

Em Baug.7 B7 Em D7 G
stud-ied love dis-creet - ly, But now that I'm com-plete - ly free, I must
Cm D7 Am Em G7
find some kind per - so - na gra - ta To give me
Am D7 G7
da - ta per - son - al - ly.
Refrain (Slowly, with tender expression)
C Dm7 G7 C F6 G7
Why should-n't I take a chance when ro-mance pass-es by?
p


C Am Dm7 G7 C F G7
Why should-n't I know of love?
C Dm7 G7 C Am
Why wait a-round, When each age has a sage who has
p
B7 E A B7 C♯m E F♯m B7
found That up-on this earth love is all that is real-ly worth
E A E Dm A7
think-ing of? It must be fun, lots of fun, To be


Dm
F♯dim7
C
Cdim
C
D7
sure when day is done That the hour is com - ing when You'll be
poco a poco cresc.
mf
G7
C♯dim7
Dm7
G7
C
kissed and then— You'll be kissed a - gain!— All deb - u - tantes say it's
dim.
p
Dm7
G7
C7
F
A7
D7
good, — And ev-'ry star out in far Hol - ly - wood seems to give it a try, So
mf più espr.
G9
1.
C
Dm7
G7
2.
C
why should-n't I? I?
p
poco rit.
p
pp
Ped.



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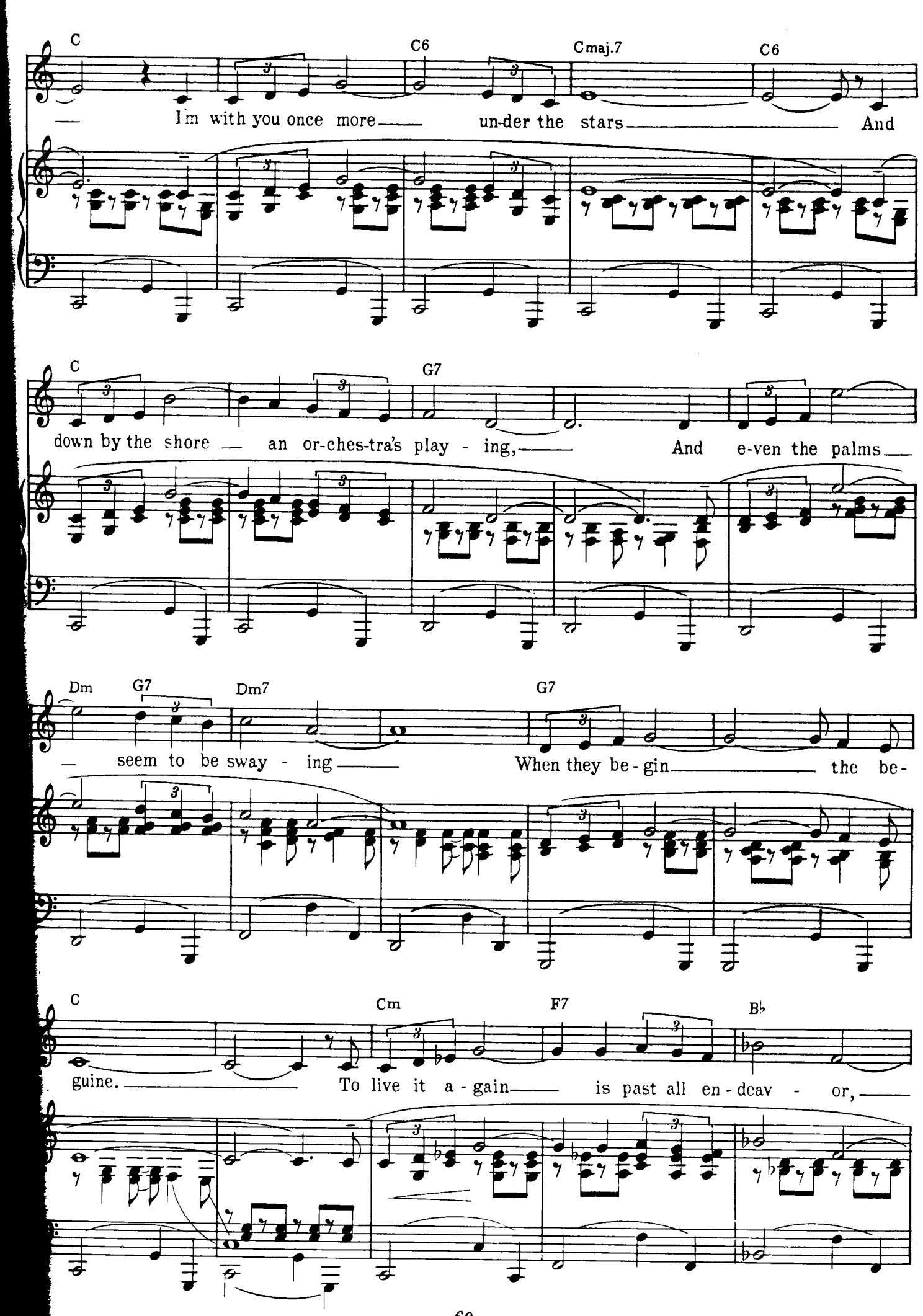
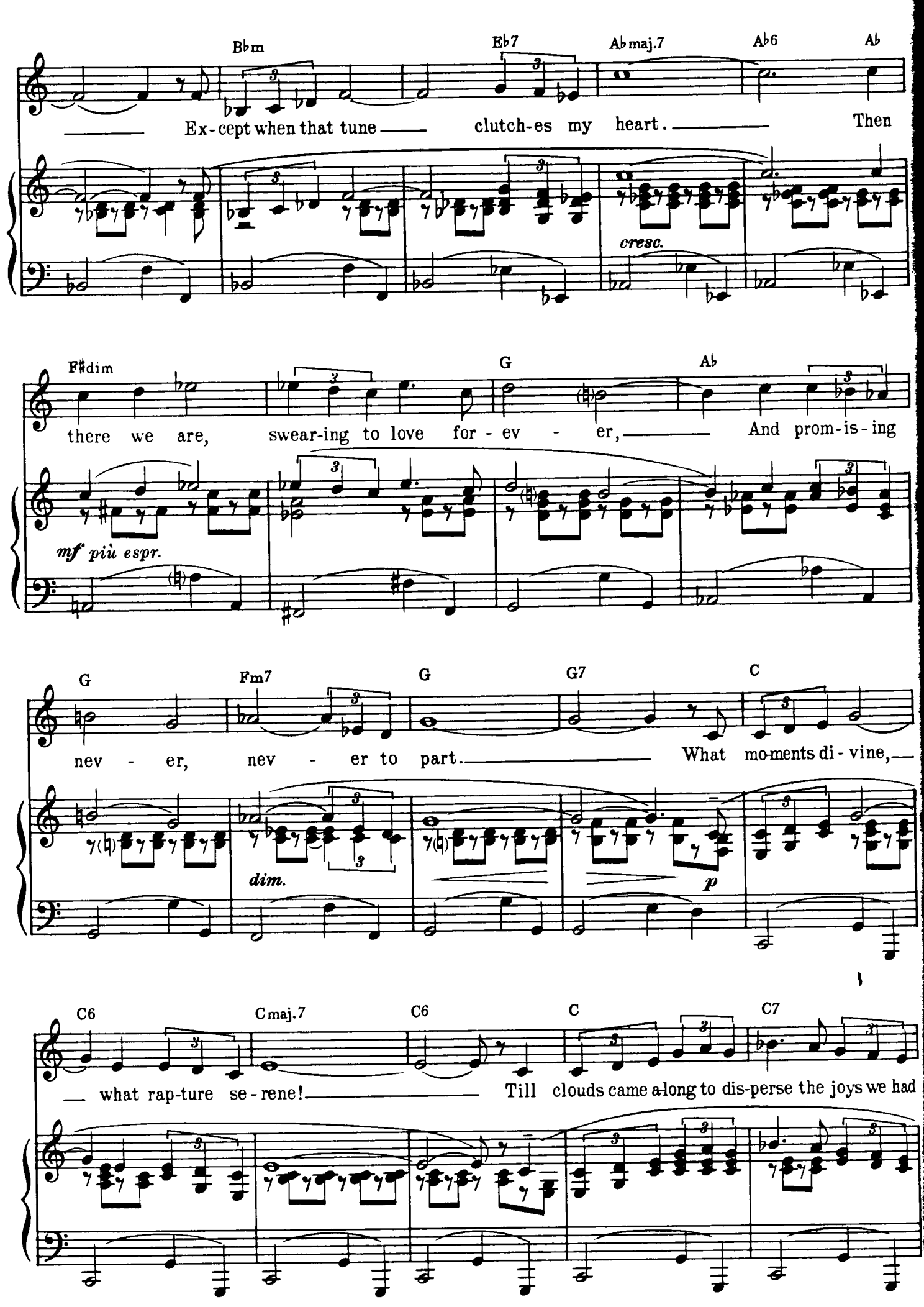
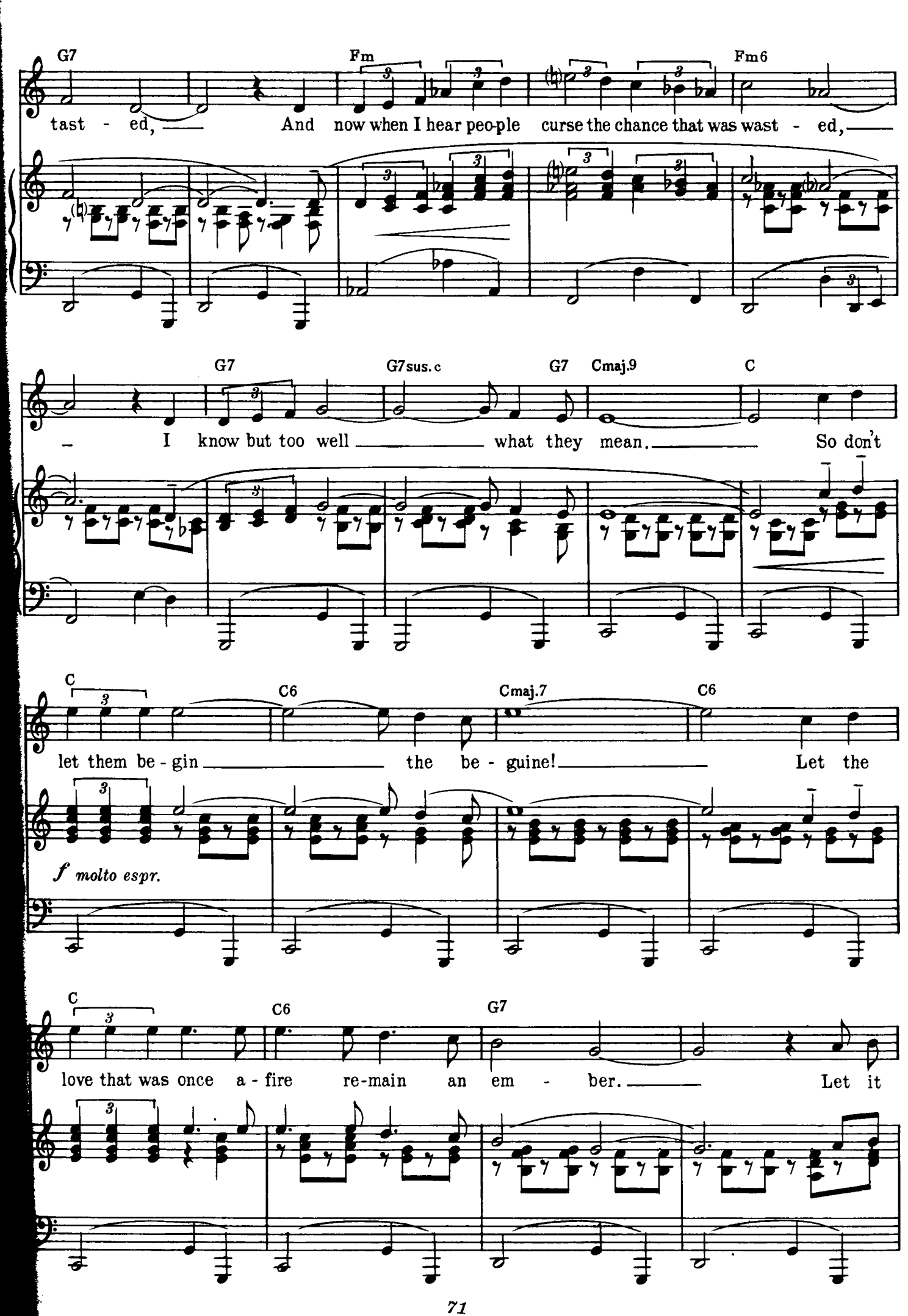
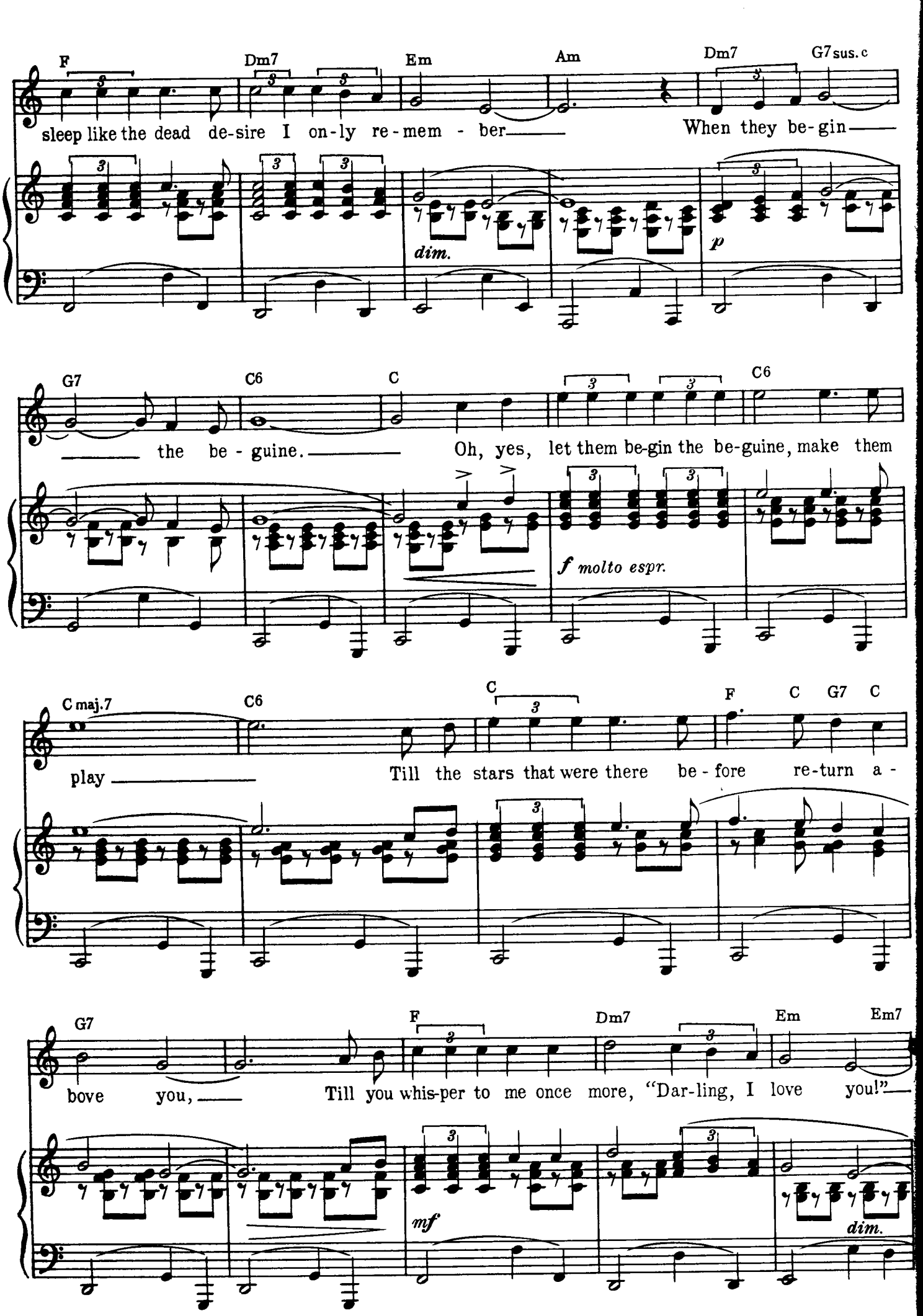

C
C6
Cmaj.7
C6
I'm with you once more un-der the stars And
C
G7
down by the shore an or-ches-tra's play - ing, And e-ven the palms
Dm
G7
Dm7
G7
seem to be sway - ing When they be-gin the be-
C
Cm
F7
B♭
guine. To live it a-gain is past all en-deav - or,


B♭m
E♭7
A♭maj.7
A♭6
A♭
Ex-cept when that tune clutch-es my heart. Then
cresc.
F♯dim
G
A♭
there we are, swear-ing to love for-ev-er, And prom-is-ing
mf più espr.
G
Fm7
G
G7
C
nev-er, nev-er to part. What mo-ments di-vine,
dim.
p
C6
Cmaj.7
C6
C
C7
what rap-ture se-rene! Till clouds came a-long to dis-perse the joys we had


G7
Fm
Fm6
tast - ed, And now when I hear peo-ple curse the chance that was wast - ed,
G7
G7sus.c
G7
Cmaj.9
C
I know but too well what they mean. So don't
C
C6
Cmaj.7
C6
let them be - gin the be - guine! Let the
f molto espr.
C
C6
G7
love that was once a - fire re-main an em - ber. Let it


F Dm7 Em Am Dm7 G7sus.c
sleep like the dead de-sire I on-ly re-mem - ber When they be-gin
dim.
p
G7 C6 C C6
the be - guine. Oh, yes, let them be-gin the be-guine, make them
f molto espr.
C maj.7 C6 C F C G7 C
play Till the stars that were there be - fore re-turn a -
G7 F Dm7 Em Em7
bove you, Till you whis-per to me once more, "Dar-ling, I love you!"
mf
dim.

A7 Dm7 G7sus.c Fm6

And we sud-den-ly know what heav-en we're in,

p

G7 C Cmaj.7

When they be-gin the be-guine.

p

Dm7 Fm6 G7 *ten.*

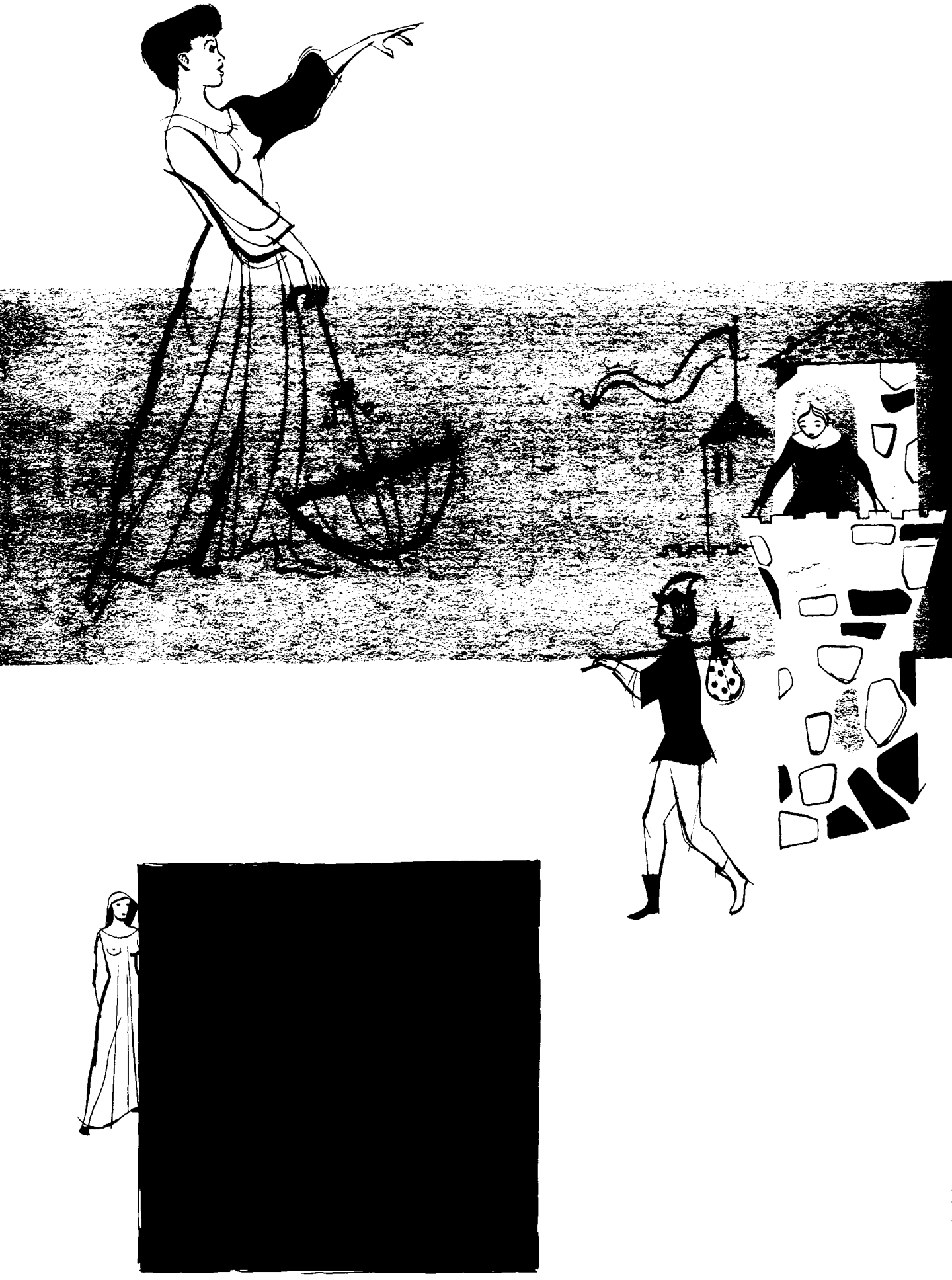
When they be-gin the be-

ten. *rit.*

C C6 Cmaj.7

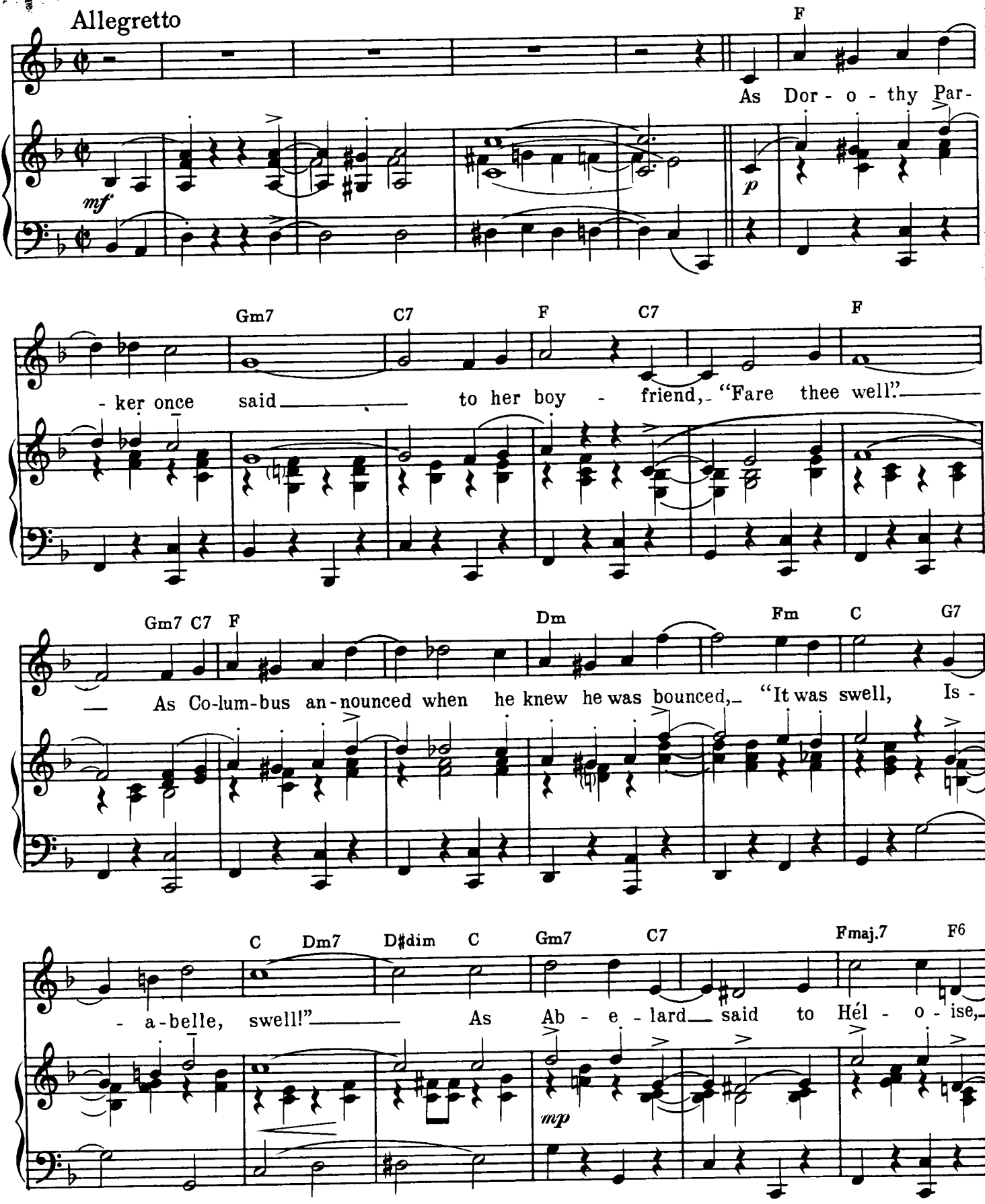
guine.

mf *a tempo* *dim.* *p* *pp*



Just One of Those Things

FROM JUBILEE



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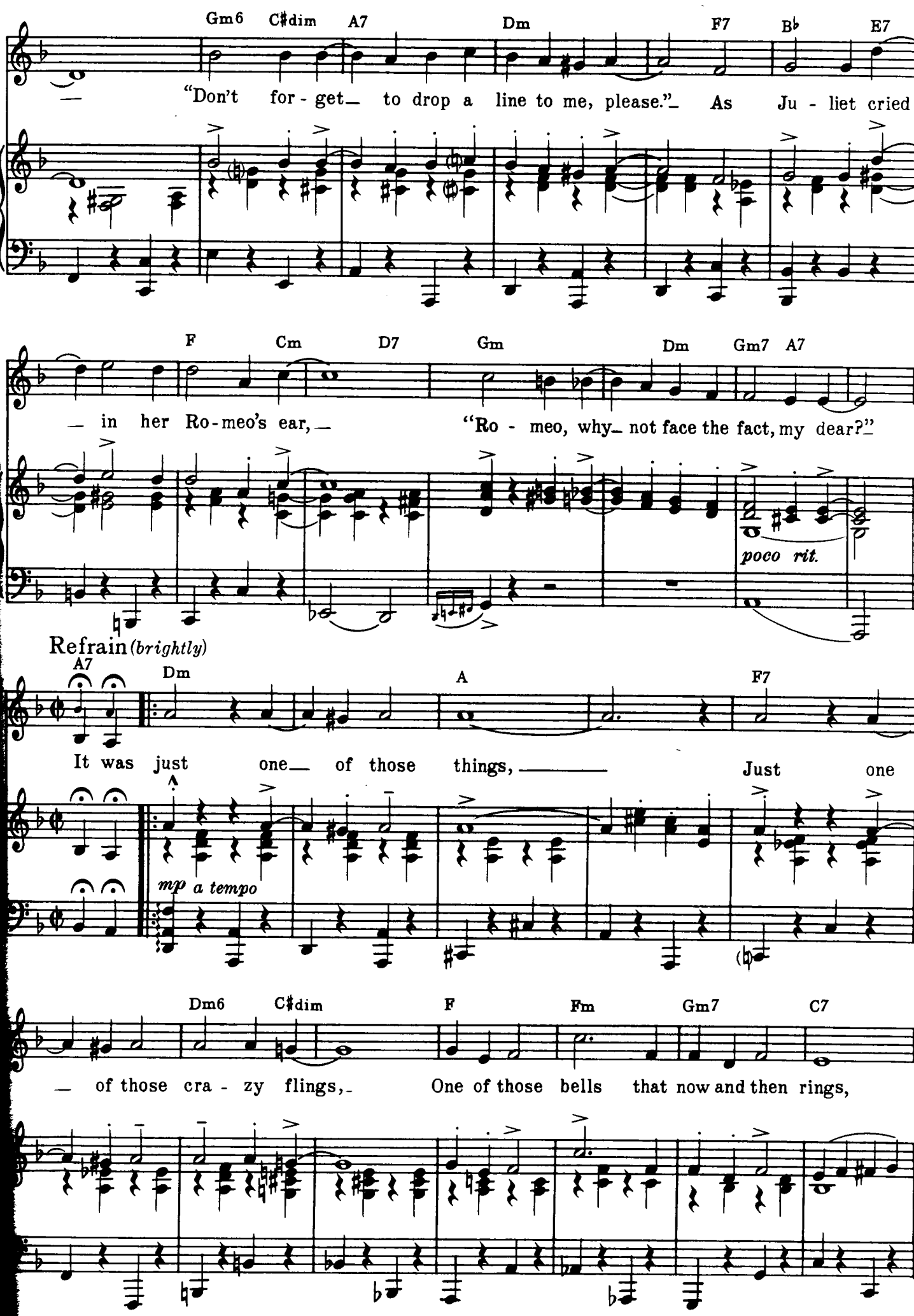
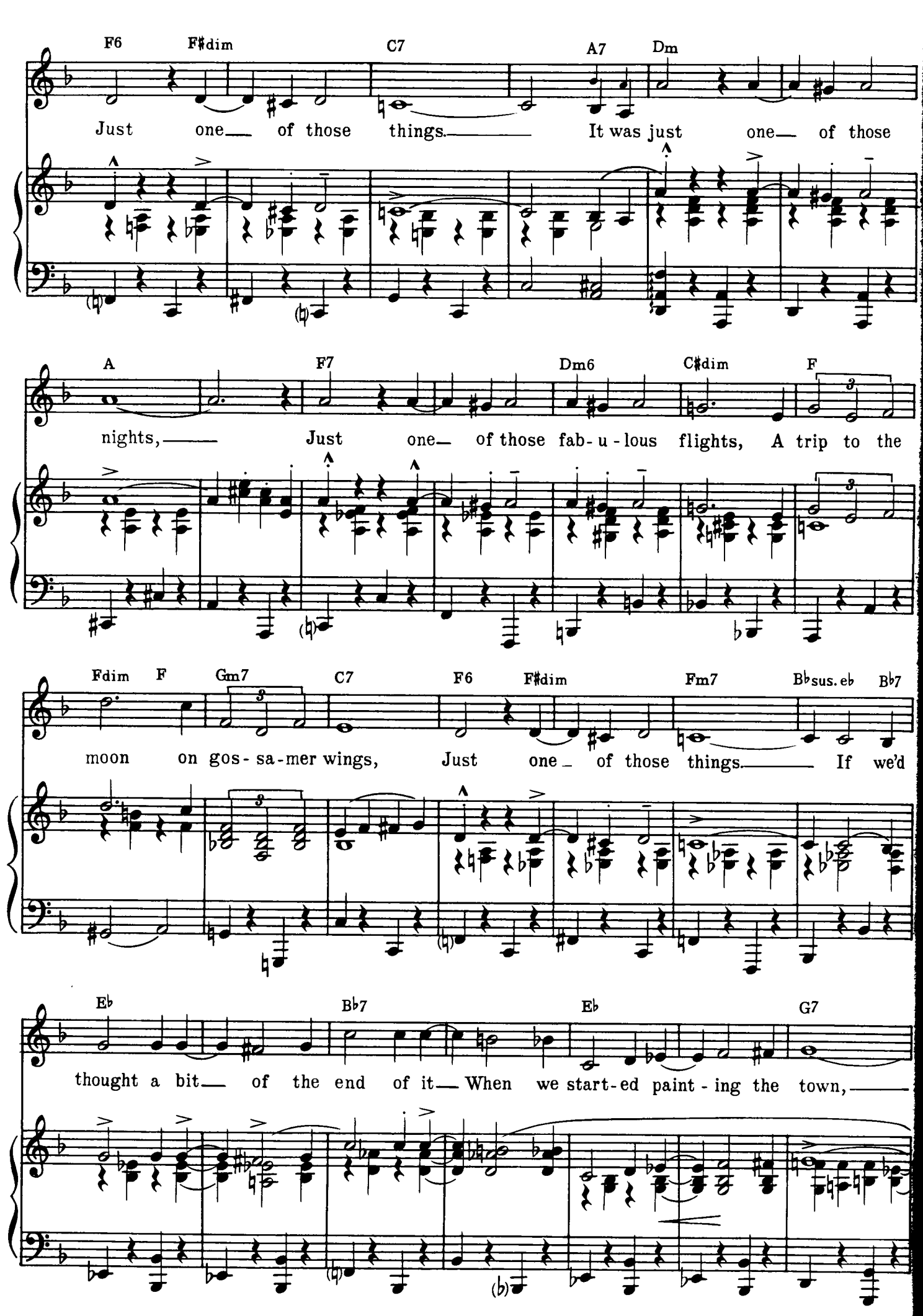
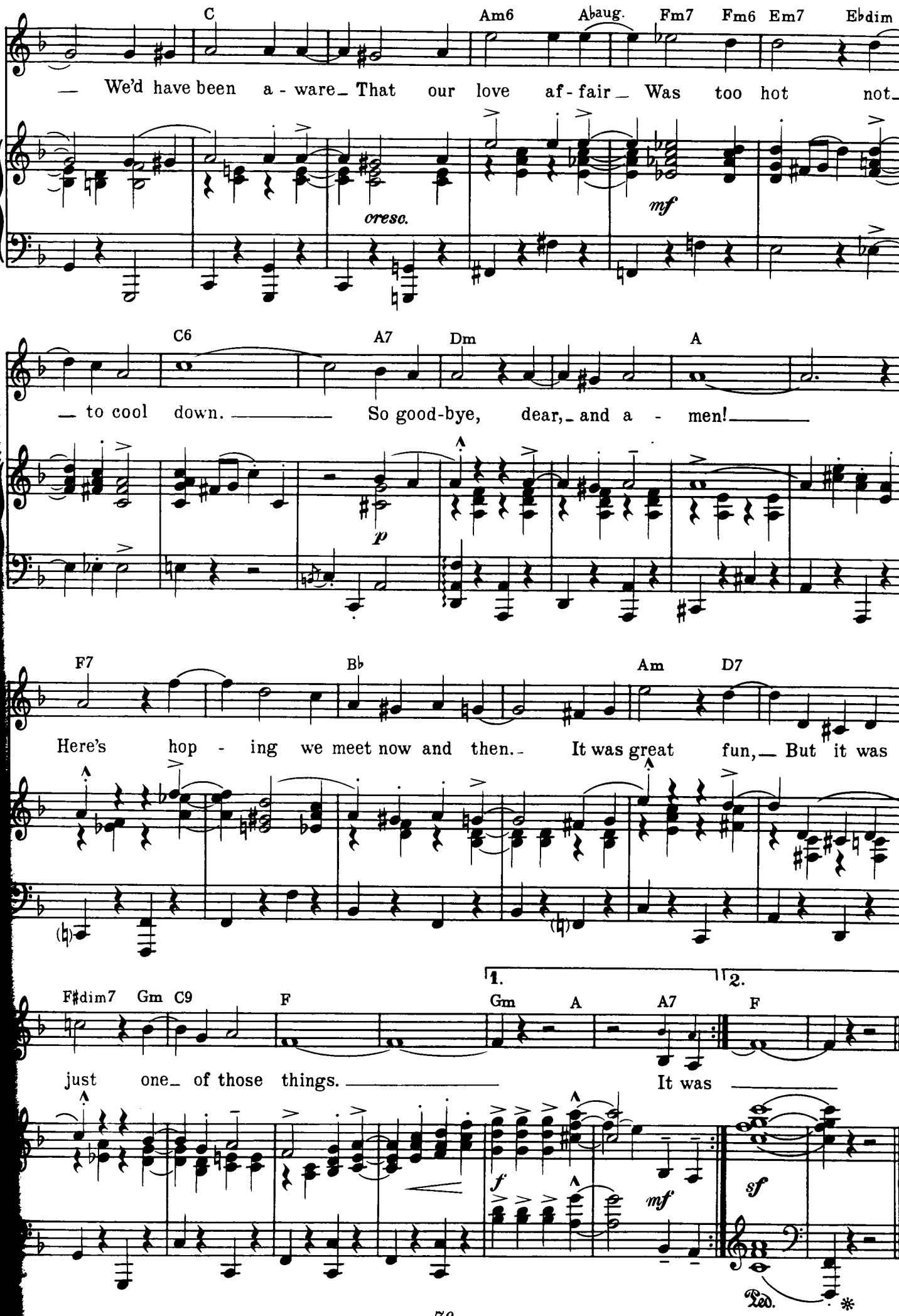
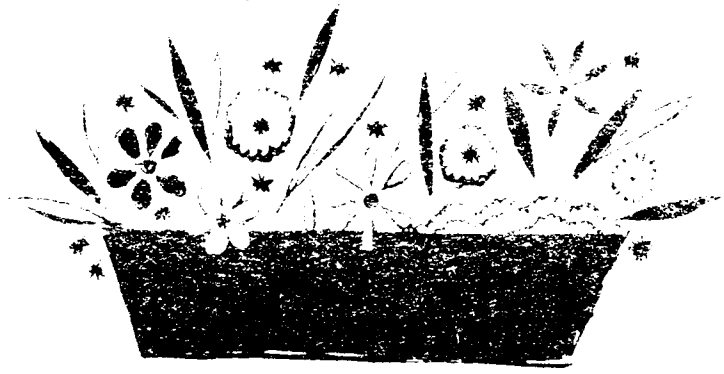

Gm6 C♯dim A7 Dm F7 B♭ E7
"Don't for - get to drop a line to me, please." As Ju - liet cried
F Cm D7 Gm Dm Gm7 A7
in her Ro - meo's ear, "Ro - meo, why not face the fact, my dear?"
poco rit.
Refrain (brightly)
A7 Dm A F7
It was just one of those things, Just one
mp a tempo
Dm6 C♯dim F Fm Gm7 C7
of those cra - zy flings, One of those bells that now and then rings,


F6 F♯dim C7 A7 Dm
Just one of those things. It was just one of those
A F7 Dm6 C♯dim F
nights, Just one of those fab-u-lous flights, A trip to the
Fdim F Gm7 C7 F6 F♯dim Fm7 B♭sus.eb B♭7
moon on gos-sa-mer wings, Just one of those things. If we'd
E♭ B♭7 E♭ G7
thought a bit of the end of it When we start-ed paint-ing the town,


C
Am6
A♭aug.
Fm7
Fm6
Em7
E♭dim
We'd have been a - ware That our love af - fair Was too hot not
cresc.
mf
C6
A7
Dm
A
to cool down. So good-bye, dear, and a - men!
p
F7
B♭
Am
D7
Here's hop - ing we meet now and then. It was great fun, But it was
F♯dim7
Gm
C9
F
1.
Gm
A
A7
2.
F
just one of those things. It was
f
mf
sf
Ped.

It's De-lovely

FROM RED, HOT AND BLUE



Allegretto

mp

F F7 B♭6 C7

He: I feel a sud - den urge to sing— The kind of dit - ty that in-

p *leggiero*

F A♭dim C7 B♭m C7

vokes the Spring,— So con-trol your de-sire to curse while I cru-ci-fy the

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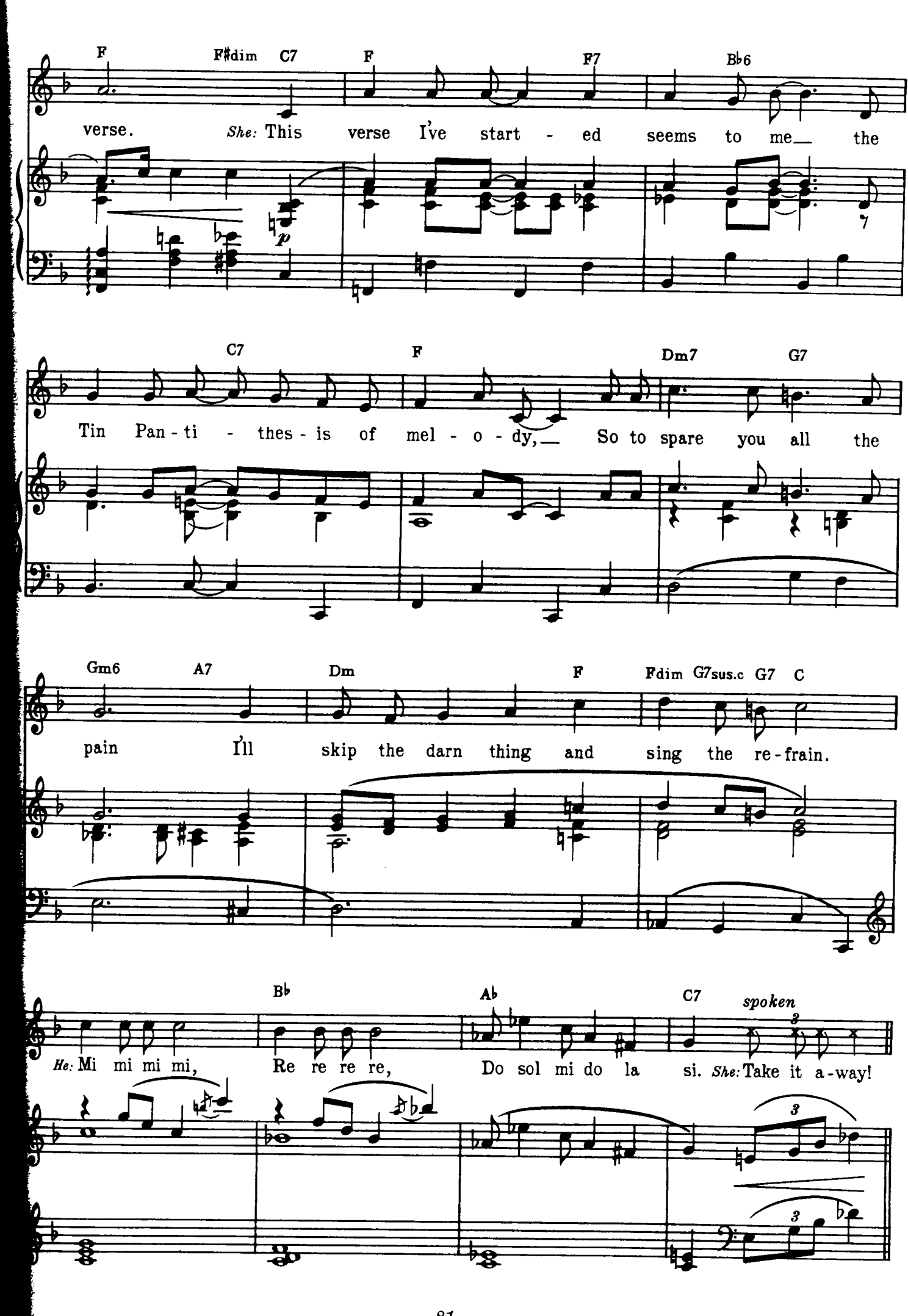
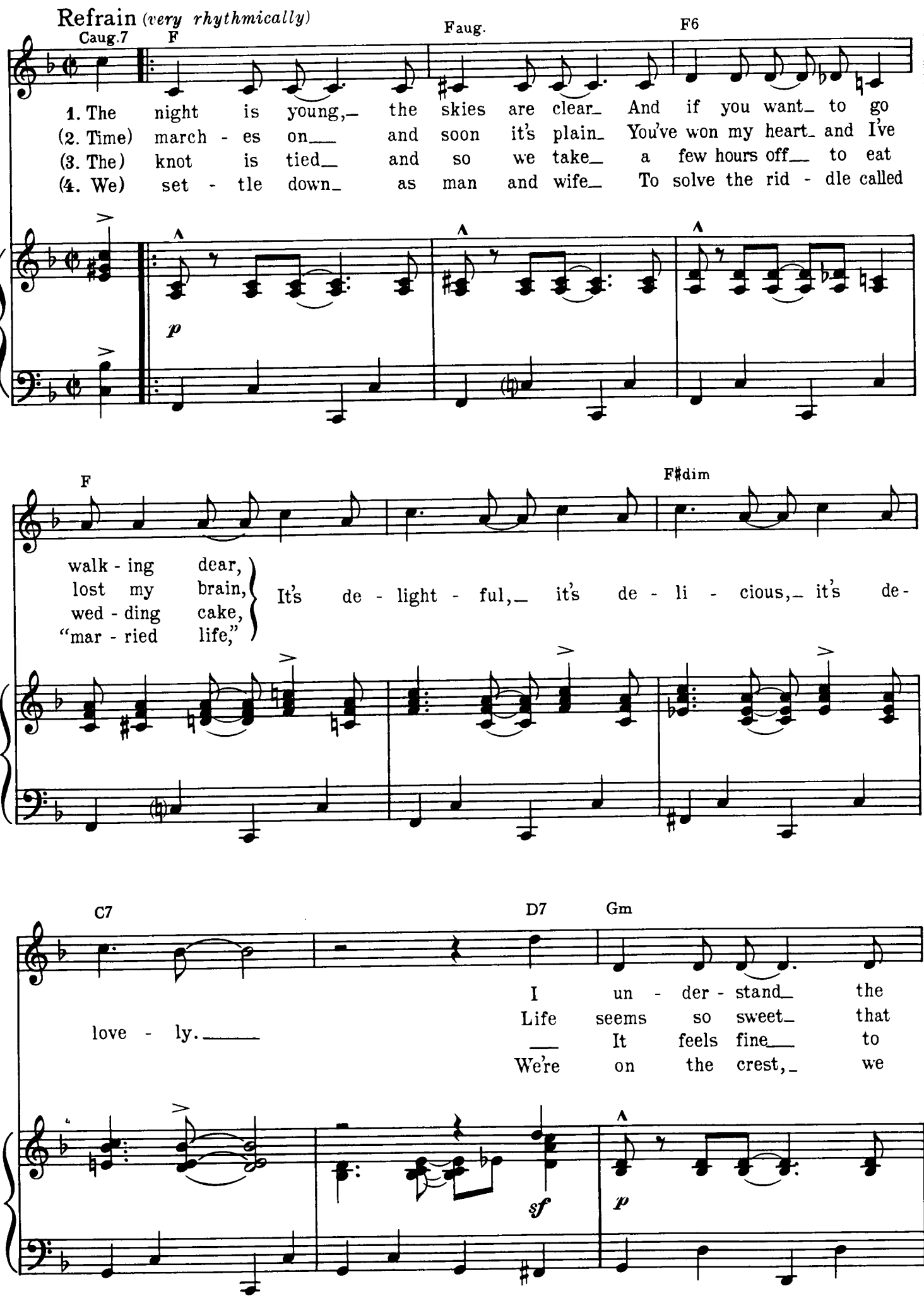
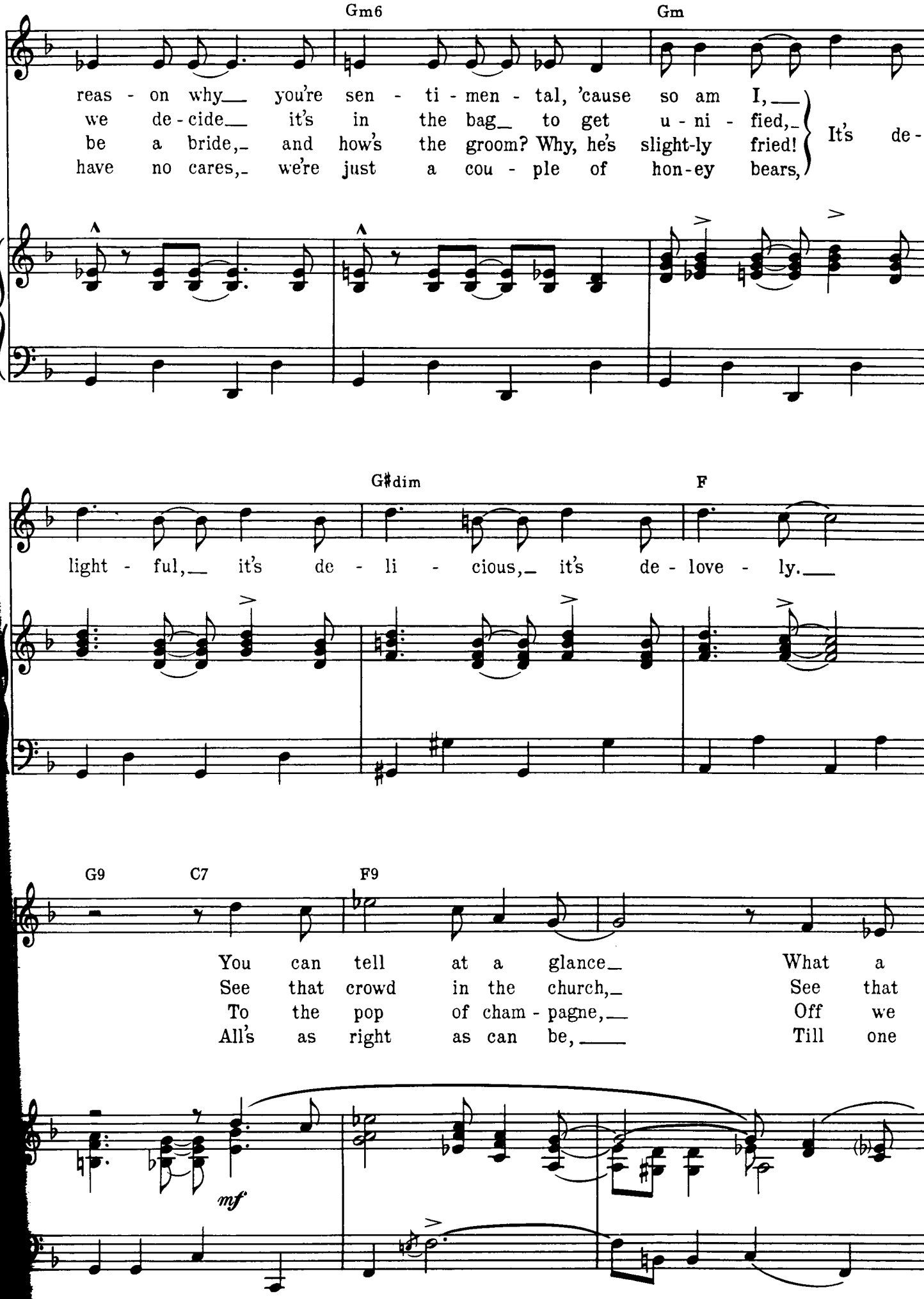
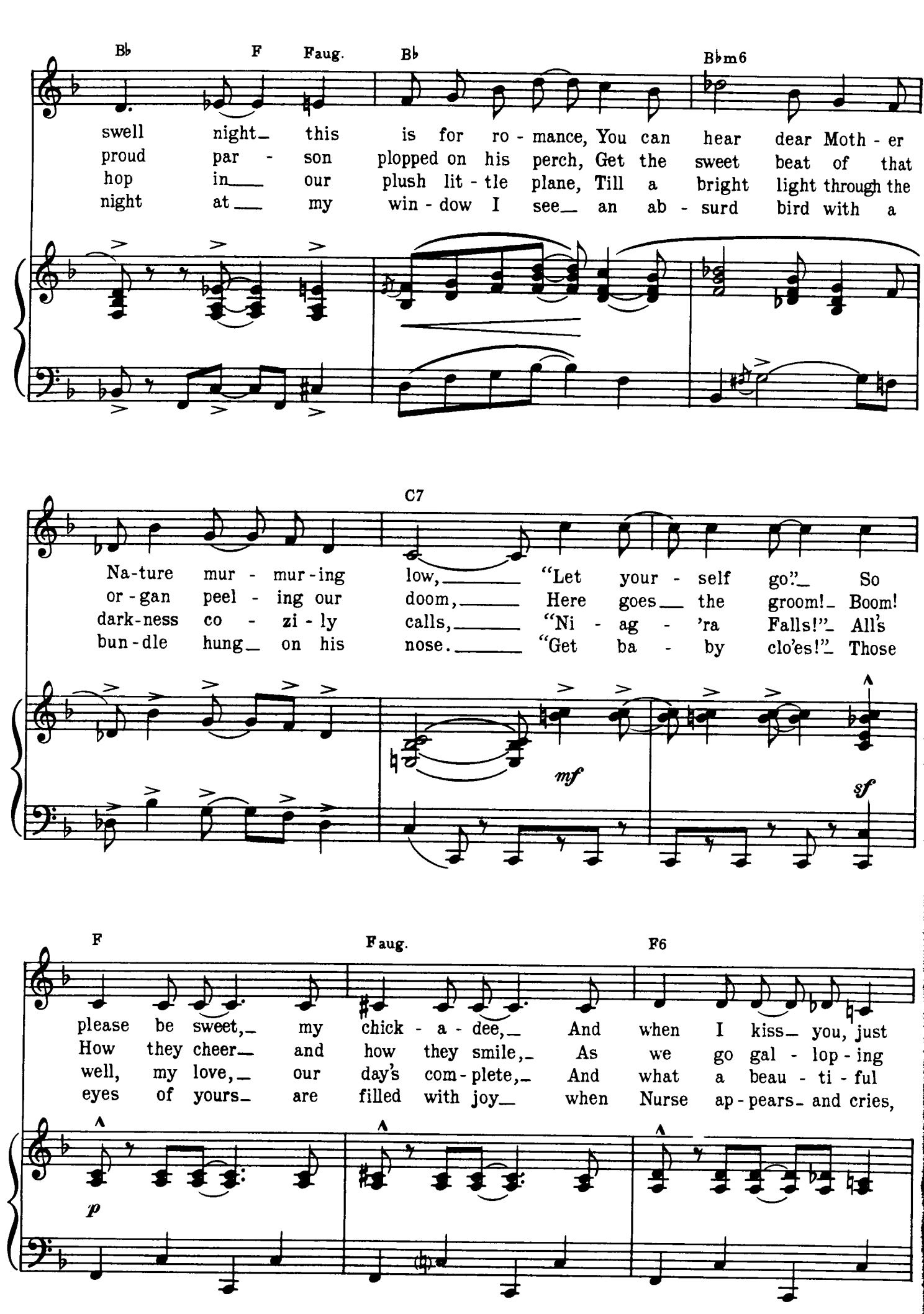
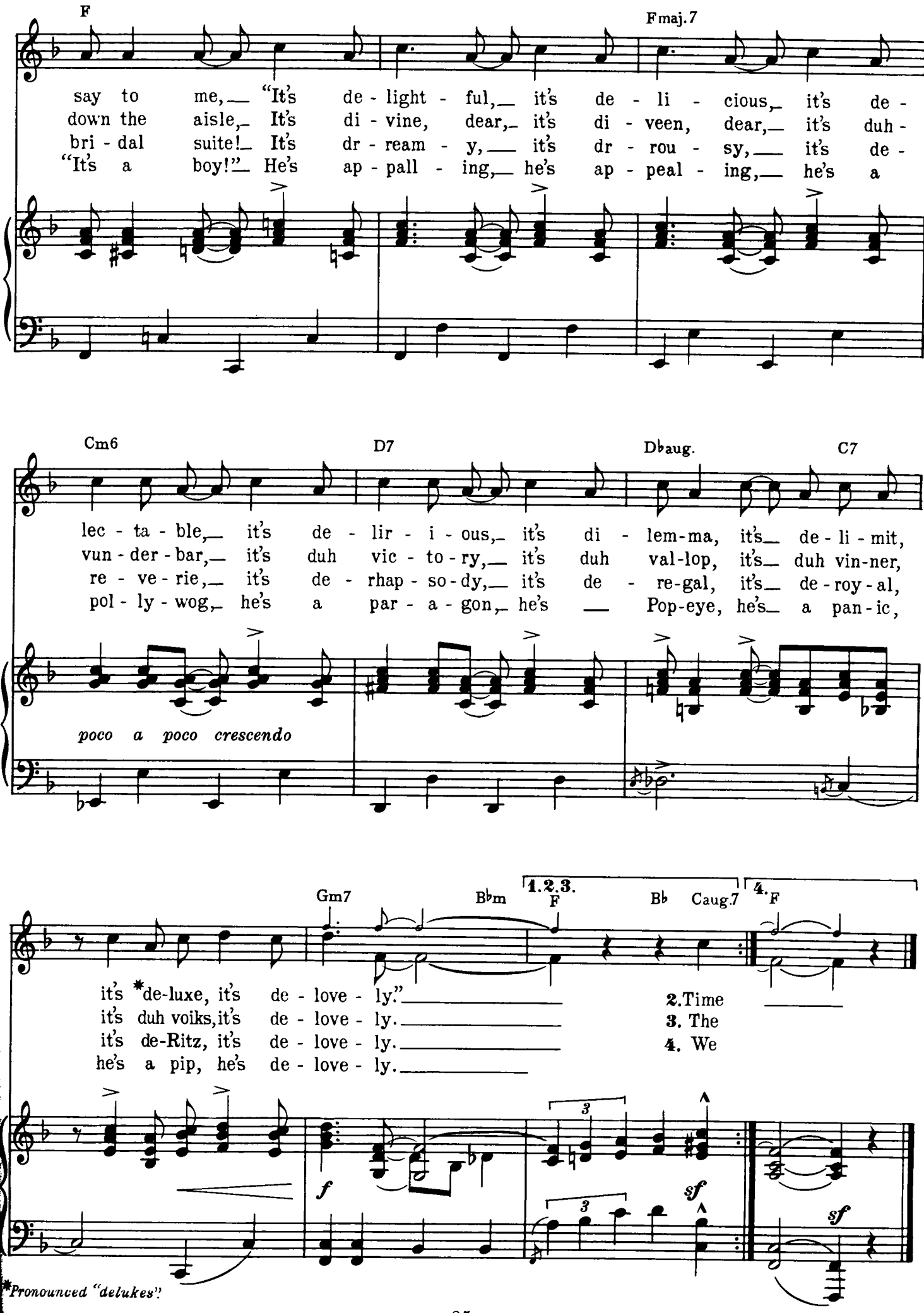

F F#dim C7 F F7 B♭6
verse. She: This verse I've start - ed seems to me the
p
C7 F Dm7 G7
Tin Pan - ti - thes - is of mel - o - dy, So to spare you all the
Gm6 A7 Dm F Fdim G7sus.c G7 C
pain I'll skip the darn thing and sing the re - frain.
B♭ A♭ C7 spoken
He: Mi mi mi mi, Re re re re, Do sol mi do la si. She: Take it a - way!


Refrain (very rhythmically)
Caug.7
F
Faug.
F6
1. The night is young,_ the skies are clear_ And if you want_ to go
(2. Time) march - es on___ and soon it's plain_ You've won my heart_ and I've
(3. The) knot is tied_ and so we take_ a few hours off___ to eat
(4. We) set - tle down_ as man and wife_ To solve the rid - dle called
p
F
F♯dim
walk - ing dear,
lost my brain,
wed - ding cake,
"mar - ried life,"
It's de - light - ful,_ it's de - li - cious,_ it's de-
C7
D7
Gm
love - ly.____
I un - der - stand_ the
Life seems so sweet_ that
___ It feels fine___ to
We're on the crest,_ we
sf
p


Gm6
Gm
reas - on why you're sen - ti - men - tal, 'cause so am I,
we de - cide it's in the bag to get u - ni - fied,
be a bride, and how's the groom? Why, he's slight-ly fried!
have no cares, we're just a cou - ple of hon - ey bears,
It's de-
G♯dim
F
light - ful, it's de - li - cious, it's de - love - ly.
G9
C7
F9
You can tell at a glance What a
See that crowd in the church, See that
To the pop of cham - pagne, Off we
All's as right as can be, Till one
mf

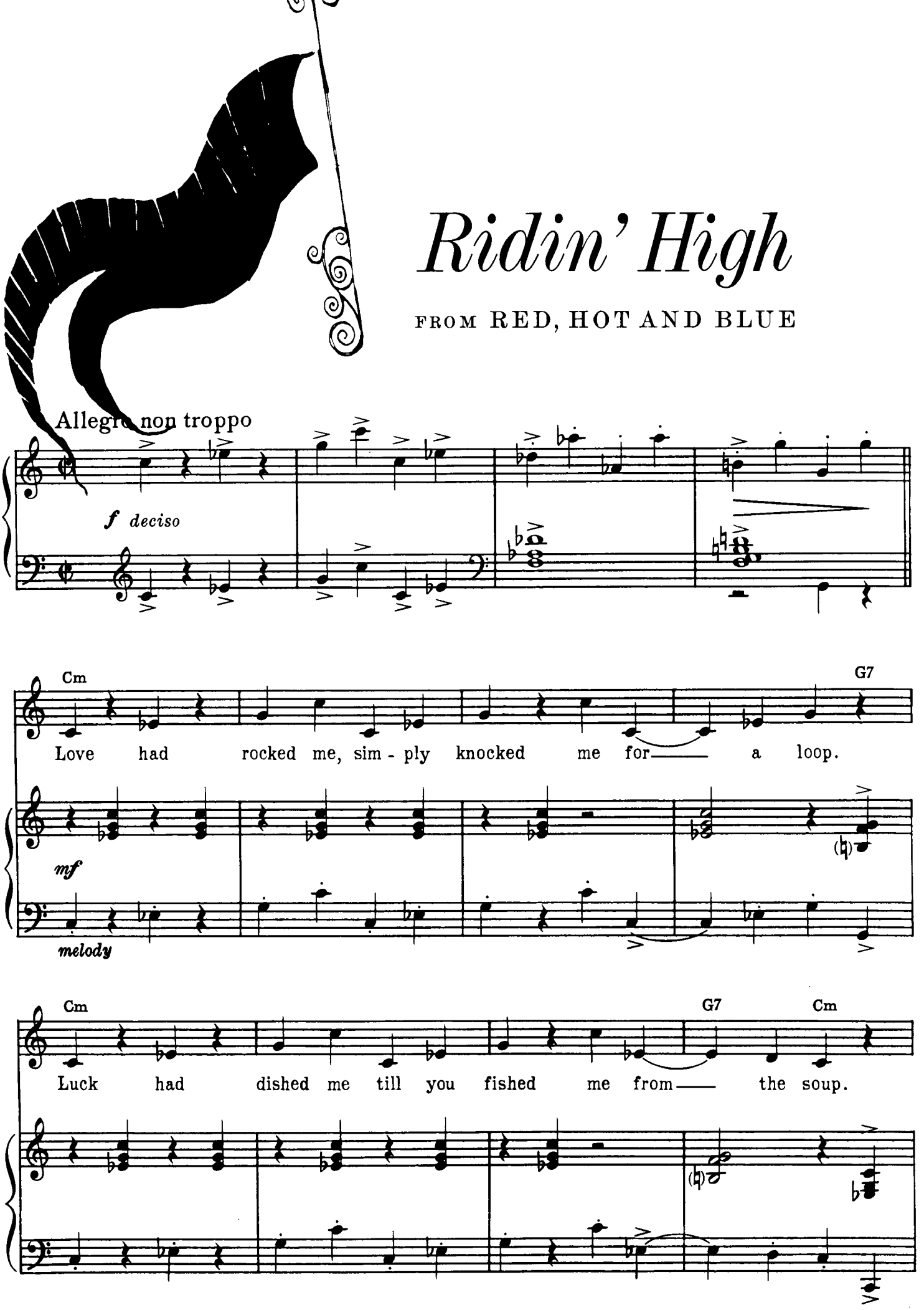

B♭ F Faug. B♭ B♭m6
swell night this is for ro - mance, You can hear dear Moth - er
proud par - son plopped on his perch, Get the sweet beat of that
hop in our plush lit - tle plane, Till a bright light through the
night at my win - dow I see an ab - surd bird with a
C7
Na-ture mur - mur-ing low, "Let your - self go." So
or - gan peel - ing our doom, Here goes the groom! Boom!
dark-ness co - zi - ly calls, "Ni - ag - 'ra Falls!" All's
bun-dle hung on his nose. "Get ba - by clo'es!" Those
mf
sf
F Faug. F6
please be sweet, my chick - a - dee, And when I kiss you, just
How they cheer and how they smile, As we go gal - lop - ing
well, my love, our day's com - plete, And what a beau - ti - ful
eyes of yours are filled with joy when Nurse ap - pears and cries,
p



*Pronounced "delukes".

Ridin' High

FROM RED, HOT AND BLUE



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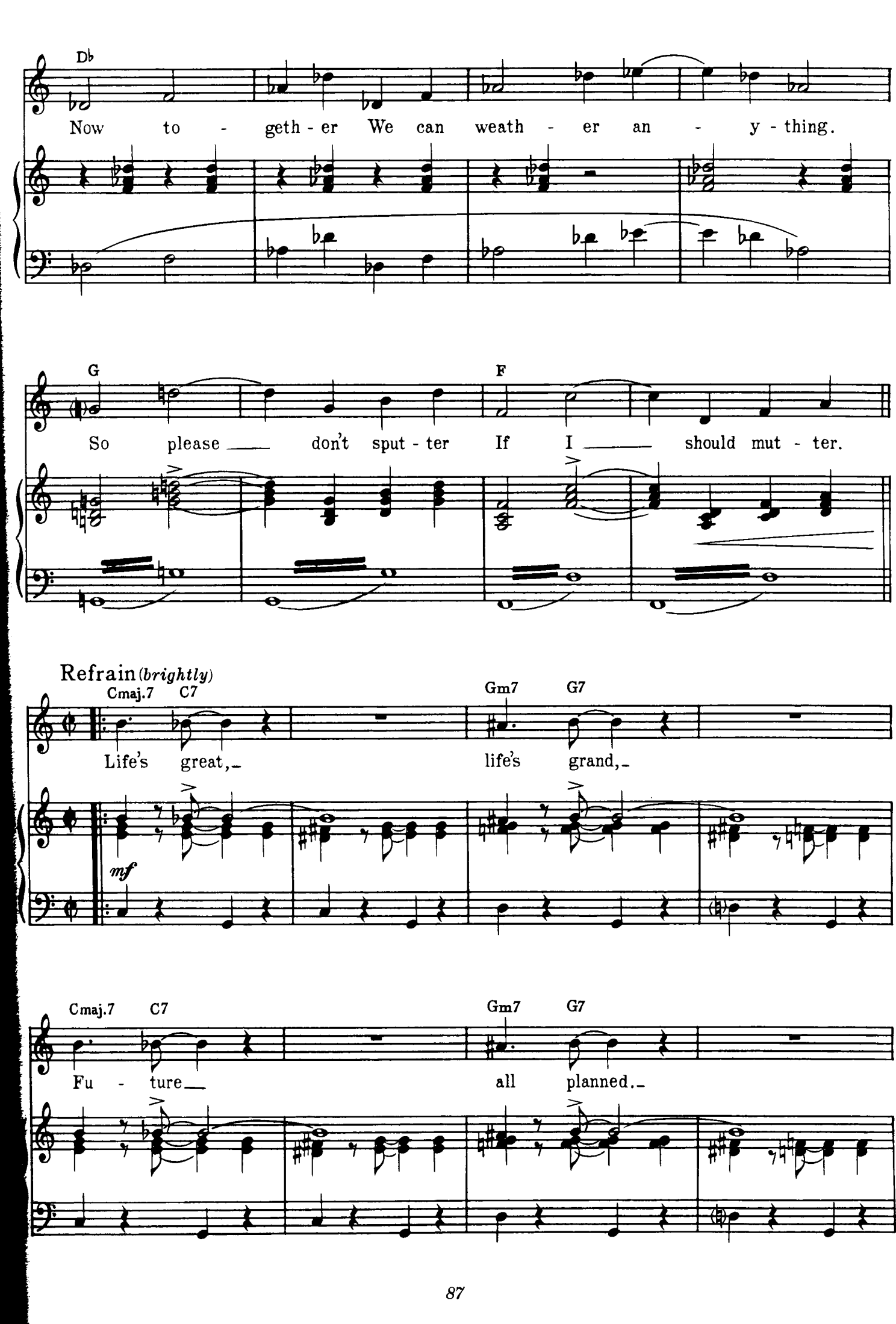
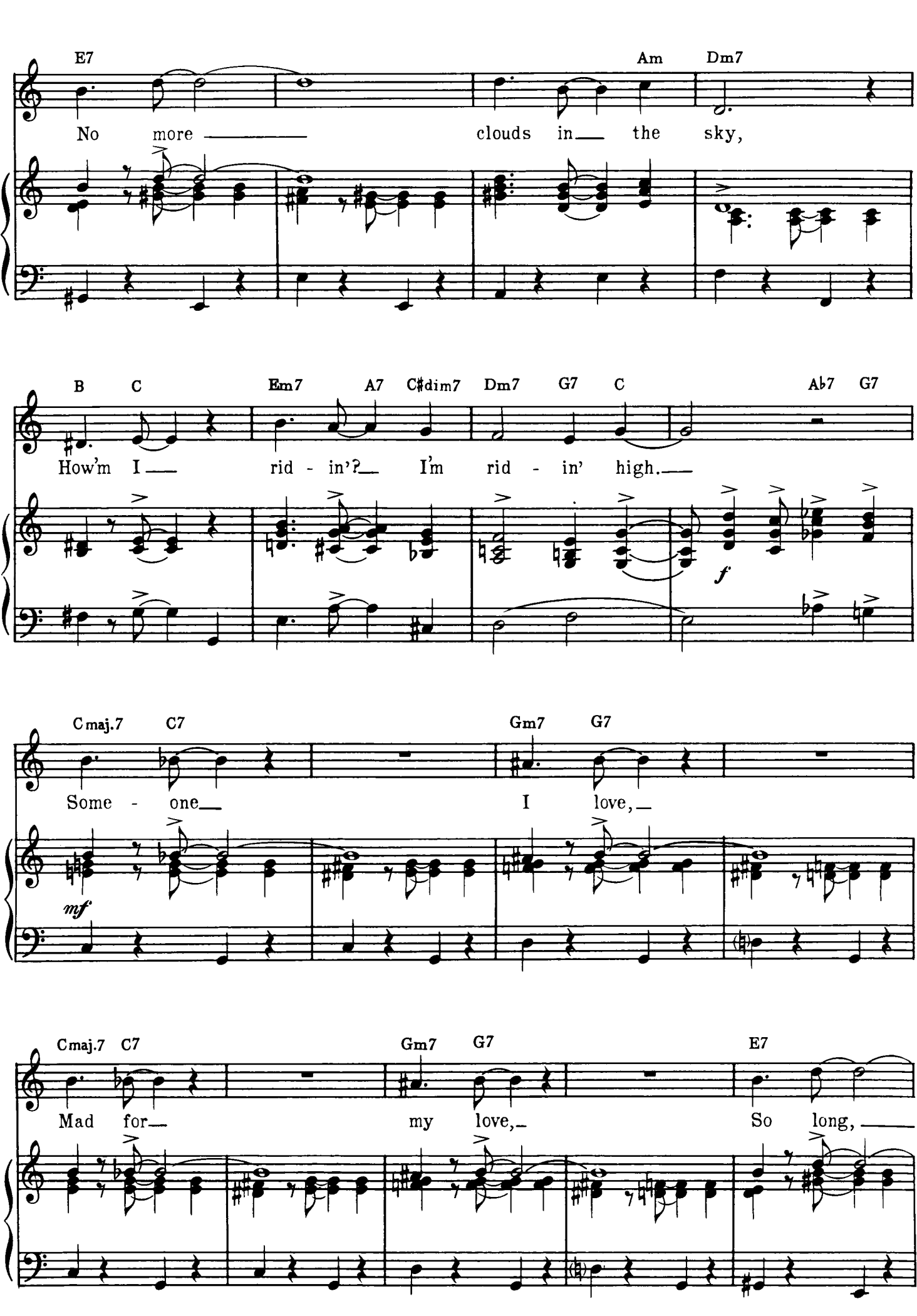
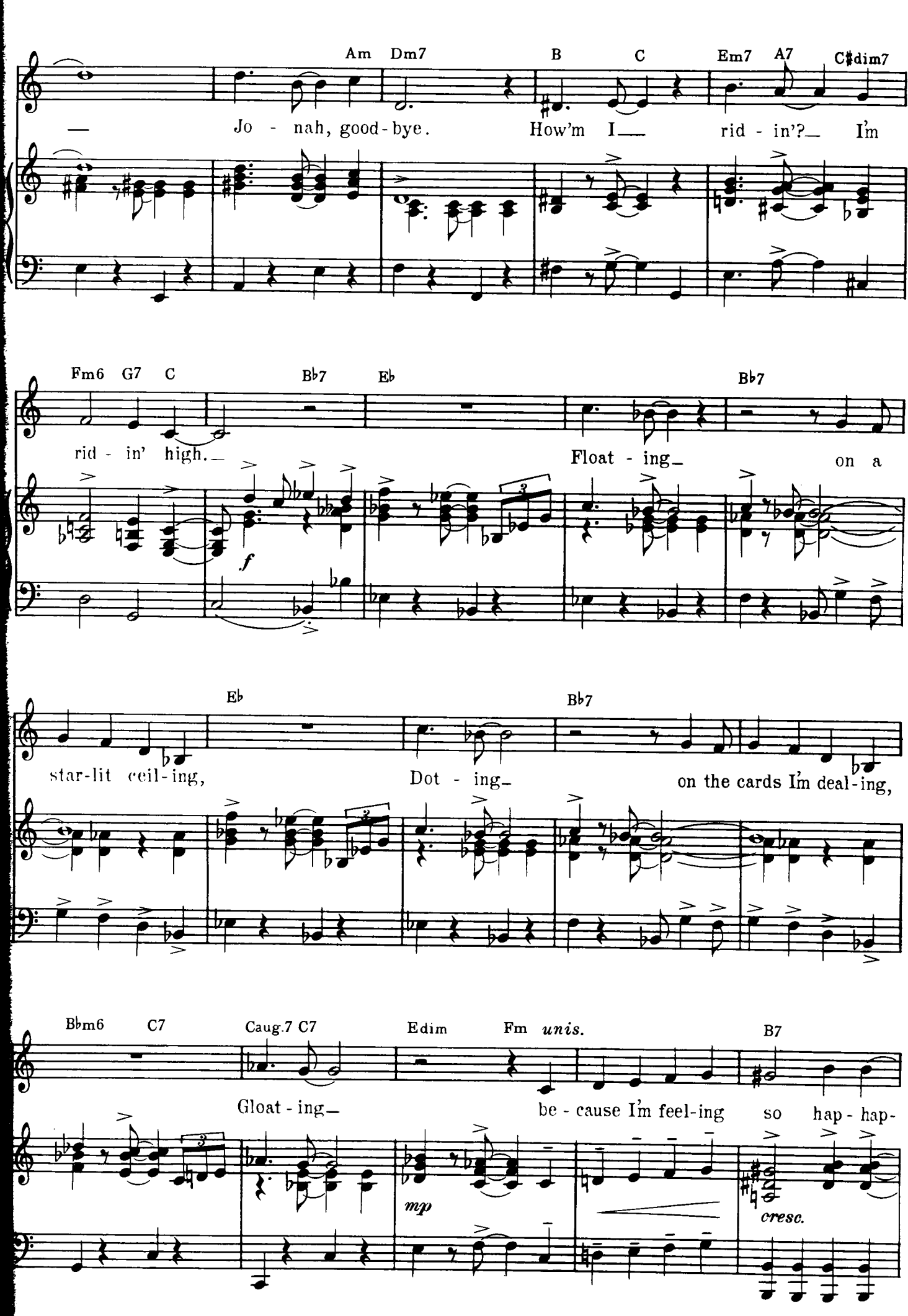
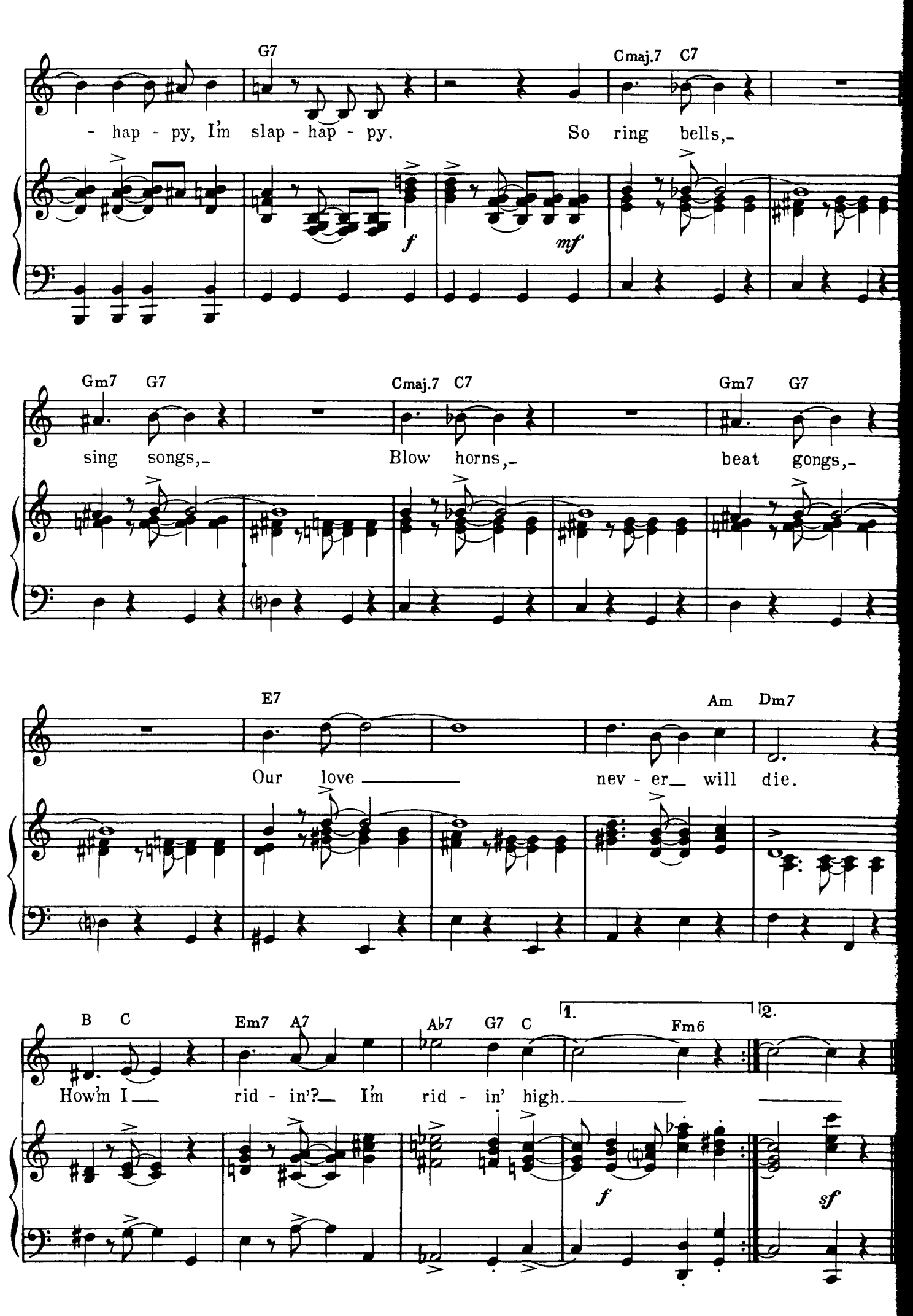

Db
Now to - geth - er We can weath - er an - y - thing.
G
F
So please don't sput - ter If I should mut - ter.
Refrain (brightly)
Cmaj.7 C7
Gm7 G7
Life's great, life's grand,
mf
Cmaj.7 C7
Gm7 G7
Fu - ture all planned.

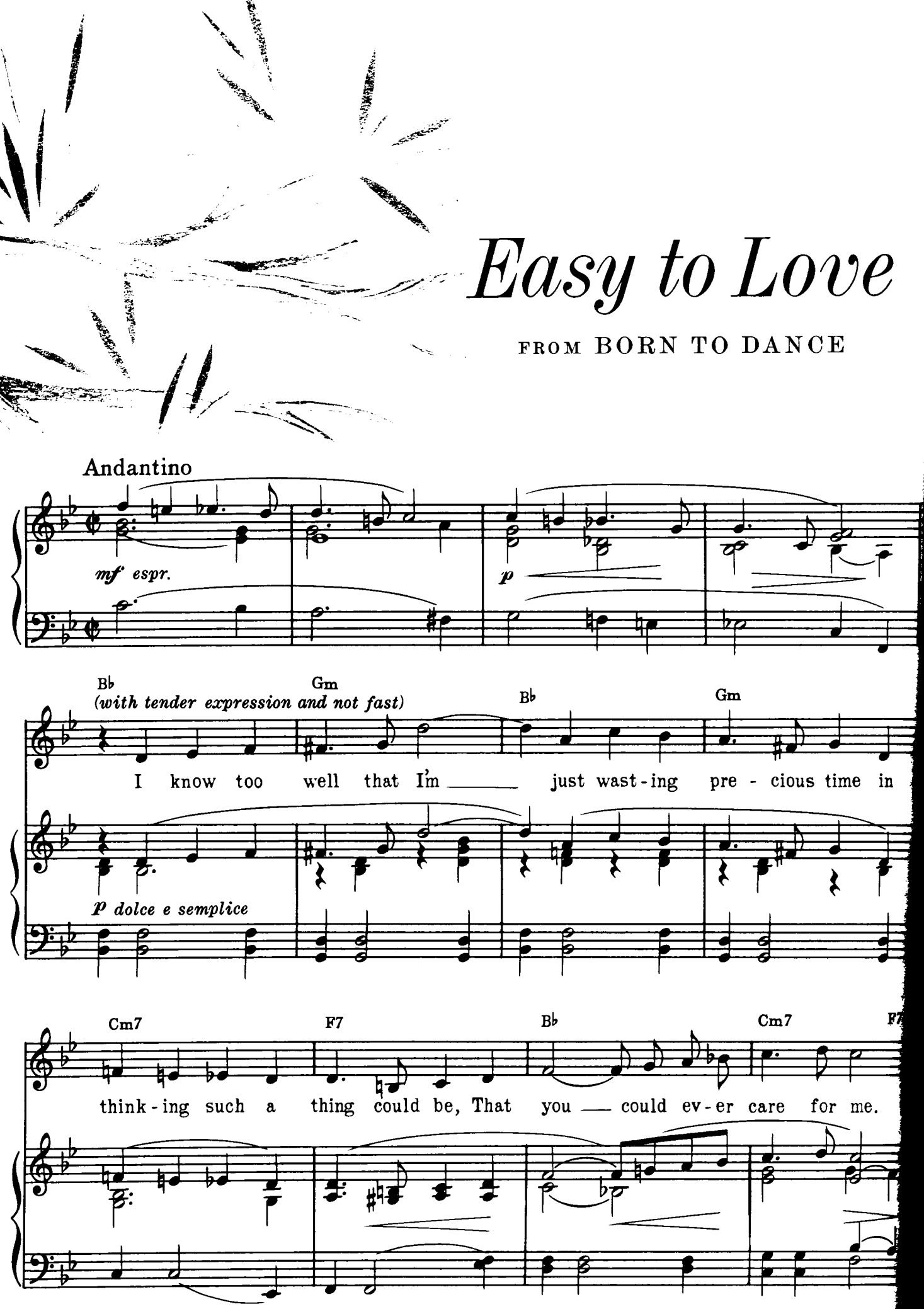

E7 Am Dm7
No more clouds in the sky,
B C Em7 A7 C♯dim7 Dm7 G7 C A♭7 G7
How'm I rid - in'? I'm rid - in' high.
f
Cmaj.7 C7 Gm7 G7
Some - one I love,
mf
Cmaj.7 C7 Gm7 G7 E7
Mad for my love, So long,


Am Dm7 B C Em7 A7 C♯dim7
— Jo - nah, good-bye. How'm I— rid - in'?— I'm
Fm6 G7 C B♭7 E♭ B♭7
rid - in' high.— Float - ing— on a
f
E♭ B♭7
star-lit ceil-ing, Dot - ing— on the cards I'm deal-ing,
B♭m6 C7 Caug.7 C7 Edim Fm unis. B7
Gloat - ing— be - cause I'm feel-ing so hap - hap-
mp
cresc.


G7
Cmaj.7 C7
- hap - py, I'm slap - hap - py. So ring bells,-
f
mf
Gm7 G7
Cmaj.7 C7
Gm7 G7
sing songs,- Blow horns,- beat gongs,-
E7
Am Dm7
Our love nev - er will die.
B C
Em7 A7
Ab7 G7 C
1.
Fm6
2.
How'm I rid - in'? I'm rid - in' high.
f
sf

Easy to Love

FROM BORN TO DANCE



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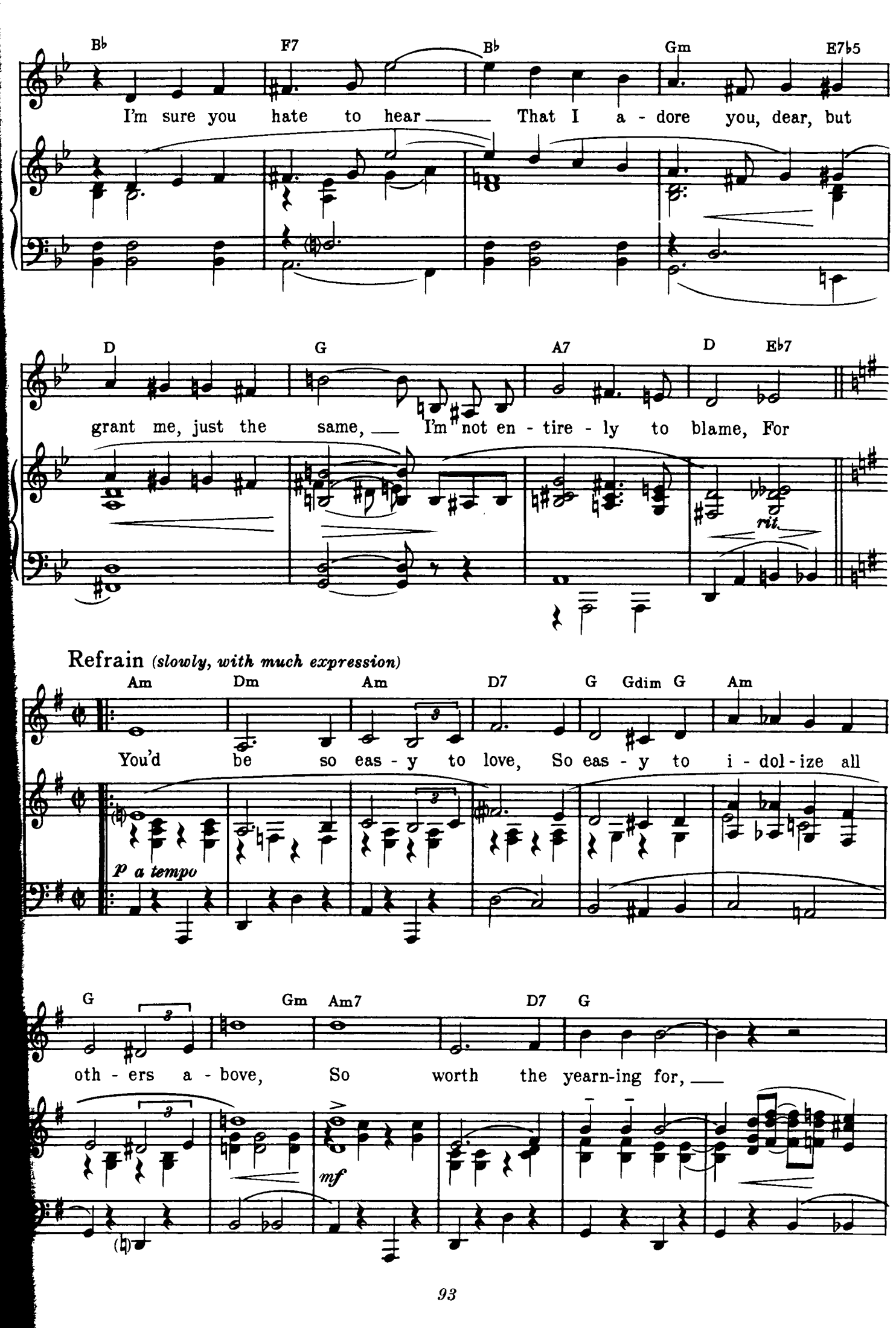
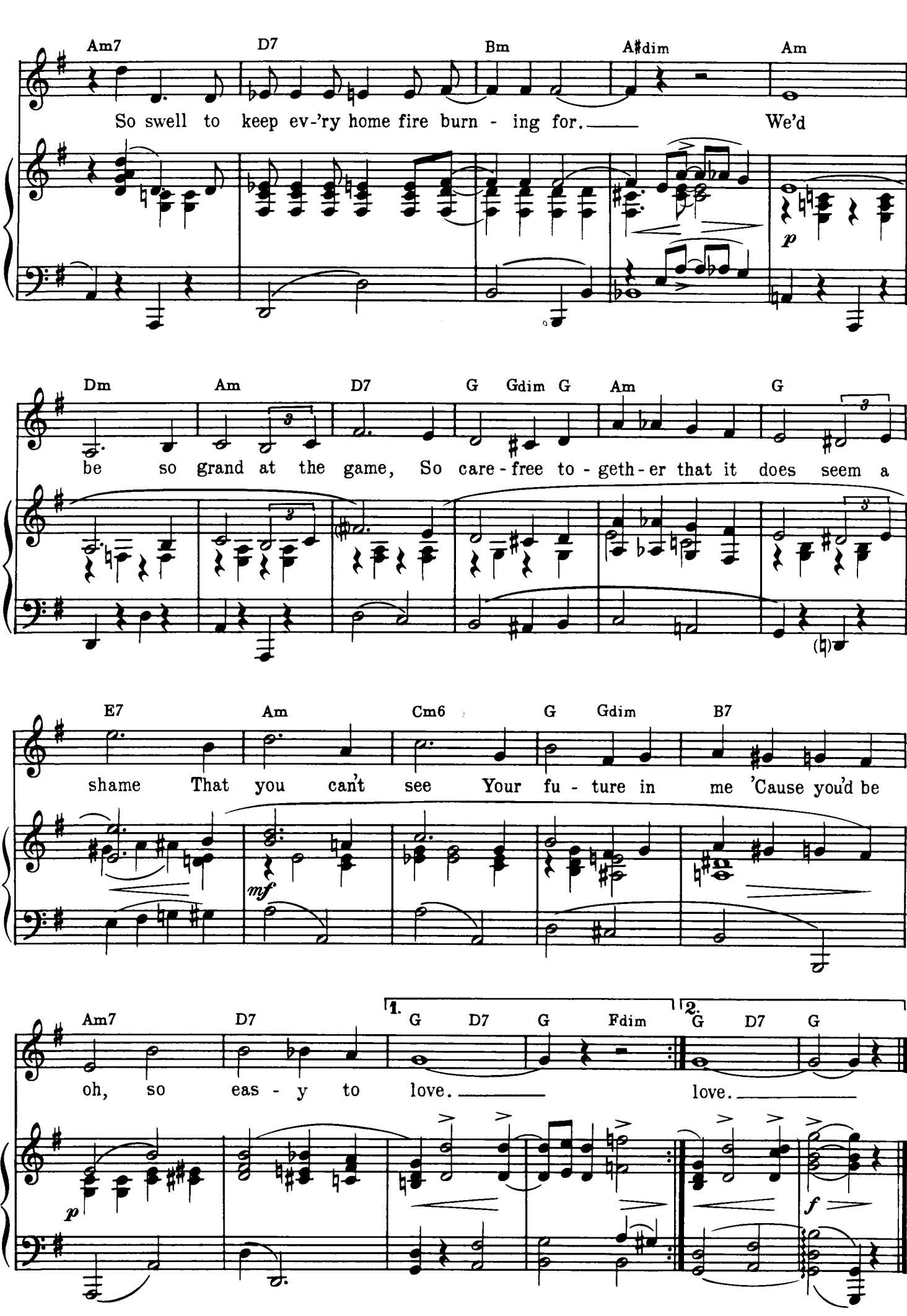
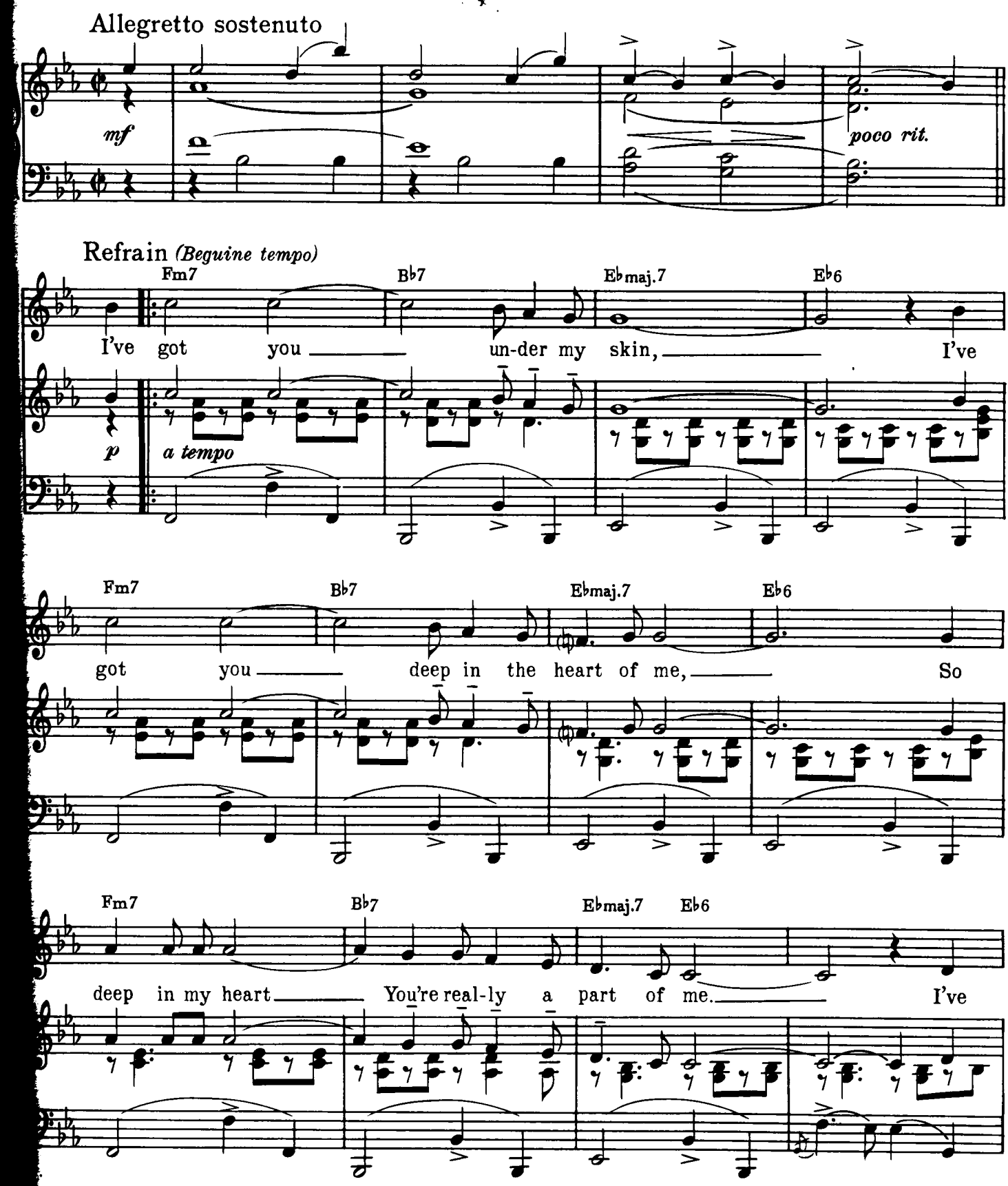

B♭ F7 B♭ Gm E7♭5
I'm sure you hate to hear That I a - dore you, dear, but
D G A7 D E♭7
grant me, just the same, I'm not en - tire - ly to blame, For
rit.
Refrain (slowly, with much expression)
Am Dm Am D7 G Gdim G Am
You'd be so eas - y to love, So eas - y to i - dol - ize all
p a tempo
G Gm Am7 D7 G
oth - ers a - bove, So worth the yearn-ing for,
mf


Am7 D7 Bm A♯dim Am
So swell to keep ev-'ry home fire burn - ing for. We'd
p
Dm Am D7 G Gdim G Am G
be so grand at the game, So care-free to-geth-er that it does seem a
E7 Am Cm6 G Gdim B7
shame That you can't see Your fu - ture in me 'Cause you'd be
mf
Am7 D7 1. G D7 G Fdim 2. G D7 G
oh, so eas - y to love. love.
p
f

I've Got You under My Skin

FROM BORN TO DANCE



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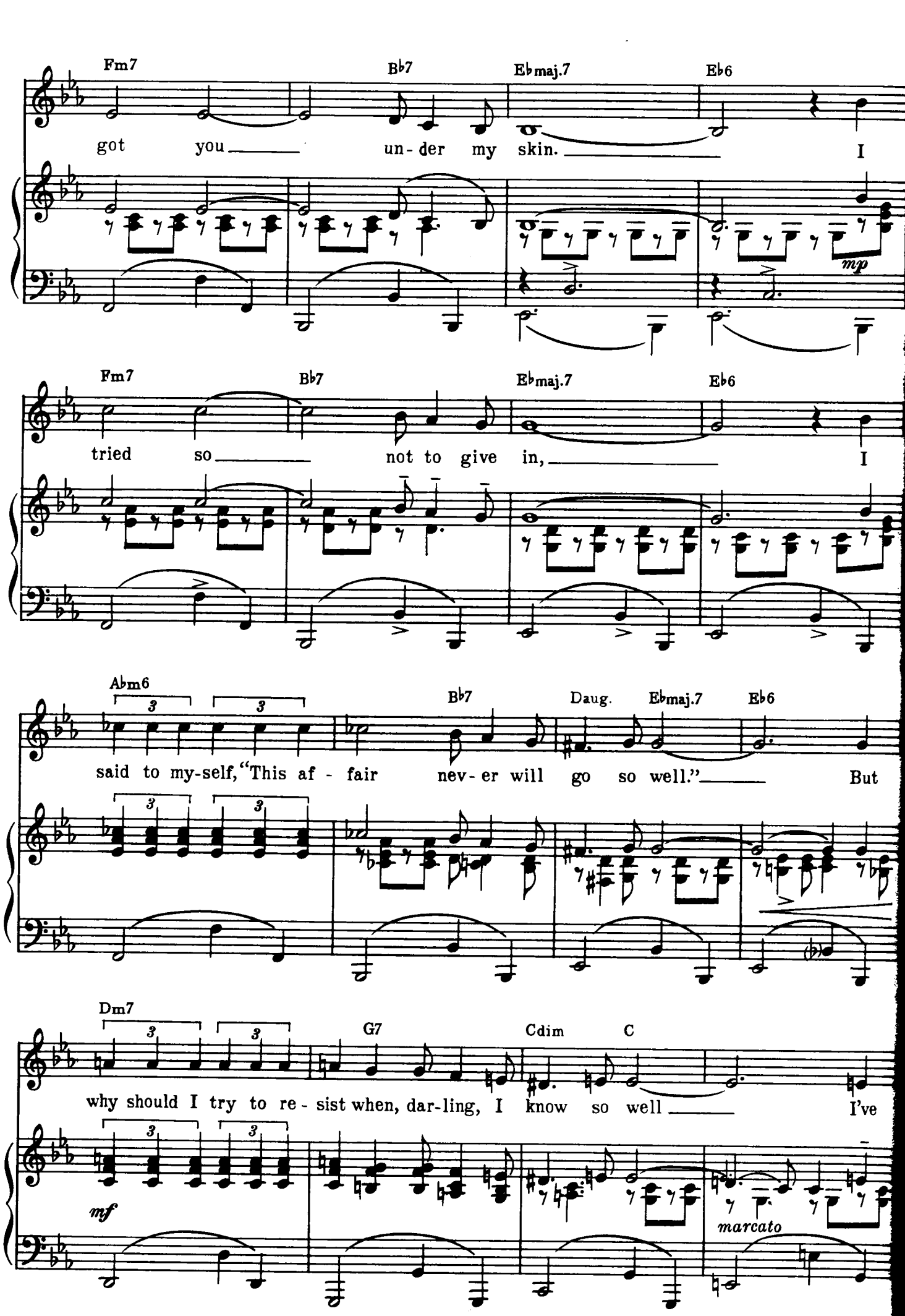
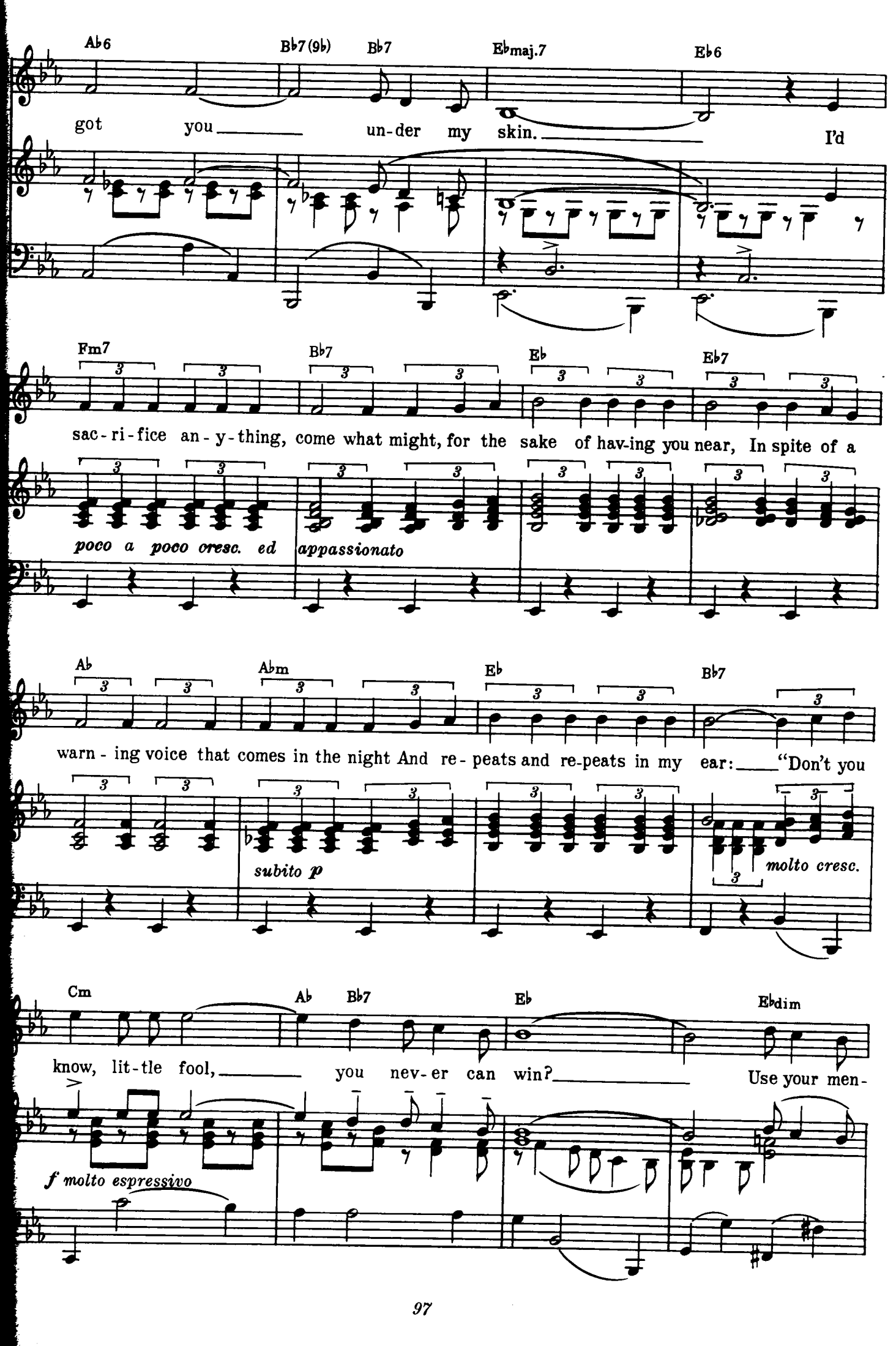

Fm7
Bb7
Ebmaj.7
Eb6
got you under my skin. I
mp
Fm7
Bb7
Ebmaj.7
Eb6
tried so not to give in, I
Abm6
Bb7
Daug.
Ebmaj.7
Eb6
said to my-self, "This af - fair nev - er will go so well." But
Dm7
G7
Cdim
C
why should I try to re - sist when, dar-ling, I know so well I've
mf
marcato


Ab6
Bb7(9b)
Bb7
Ebmaj.7
Eb6
got you un-der my skin. I'd
Fm7
Bb7
Eb
Eb7
sac-ri-fice an-y-thing, come what might, for the sake of hav-ing you near, In spite of a
poco a poco cresc. ed
appassionato
Ab
Abm
Eb
Bb7
warn-ing voice that comes in the night And re-peats and re-peats in my ear: "Don't you
subito p
molto cresc.
Cm
Ab
Bb7
Eb
Ebdim
know, lit-tle fool, you nev-er can win? Use your men-
f molto espressivo

Fm7 Bb7 Eb Bbaug. Eb

tal - i - ty, Wake up to re - al - i - ty." But each

mf

Ab Abm Eb Bbm C7 Guitar tacet

time I do, just the thought of you makes me stop Be-fore I be - gin, 'Cause I've

cresc. p rit. p dolce

Fm Bb7(9b) Eb 1.

got you un-der my skin. I've

a tempo rit. pp a tempo poco rit.

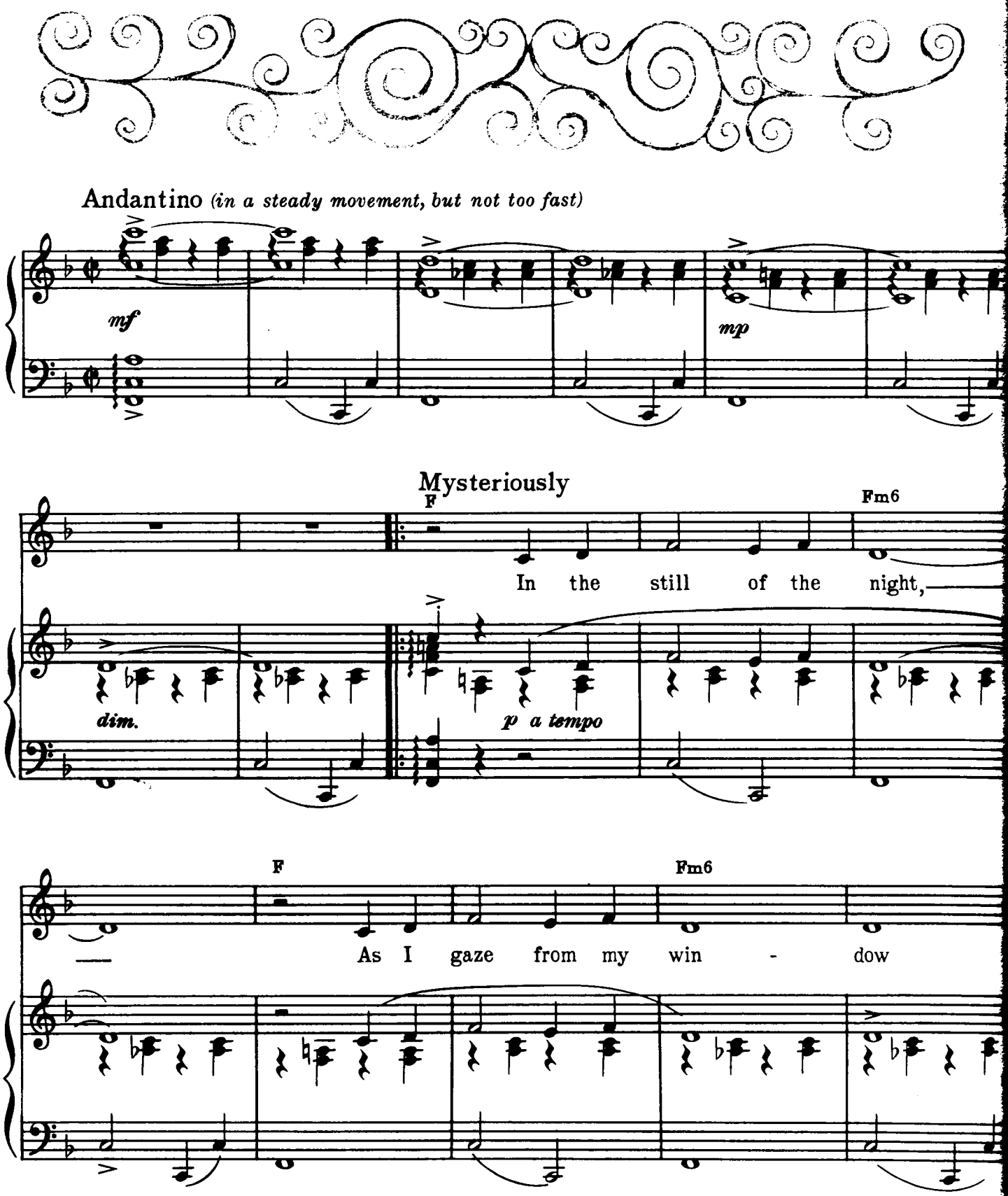
2. Fm Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb

poco rall. più rall. R.H. morendo ppp

Ped. 8 *

In the Still of the Night

FROM ROSALIE



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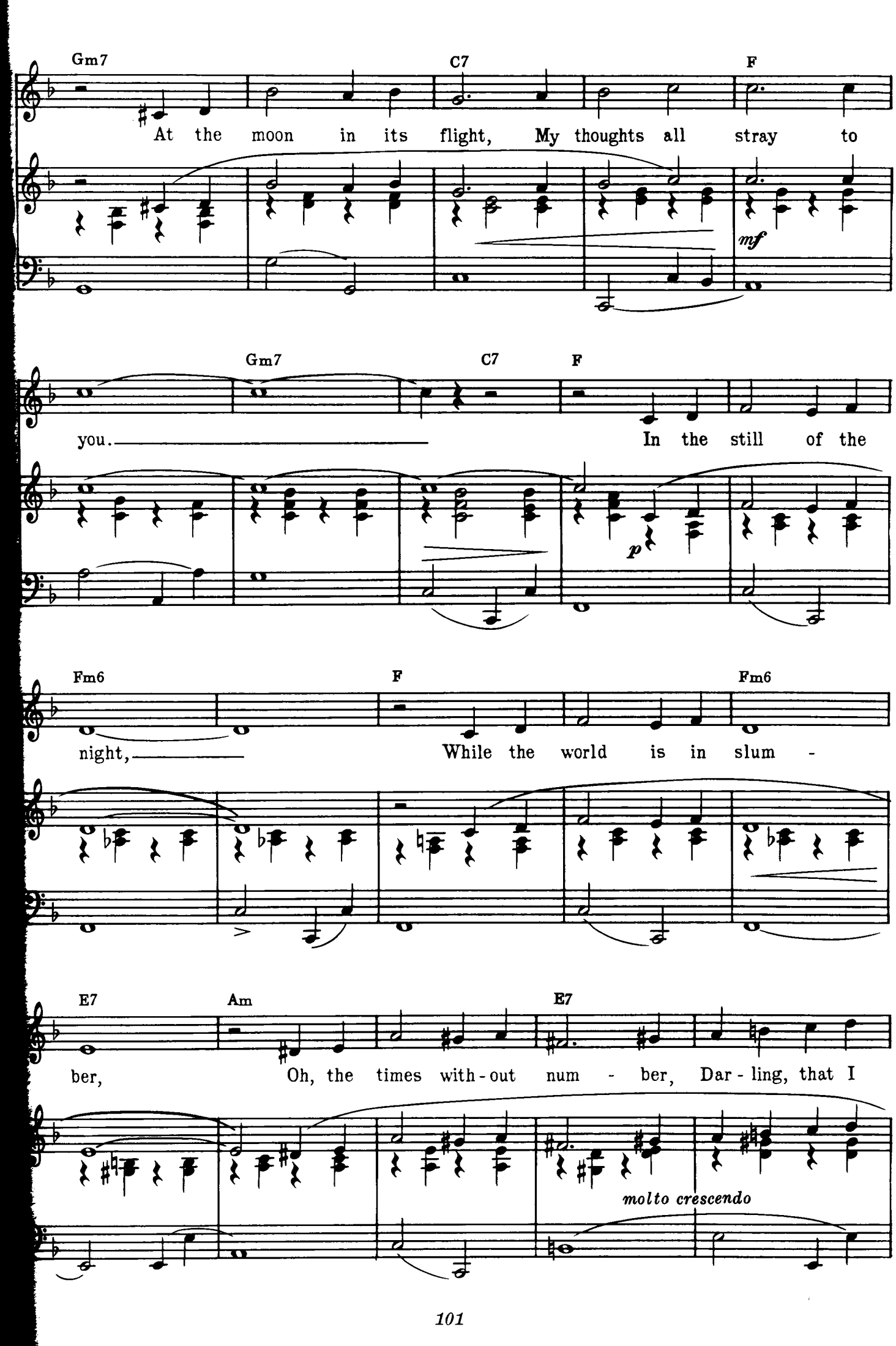
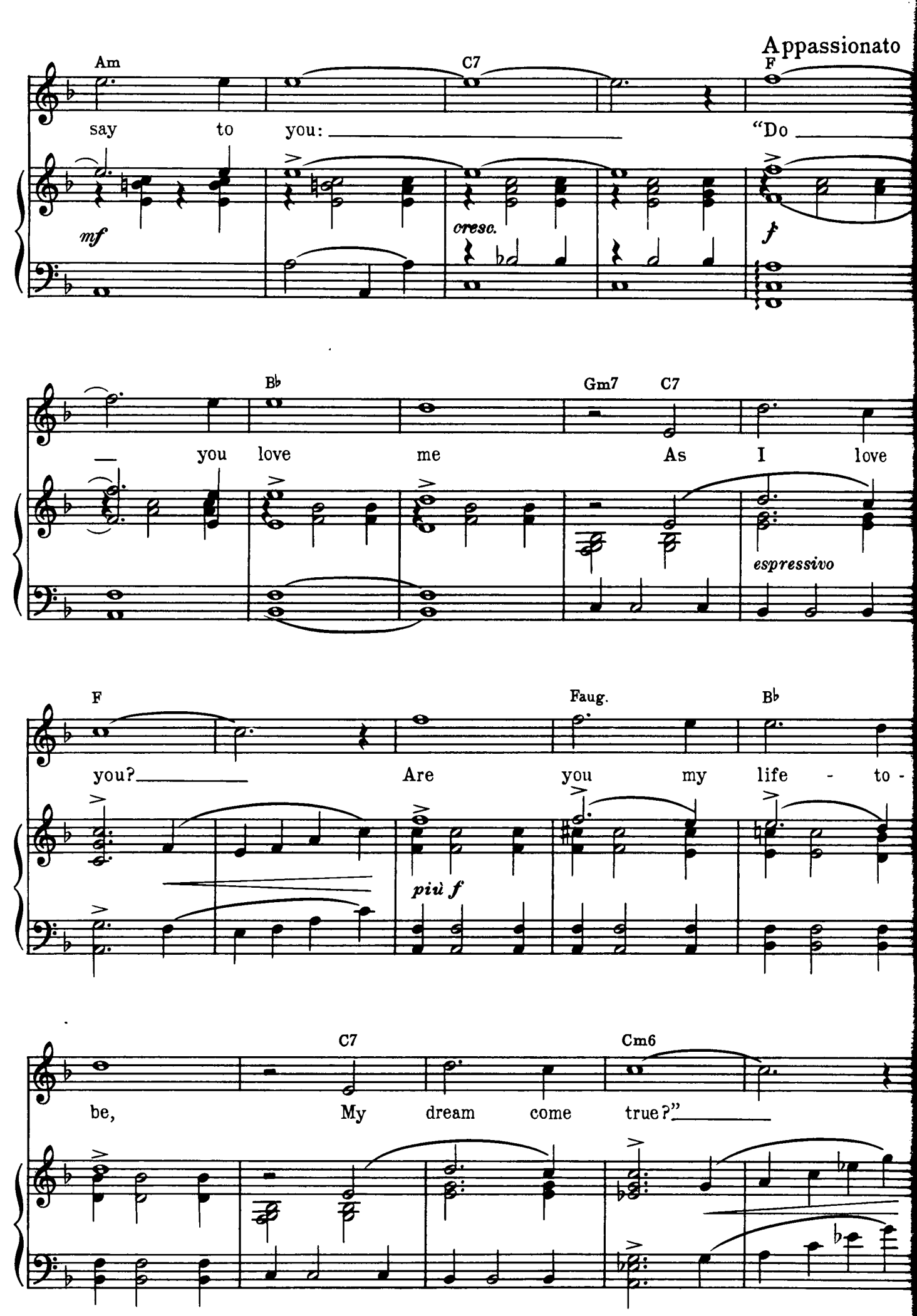
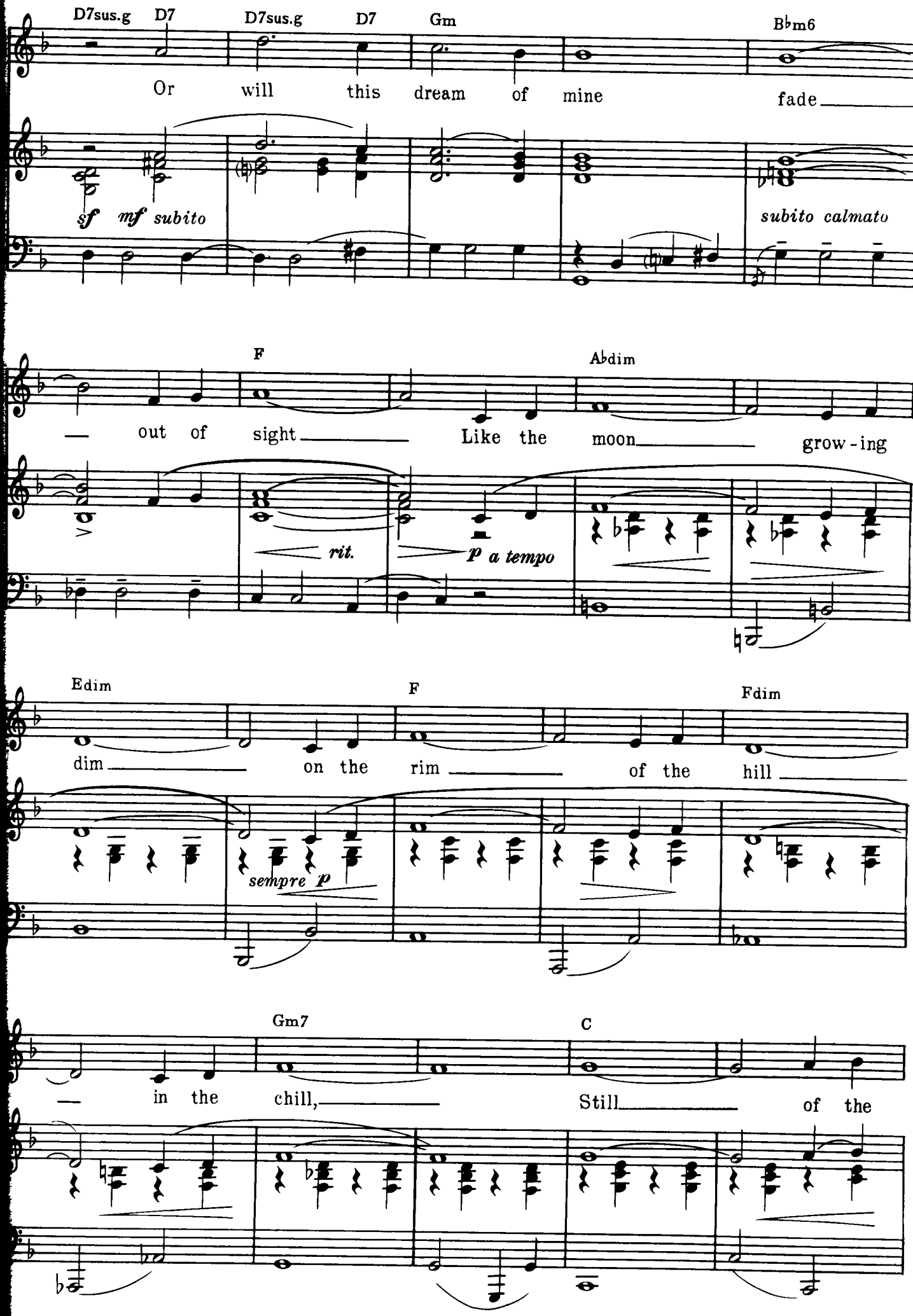
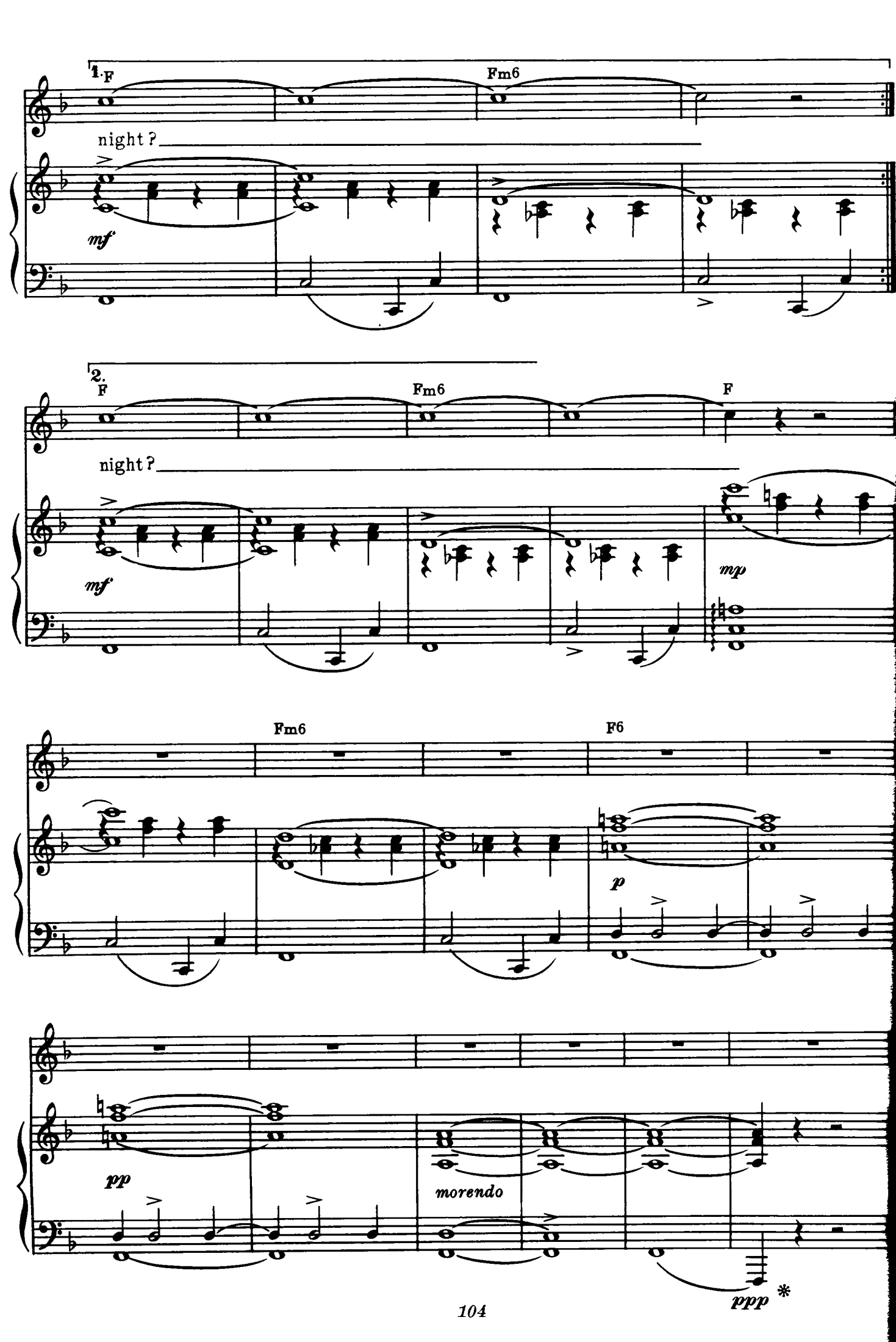

Gm7
C7
F
At the moon in its flight, My thoughts all stray to
mf
Gm7
C7
F
you.
In the still of the
p
Fm6
F
Fm6
night,
While the world is in slum -
E7
Am
E7
ber,
Oh, the times with-out num - ber, Dar-ling, that I
molto crescendo

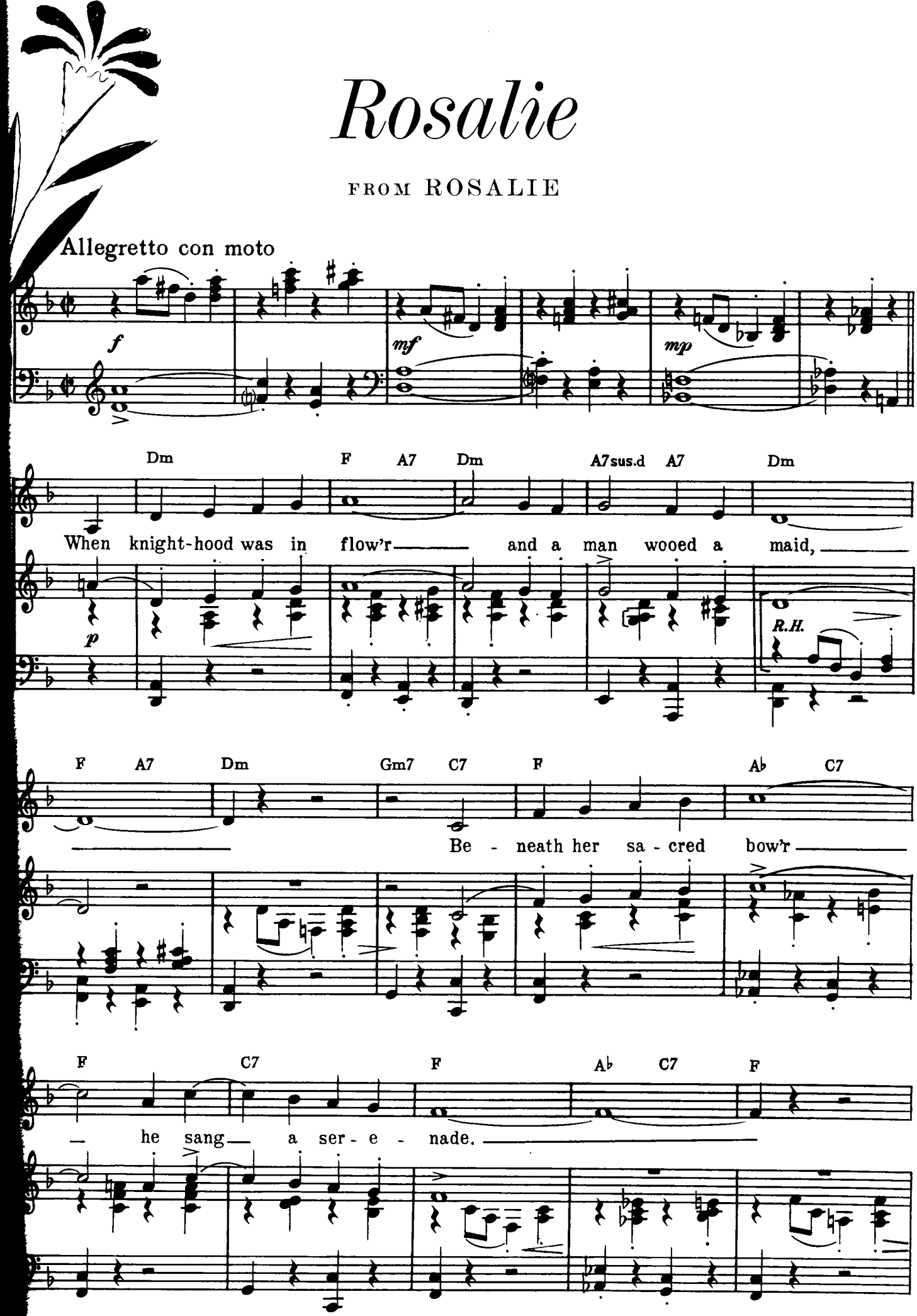

Appassionato
Am
C7
F
say to you: "Do
mf
cresc.
f
Bb
Gm7
C7
you love me As I love
espressivo
F
Faug.
Bb
you? Are you my life - to -
più f
C7
Cm6
be, My dream come true?"


D7sus.g D7 D7sus.g D7 Gm B♭m6
Or will this dream of mine fade
sf mf subito
subito calmato
F A♭dim
out of sight Like the moon grow-ing
rit.
p a tempo
Edim F Fdim
dim on the rim of the hill
sempre p
Gm7 C
in the chill, Still of the


1.
F
Fm6
night?
mf
2.
F
Fm6
F
night?
mf
mp
Fm6
F6
p
pp
morendo
ppp
*

Rosalie

FROM ROSALIE



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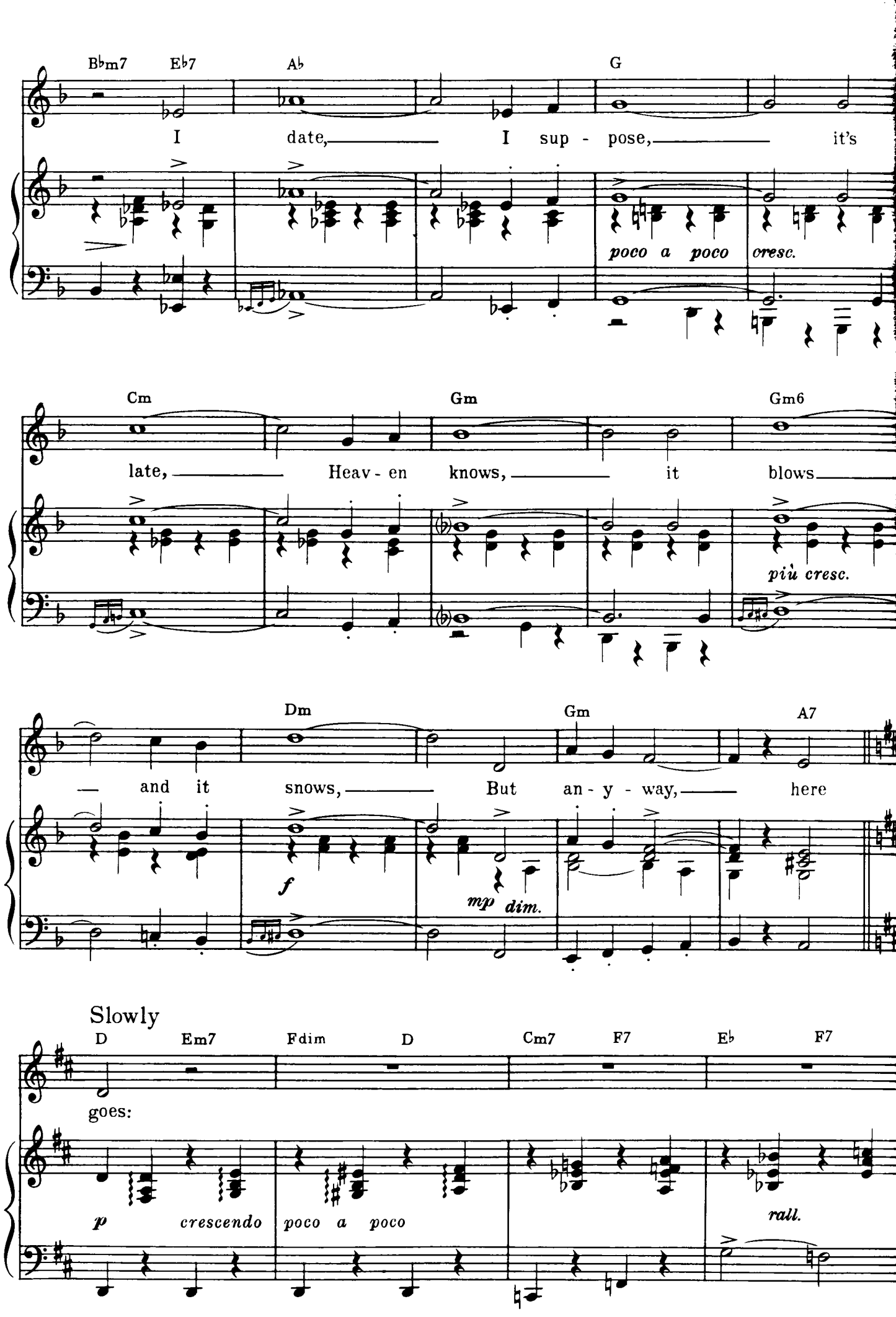

Bbm7 Eb7 Ab G
I date, I sup - pose, it's
poco a poco cresc.
Cm Gm Gm6
late, Heav - en knows, it blows
più cresc.
Dm Gm A7
and it snows, But an - y - way, here
f
mp dim.
Slowly
D Em7 Fdim D Cm7 F7 Eb F7
goes:
p crescendo poco a poco
rall.

Refrain *(in slow, strict tempo)*

A7 Adim7 A9 D

Ro - sa - lie, my dar - ling, Ro - sa - lie,

mf *a tempo*

B♭7 D A7 A♭7

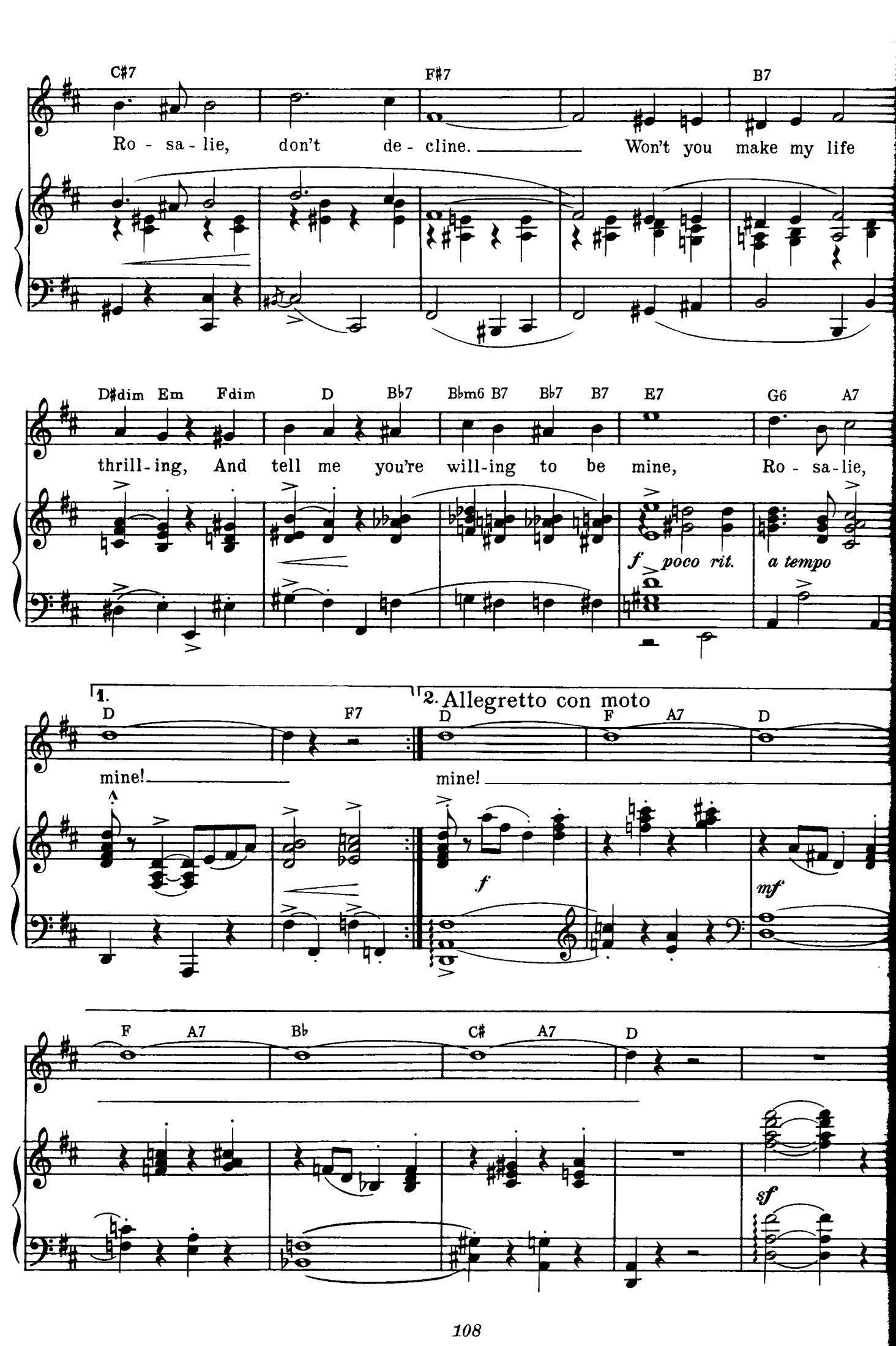
my dream! Since one night, When

Em7 A7 D Dmaj.7

stars danced a - bove, I'm oh, oh, so much in

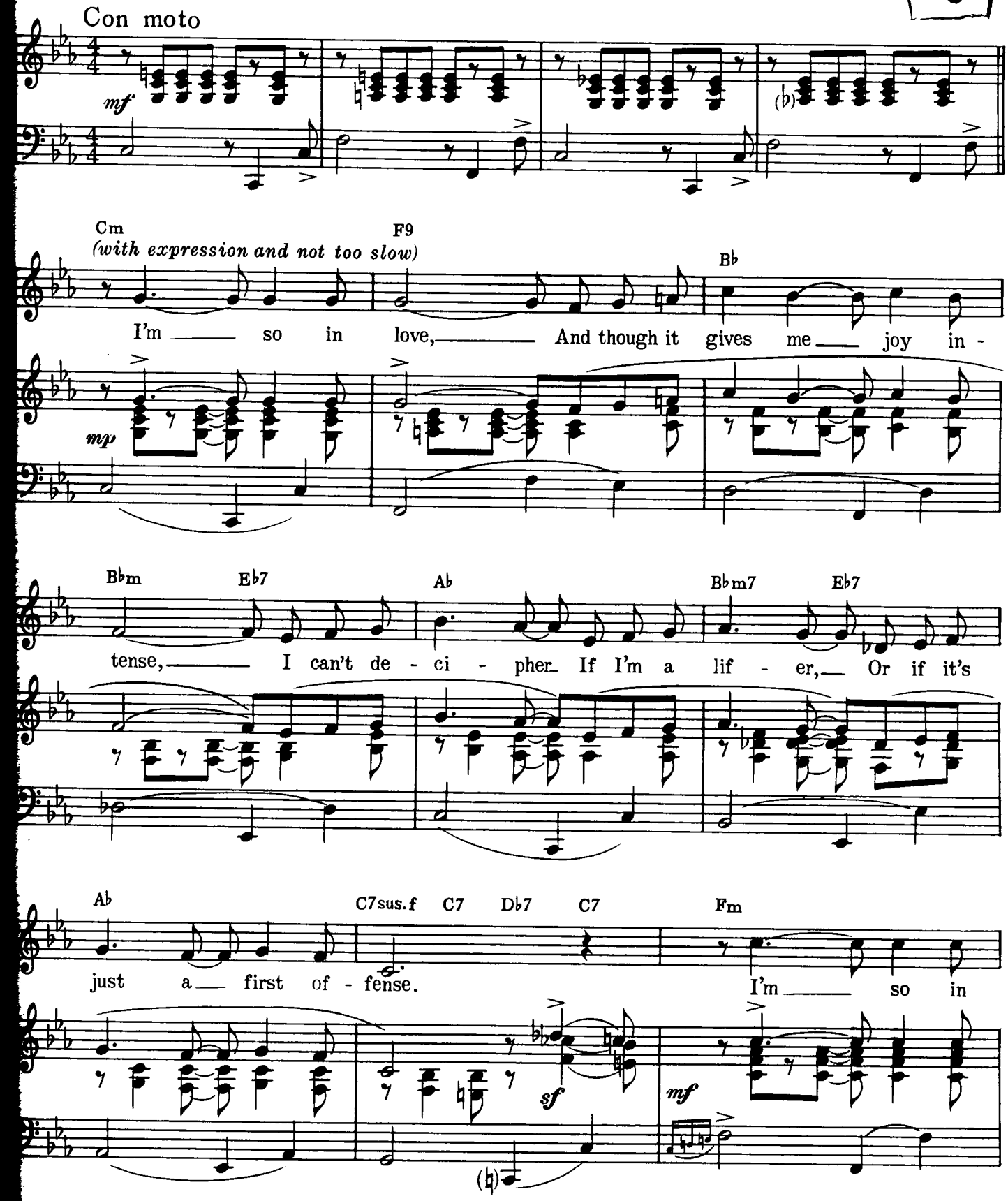
D6 F♯dim7 *gliss.* A7 Adim7 A9

love. So, Ro - sa - lie, have mer - cy!


C♯7 F♯7 B7
Ro - sa - lie, don't de - cline. Won't you make my life
D♯dim Em Fdim D B♭7 B♭m6 B7 B♭7 B7 E7 G6 A7
thrill - ing, And tell me you're will - ing to be mine, Ro - sa - lie,
f poco rit. a tempo
1. D F7
mine!
2. Allegretto con moto
D F A7 D
mine!
f
mf
F A7 B♭ C♯ A7 D
sf

At Long Last Love

FROM YOU NEVER KNOW



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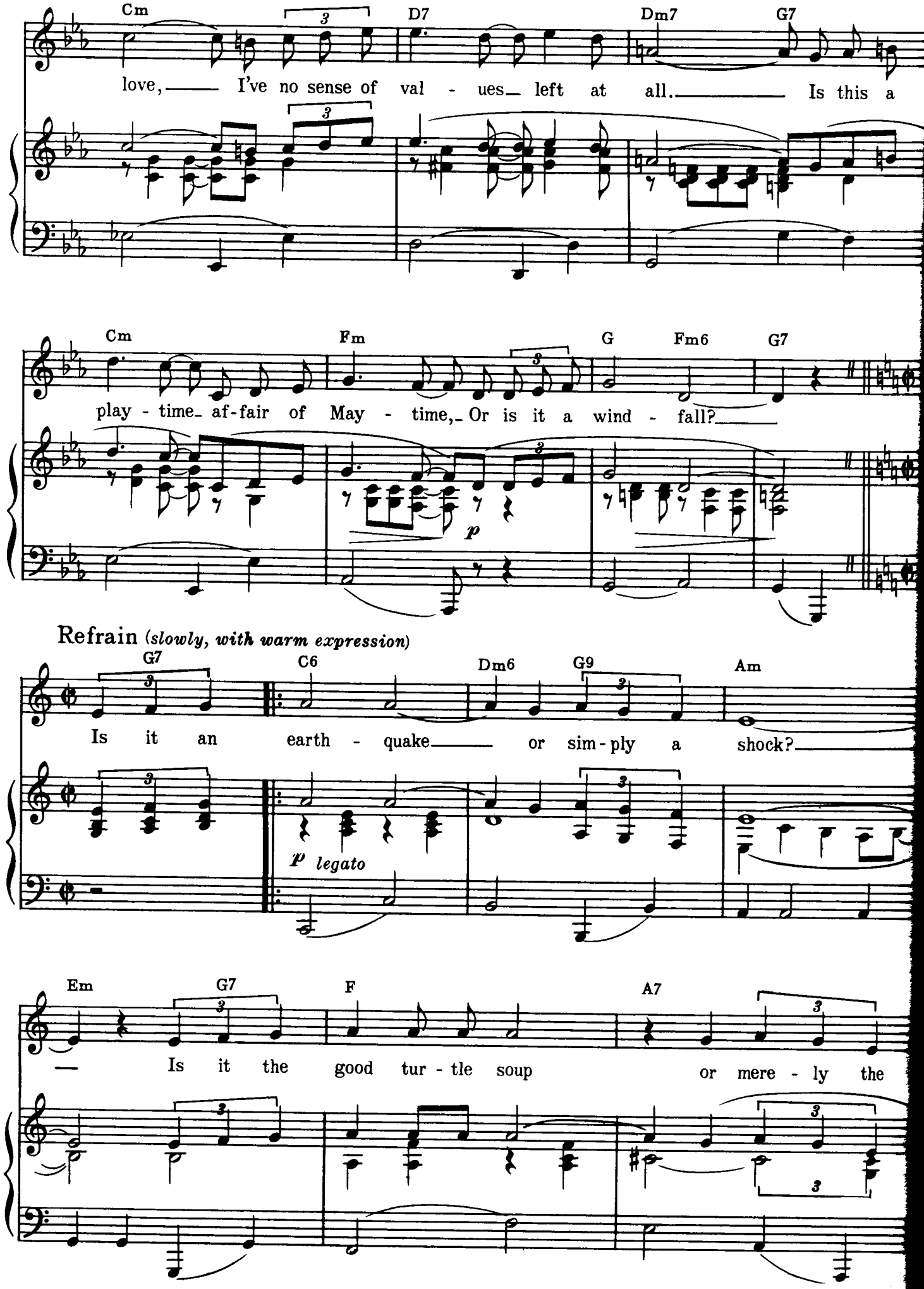
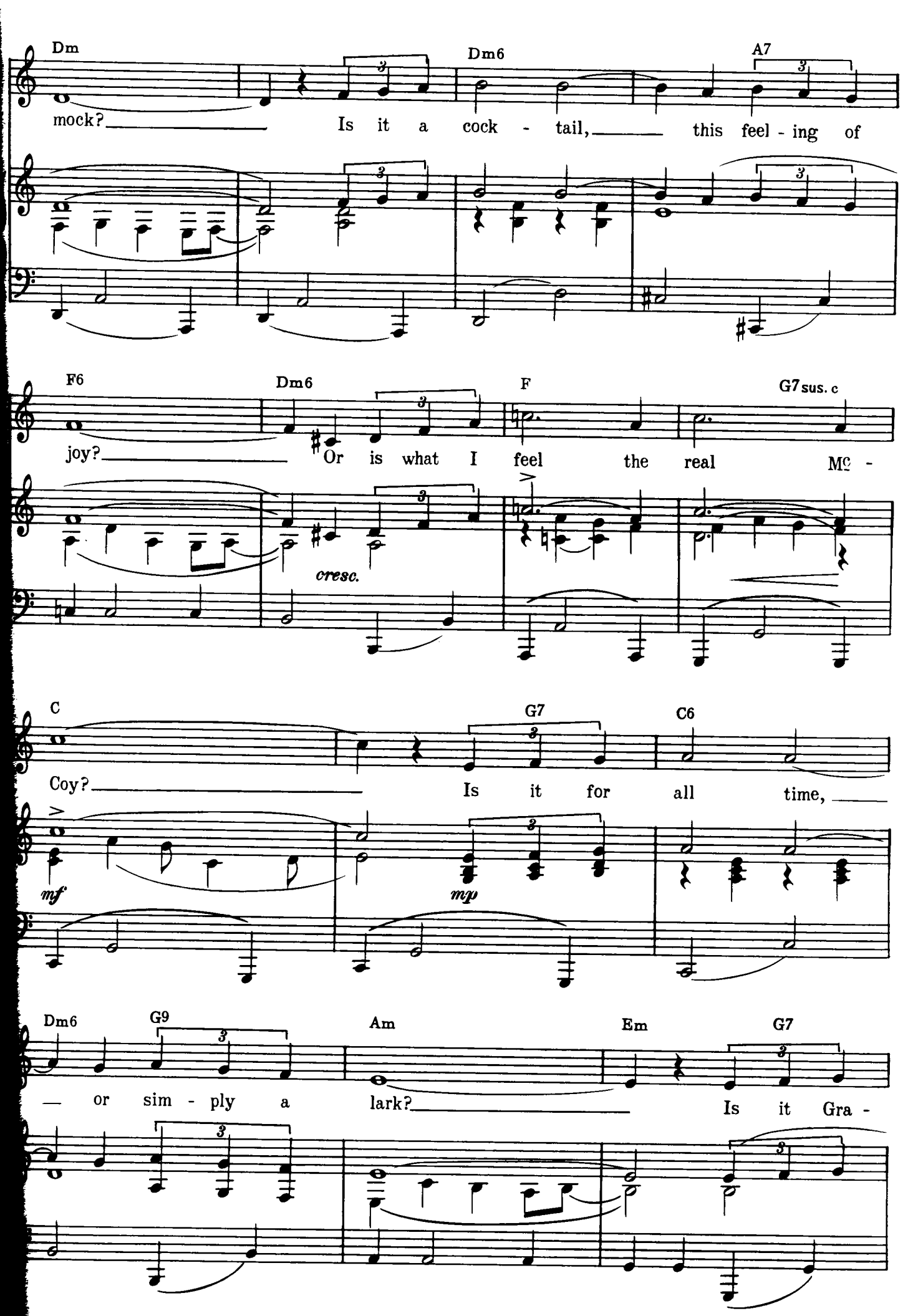
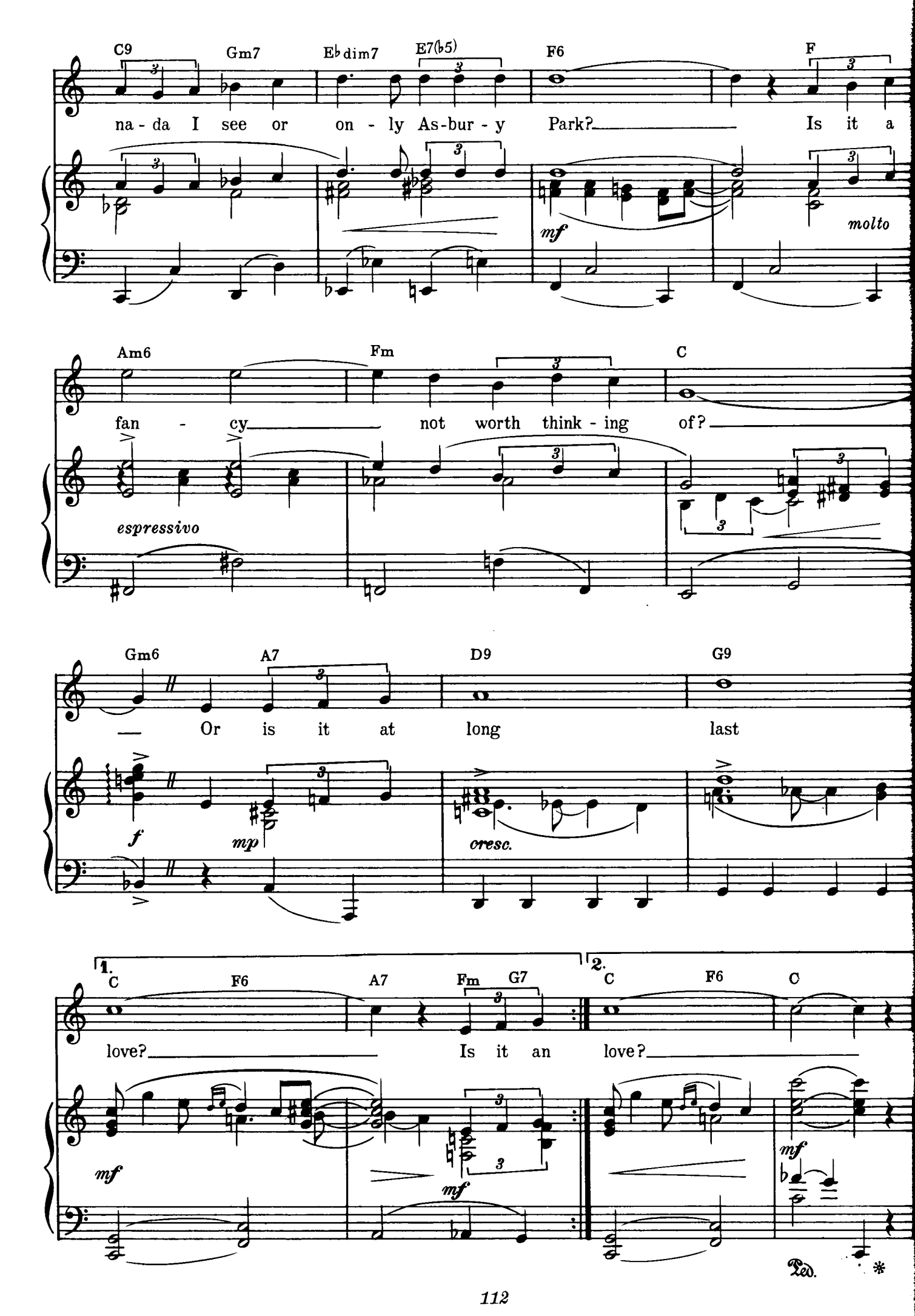
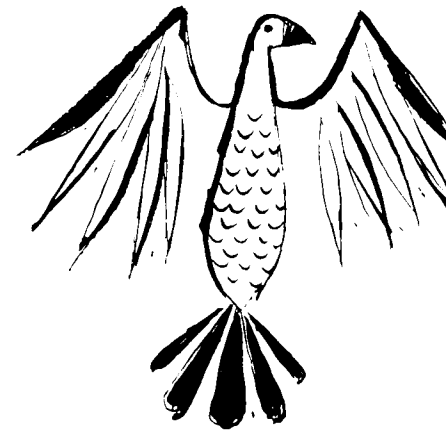

Cm
D7
Dm7
G7
love, I've no sense of val - ues left at all. Is this a
Cm
Fm
G
Fm6
G7
play - time af-fair of May - time, Or is it a wind - fall?
p
Refrain (slowly, with warm expression)
G7
C6
Dm6
G9
Am
Is it an earth - quake or sim - ply a shock?
p legato
Em
G7
F
A7
Is it the good tur - tle soup or mere - ly the


Dm
Dm6
A7
mock? Is it a cock - tail, this feel - ing of
F6
Dm6
F
G7sus. c
joy? Or is what I feel the real Mc -
cresc.
C
G7
C6
Coy? Is it for all time,
mf
mp
Dm6
G9
Am
Em
G7
or sim - ply a lark? Is it Gra -


C9 Gm7 E♭dim7 E7(♭5) F6 F
na - da I see or on - ly As-bur - y Park? Is it a
mf
molto
Am6 Fm C
fan - cy not worth think - ing of?
espressivo
Gm6 A7 D9 G9
Or is it at long last
f
mp
cresc.
1. C F6 A7 Fm G7
love? Is it an
mf
mf
2. C F6 C
love?
mf
Ped.
*

Get Out of Town

FROM LEAVE IT TO ME



Moderato

mp *p* *pp* *poco rit.*

G Dm6 E7 Cm6 D7 G D7

slowly and pensively

The farce was end - ed, The cur - tains drawn,

p a tempo

G B♭aug. D Em A7 D

And I at least pre - tend - ed That love was dead and gone.

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D7 Bdim Am B7sus.e B7

But now from no - where you come to me as be - fore To

mf più espr. *p*

Em C7 C♯dim D Cm6 D7(♭9)

take my heart and break my heart once more.

f molto espr. e rall.

Refrain *(in steady slow tempo, with increasing expression)*

Gm Gm6

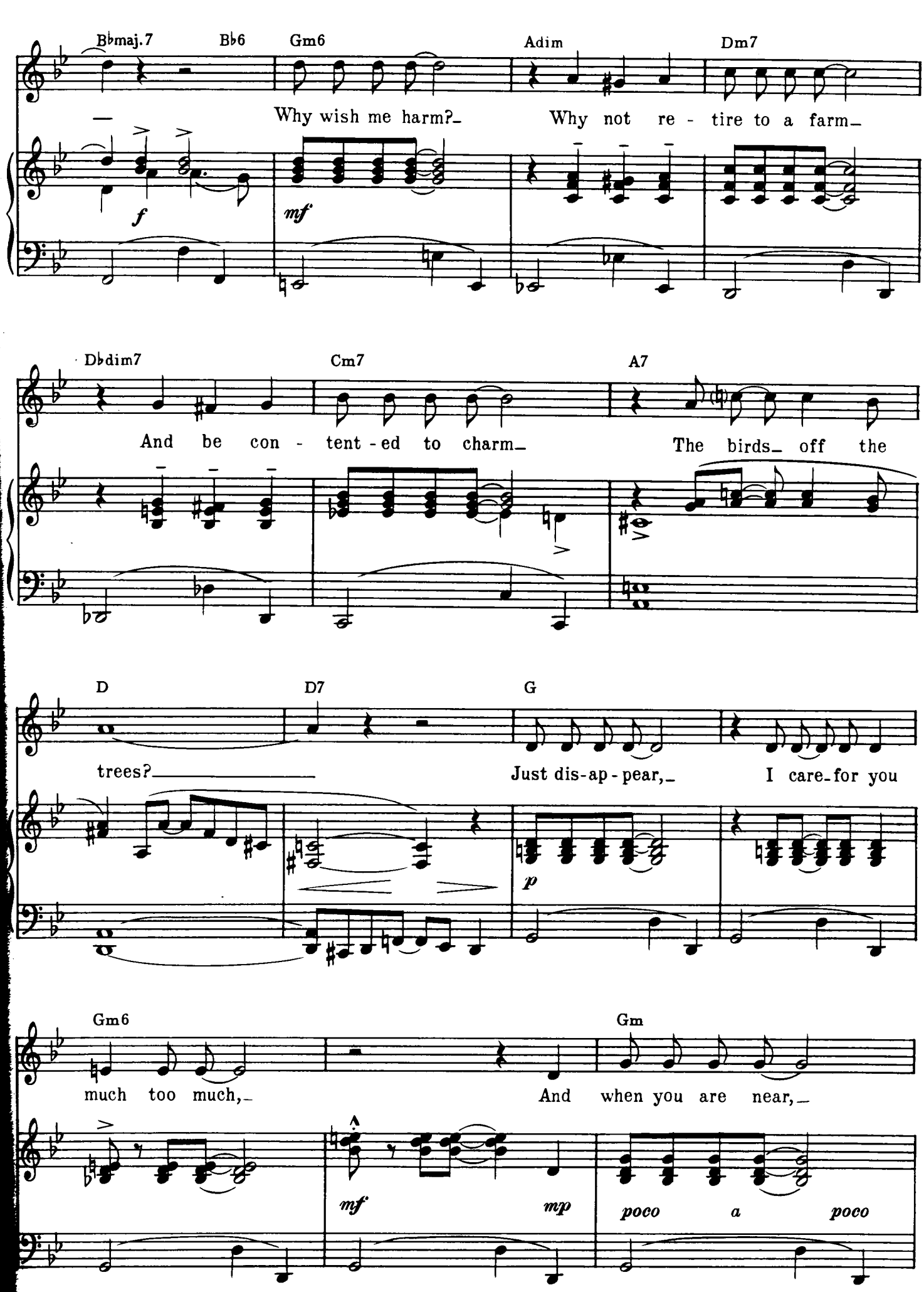
Get out of town Be - fore it's too late, my love!

p a tempo

Gm

Get out of town, Be good to me, please.

mf *p*


B♭maj.7
B♭6
Gm6
Adim
Dm7
Why wish me harm?
Why not re - tire to a farm
f
mf
D♭dim7
Cm7
A7
And be con - tent - ed to charm
The birds off the
D
D7
G
trees?
Just dis-ap-pear,
I care for you
p
Gm6
Gm
much too much,
And when you are near,
mf
mp
poco a poco

Fm6 G7

Close to me, dear,– We touch too much.– The

cresc. *f* *mf*

Ddim Cm Ebm Bb *Guitar tacet*

thrill when we meet Is so bit-ter sweet That, dar-ling, it's get-ting me down.–

legato *pensively*

Fm6 G7 Cm Ebm6 F7

So on your mark,– get set, Get out of

mf *f appassionato* *sf* *mp softly*

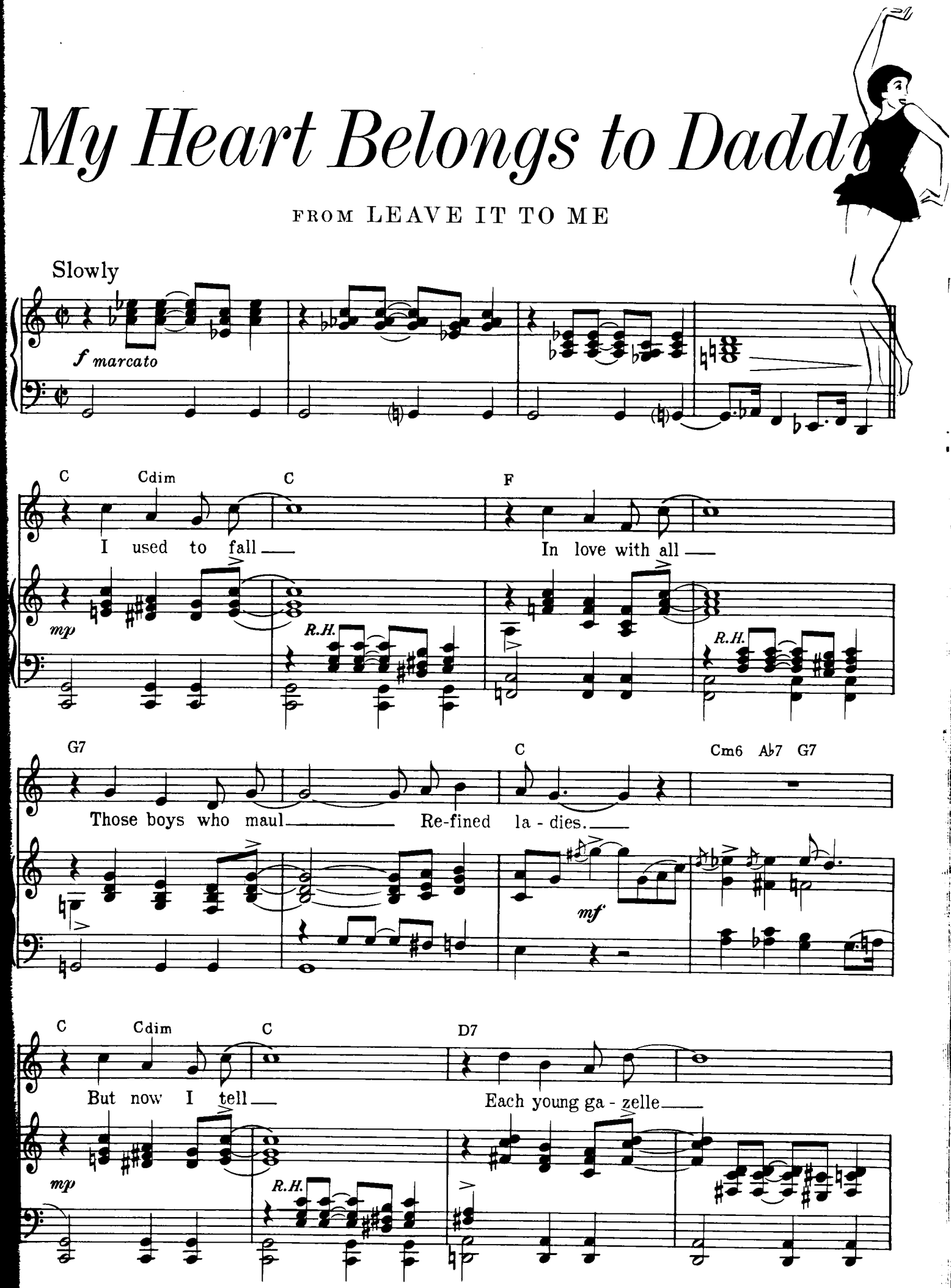
1. Bb F♯dim D7(9b) 2. Bb

town! town!

mf *f espr.*

My Heart Belongs to Daddy

FROM LEAVE IT TO ME



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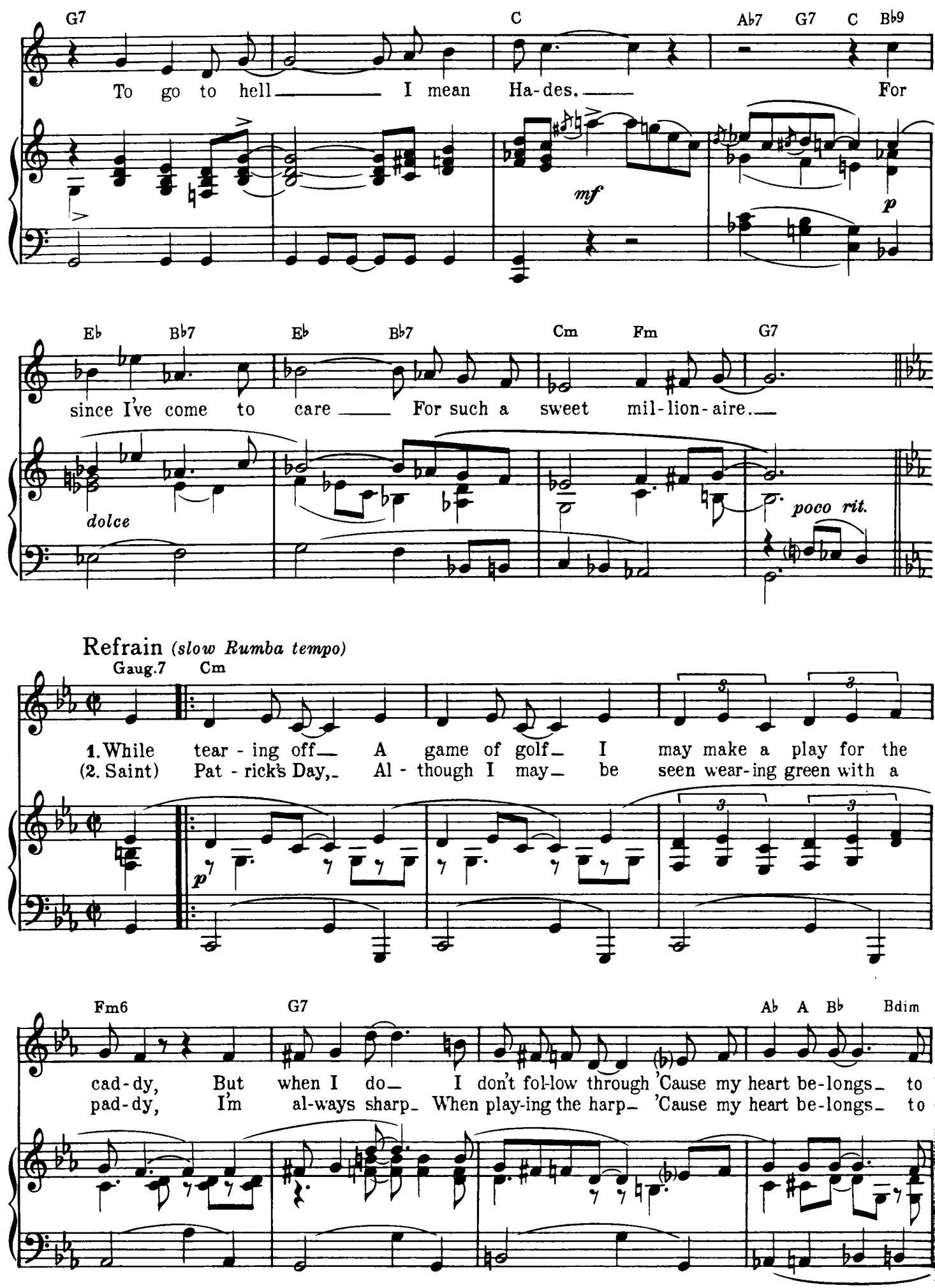
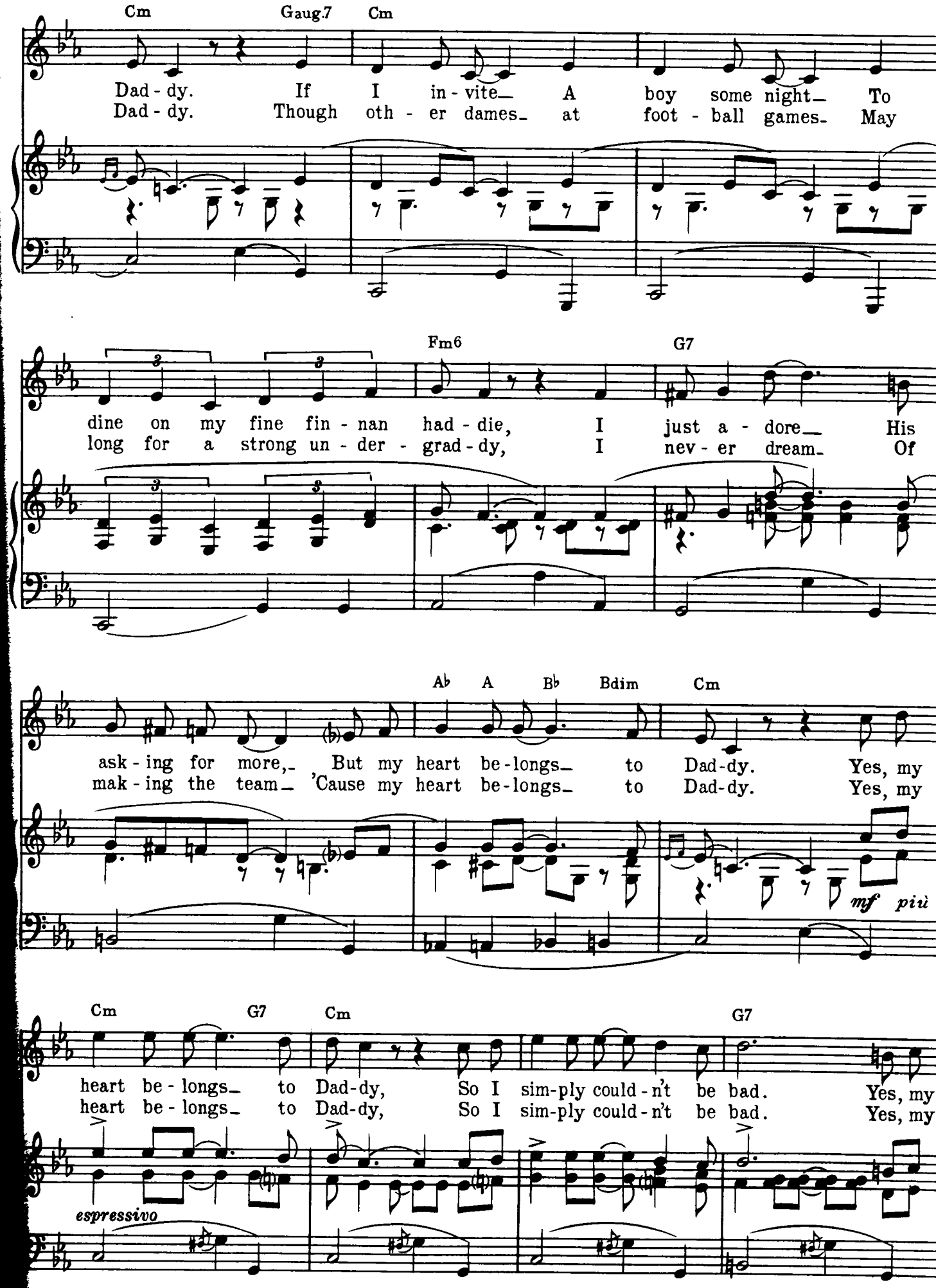
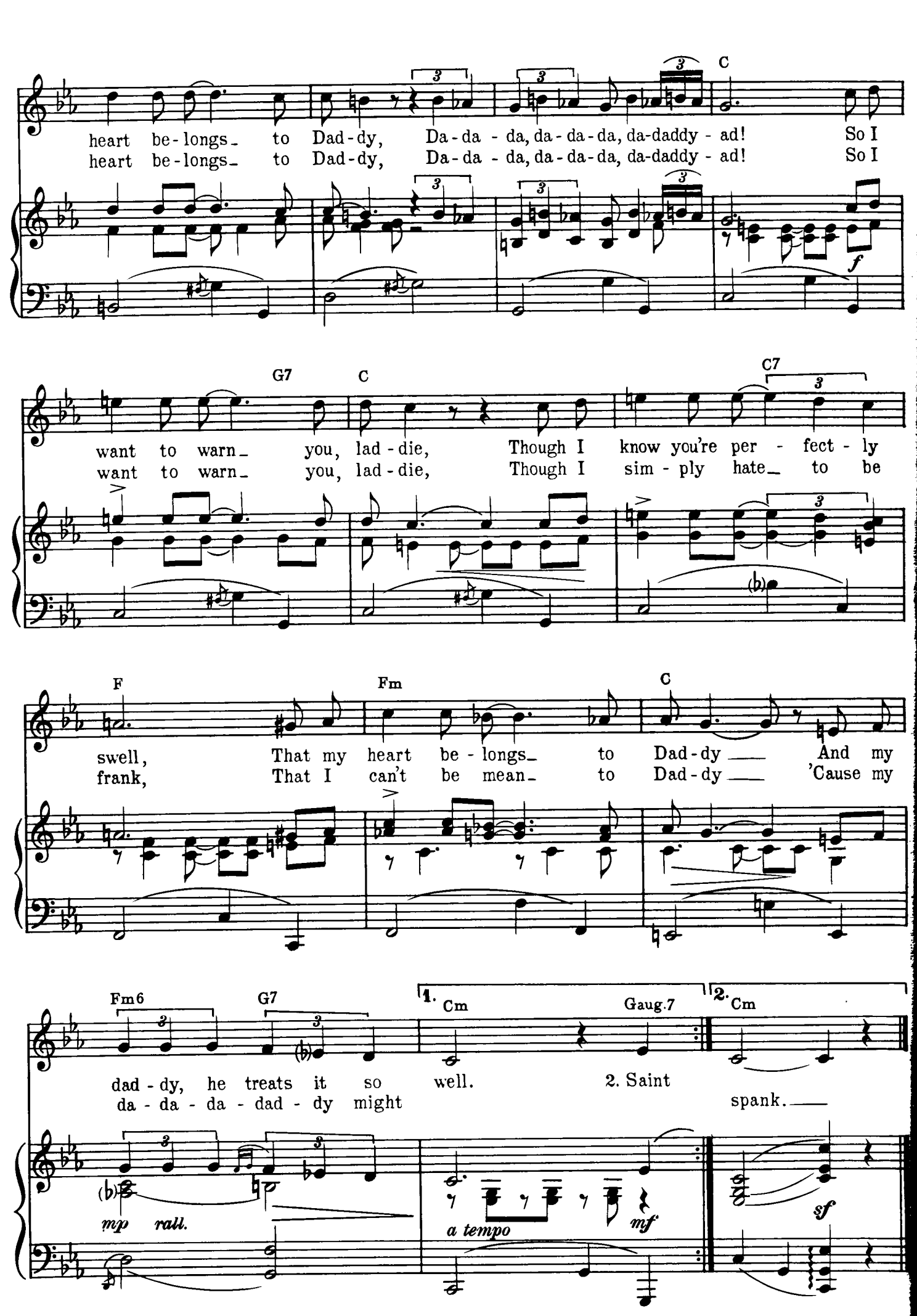

G7 C Ab7 G7 C Bb9
To go to hell I mean Ha-des. For
mf
p
Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7 Cm Fm G7
since I've come to care For such a sweet mil-lion-aire.
dolce
poco rit.
Refrain (slow Rumba tempo)
Gaug.7 Cm
1. While tear - ing off A game of golf I may make a play for the
(2. Saint) Pat - rick's Day, Al - though I may be seen wear-ing green with a
p
Fm6 G7 Ab A Bb Bdim
cad-dy, But when I do I don't fol-low through 'Cause my heart be-longs to
pad-dy, I'm al-ways sharp When play-ing the harp 'Cause my heart be-longs to

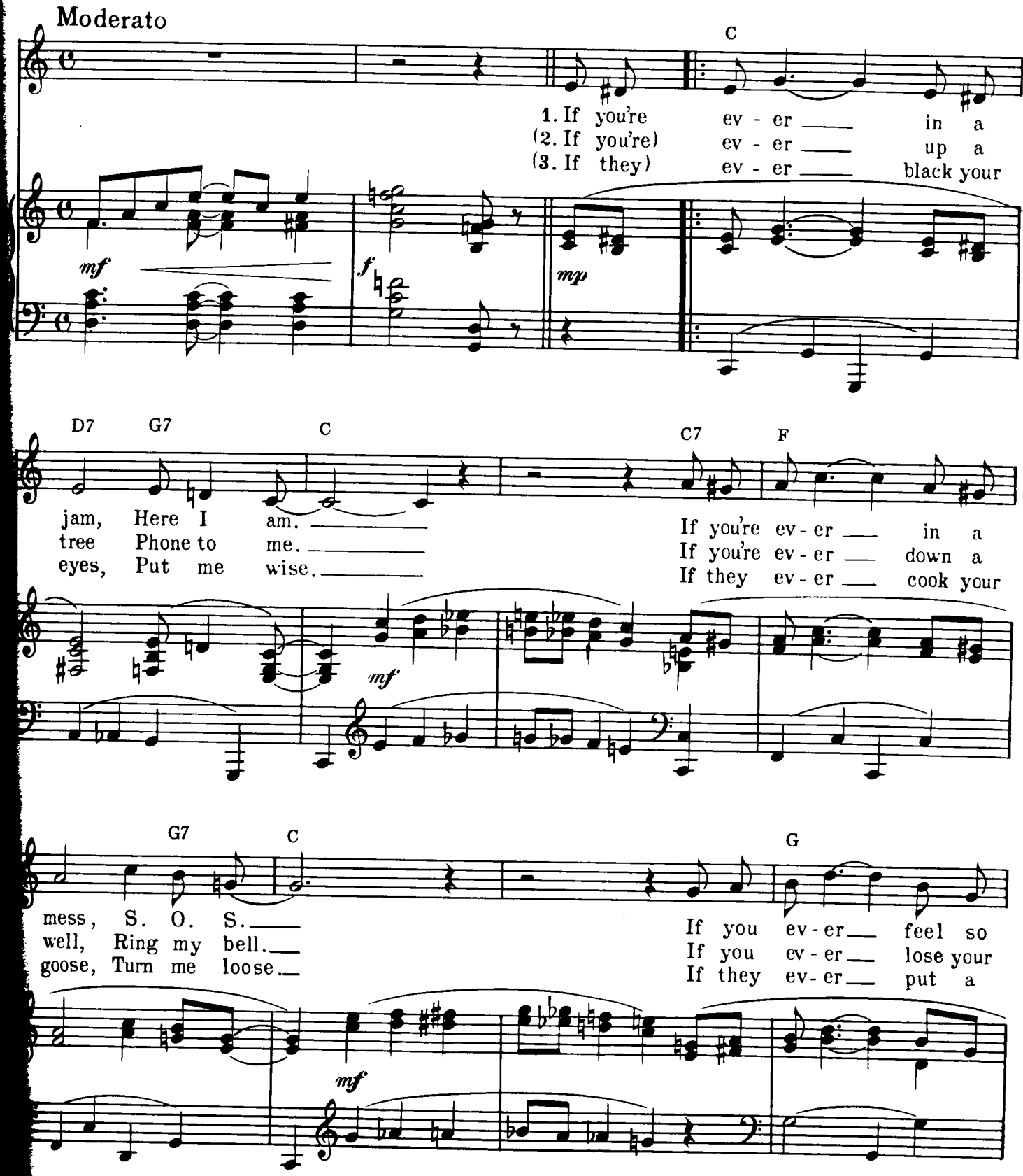

Cm Gaug.7 Cm
Dad - dy. If I in - vite A boy some night To
Dad - dy. Though oth - er dames at foot - ball games May
Fm6 G7
dine on my fine fin - nan had - die, I just a - dore His
long for a strong un - der - grad - dy, I nev - er dream Of
Ab A Bb Bdim Cm
ask - ing for more, But my heart be - longs to Dad - dy. Yes, my
mak - ing the team 'Cause my heart be - longs to Dad - dy. Yes, my
mf più
Cm G7 Cm G7
heart be - longs to Dad - dy, So I sim - ply could - n't be bad. Yes, my
heart be - longs to Dad - dy, So I sim - ply could - n't be bad. Yes, my
espressivo


C
heart be-longs to Dad-dy, Da-da - da, da-da-da, da-daddy - ad! So I
heart be-longs to Dad-dy, Da-da - da, da-da-da, da-daddy - ad! So I
f
G7
C
C7
want to warn you, lad-die, Though I know you're per - fect - ly
want to warn you, lad-die, Though I sim - ply hate to be
F
Fm
C
swell, That my heart be-longs to Dad-dy And my
frank, That I can't be mean to Dad-dy 'Cause my
Fm6
G7
1. Cm
Gaug.7
2. Cm
dad-dy, he treats it so well. 2. Saint
da - da - da - dad - dy might spank.
mp rall.
a tempo
mf
sf

4

Friendship

FROM DUBARRY WAS A LADY



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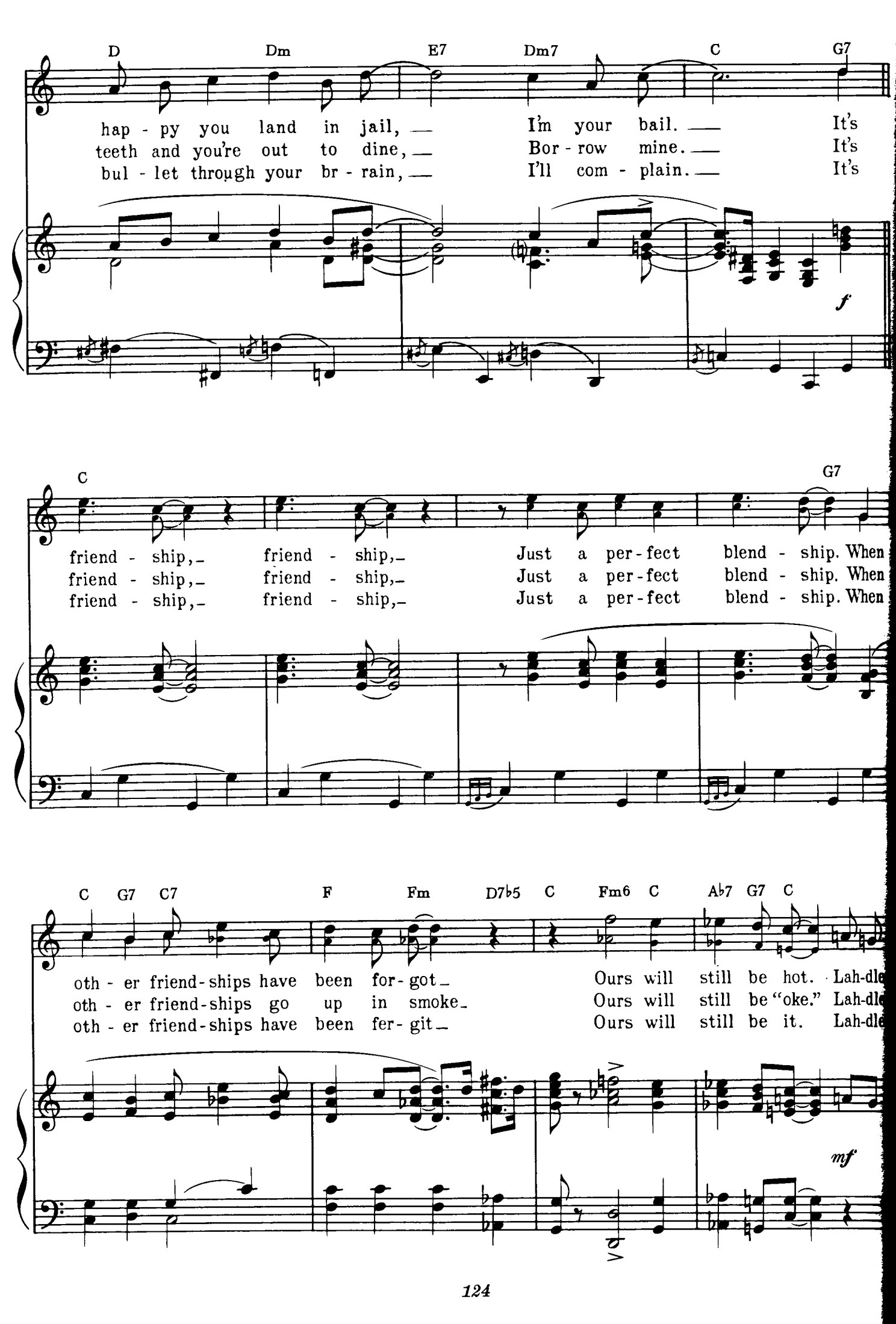
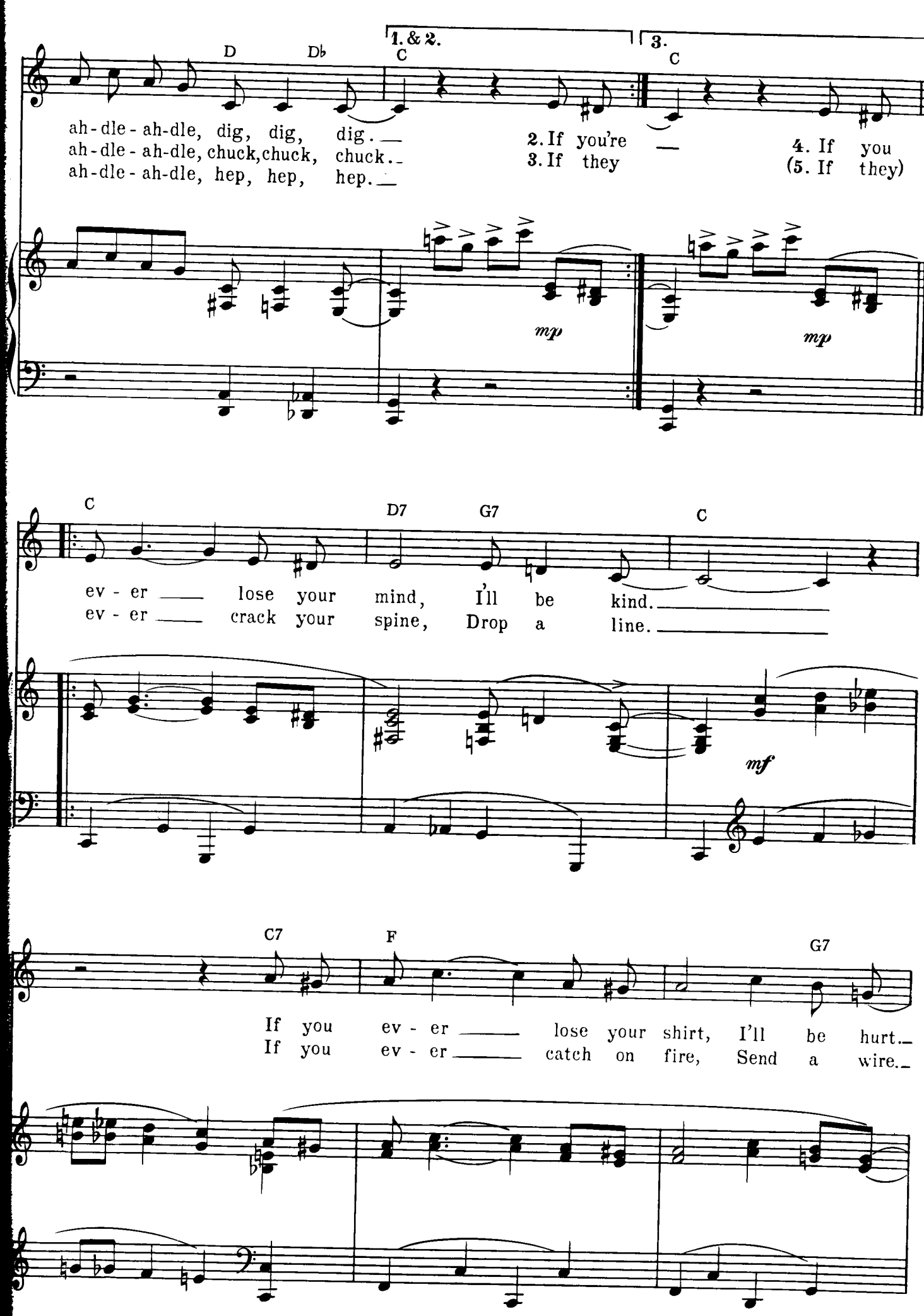
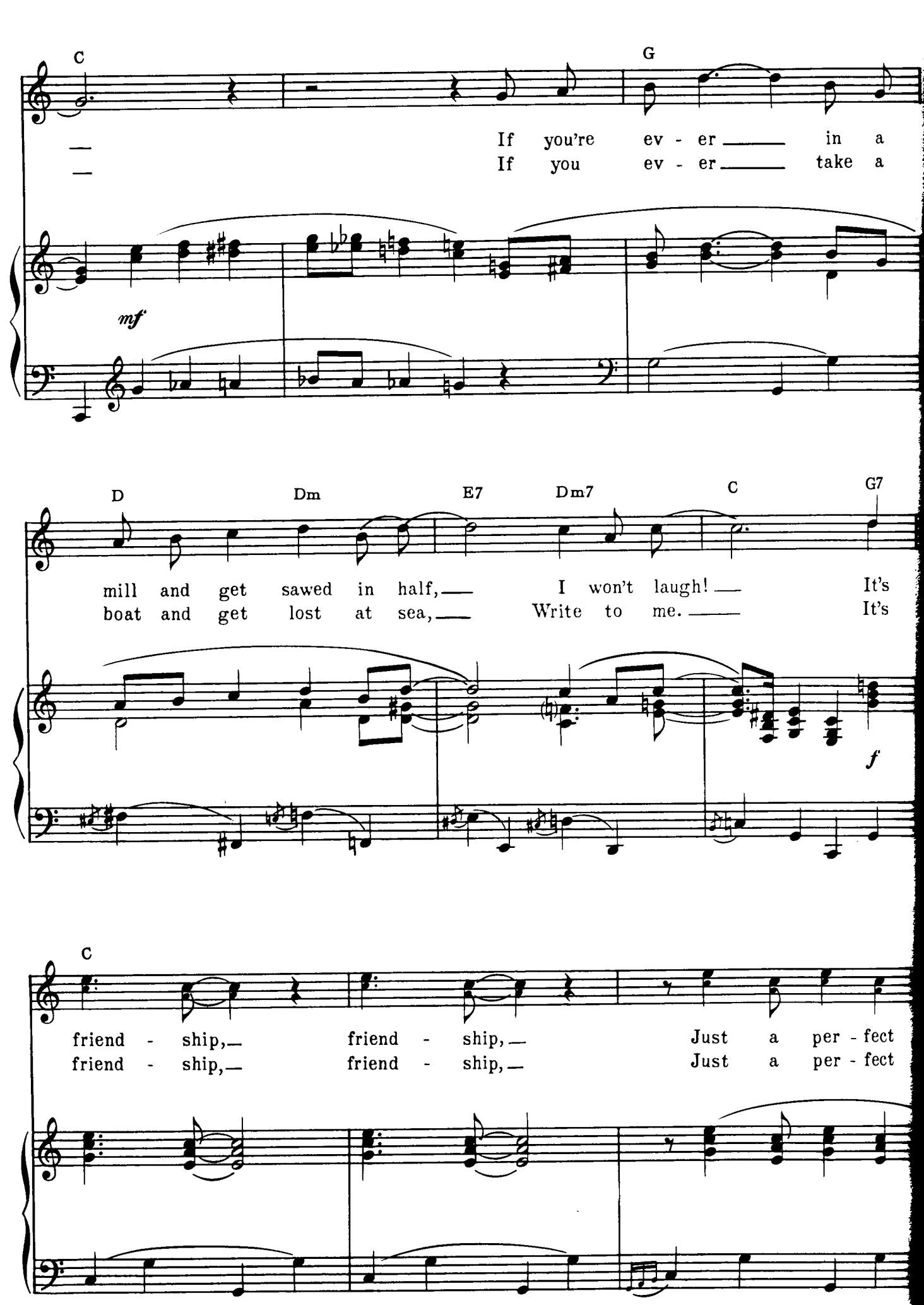

D Dm E7 Dm7 C G7
hap - py you land in jail, I'm your bail. It's
teeth and you're out to dine, Bor - row mine. It's
bul - let through your br - rain, I'll com - plain. It's
f
C G7
friend - ship, friend - ship, Just a per - fect blend - ship. When
friend - ship, friend - ship, Just a per - fect blend - ship. When
friend - ship, friend - ship, Just a per - fect blend - ship. When
C G7 C7 F Fm D7b5 C Fm6 C Ab7 G7 C
oth - er friend - ships have been for - got Ours will still be hot. Lah-dle
oth - er friend - ships go up in smoke Ours will still be "oke." Lah-dle
oth - er friend - ships have been fer - git Ours will still be it. Lah-dle
mf


1. & 2.
3.
D
Db
C
C
ah-dle-ah-dle, dig, dig, dig.
ah-dle-ah-dle, chuck, chuck, chuck.
ah-dle-ah-dle, hep, hep, hep.
2. If you're
3. If they
4. If you
(5. If they)
mp
mp
C
D7
G7
C
ev-er lose your mind, I'll be kind.
ev-er crack your spine, Drop a line.
mf
C7
F
G7
If you ev-er lose your shirt, I'll be hurt.
If you ev-er catch on fire, Send a wire.


C
G
If you're ev - er in a
If you ev - er take a
mf
D
Dm
E7
Dm7
C
G7
mill and get sawed in half, I won't laugh! It's
boat and get lost at sea, Write to me. It's
f
C
friend - ship, friend - ship, Just a per - fect
friend - ship, friend - ship, Just a per - fect

I Concentrate on You

FROM BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940

Andantino espressivo

mf *f*

mf *mp*

Refrain - Molto cantabile *(but in rhythm)*

Eb Ebmaj.7 Eb6 Bbaug.

When - ev - er skies look gray to me

p *mf*

Ebm Bbsus. eb Ebm Abm6

And trou - ble be - gins to brew,

p *mf*

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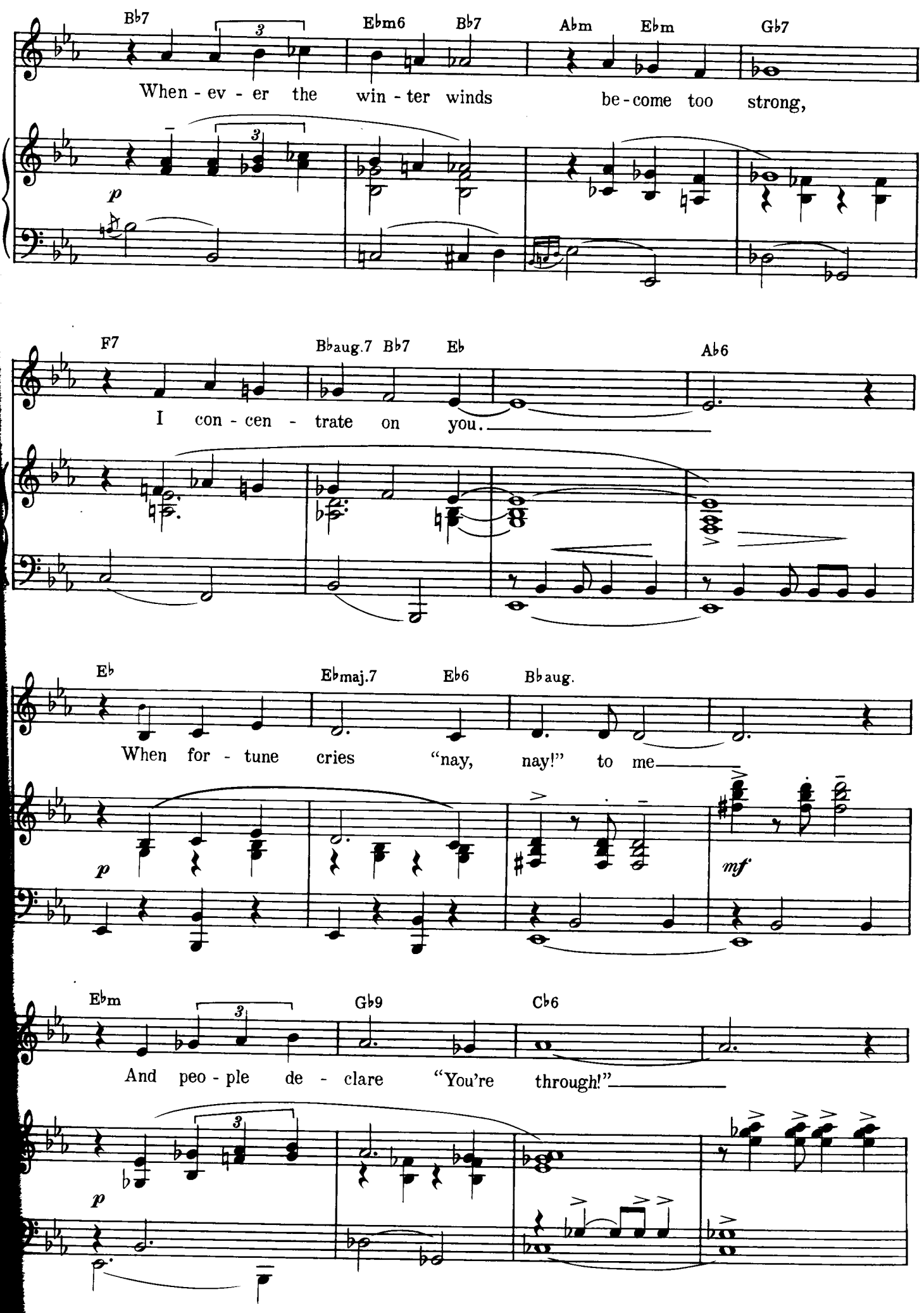
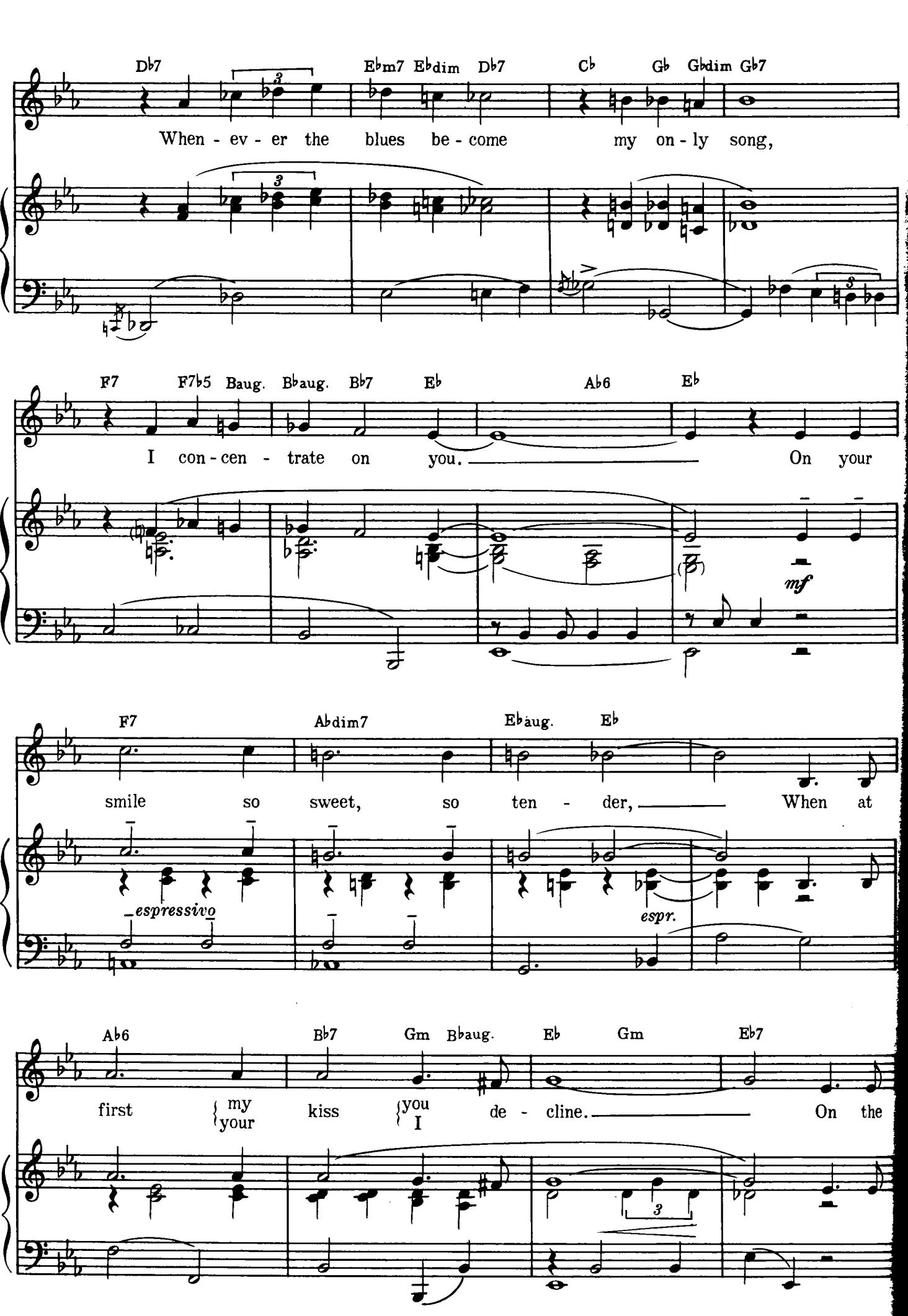
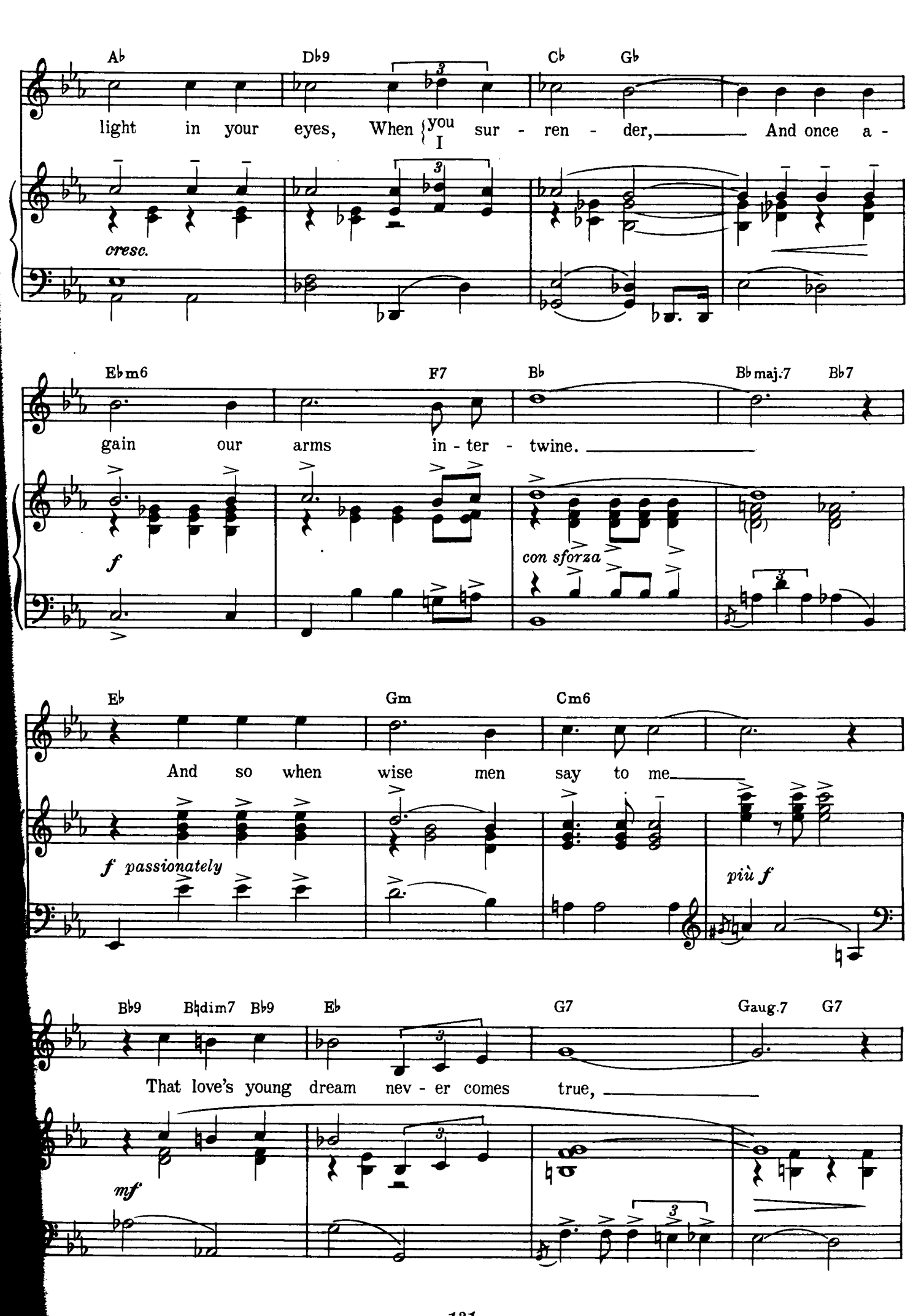
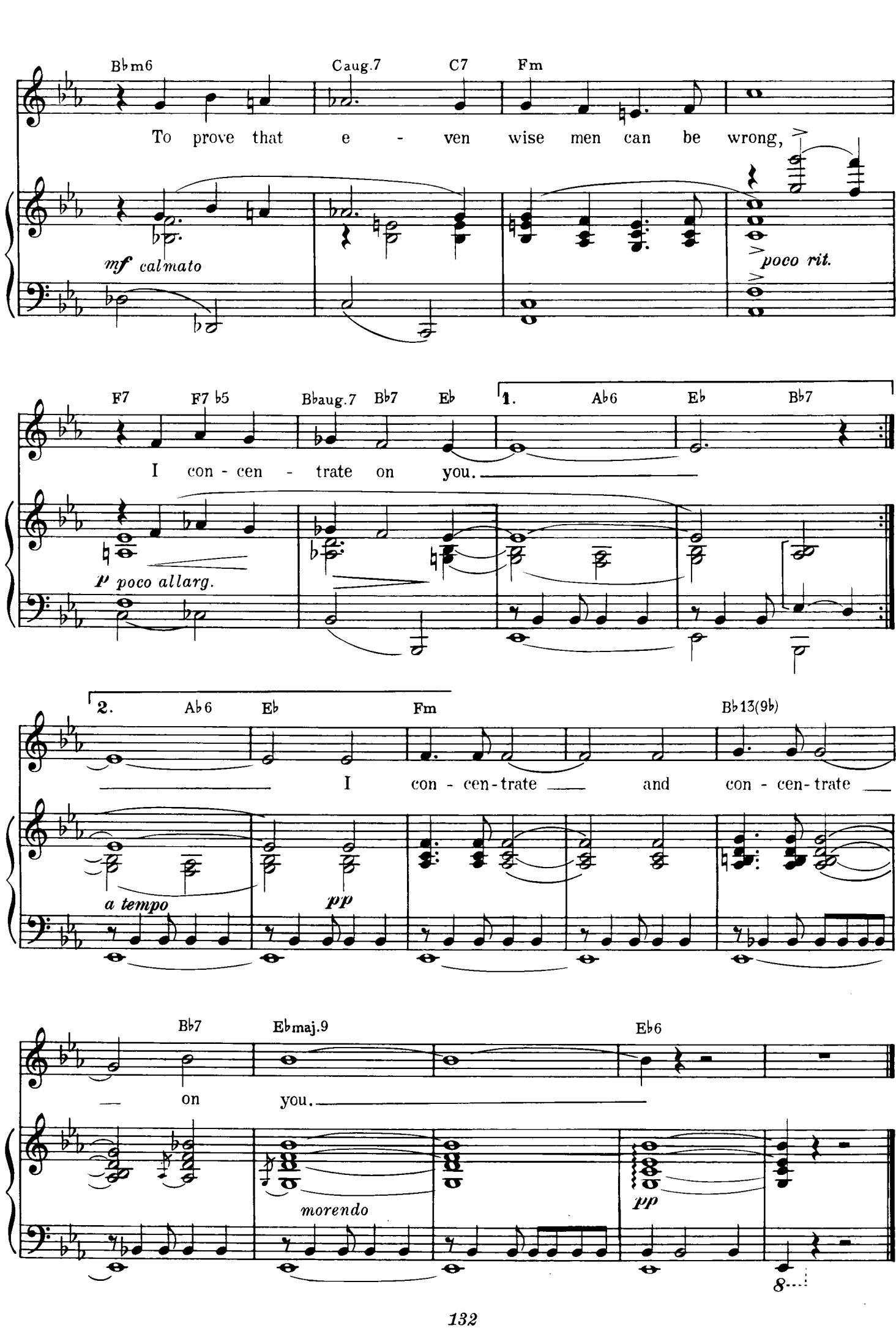

Bb7
Ebm6
Bb7
Abm
Ebm
Gb7
When - ev - er the win - ter winds be - come too strong,
p
F7
Bbaug.7
Bb7
Eb
Ab6
I con - cen - trate on you.
Eb
Ebmaj.7
Eb6
Bbaug.
When for - tune cries "nay, nay!" to me
p
mf
Ebm
Gb9
Cb6
And peo - ple de - clare "You're through!"
p

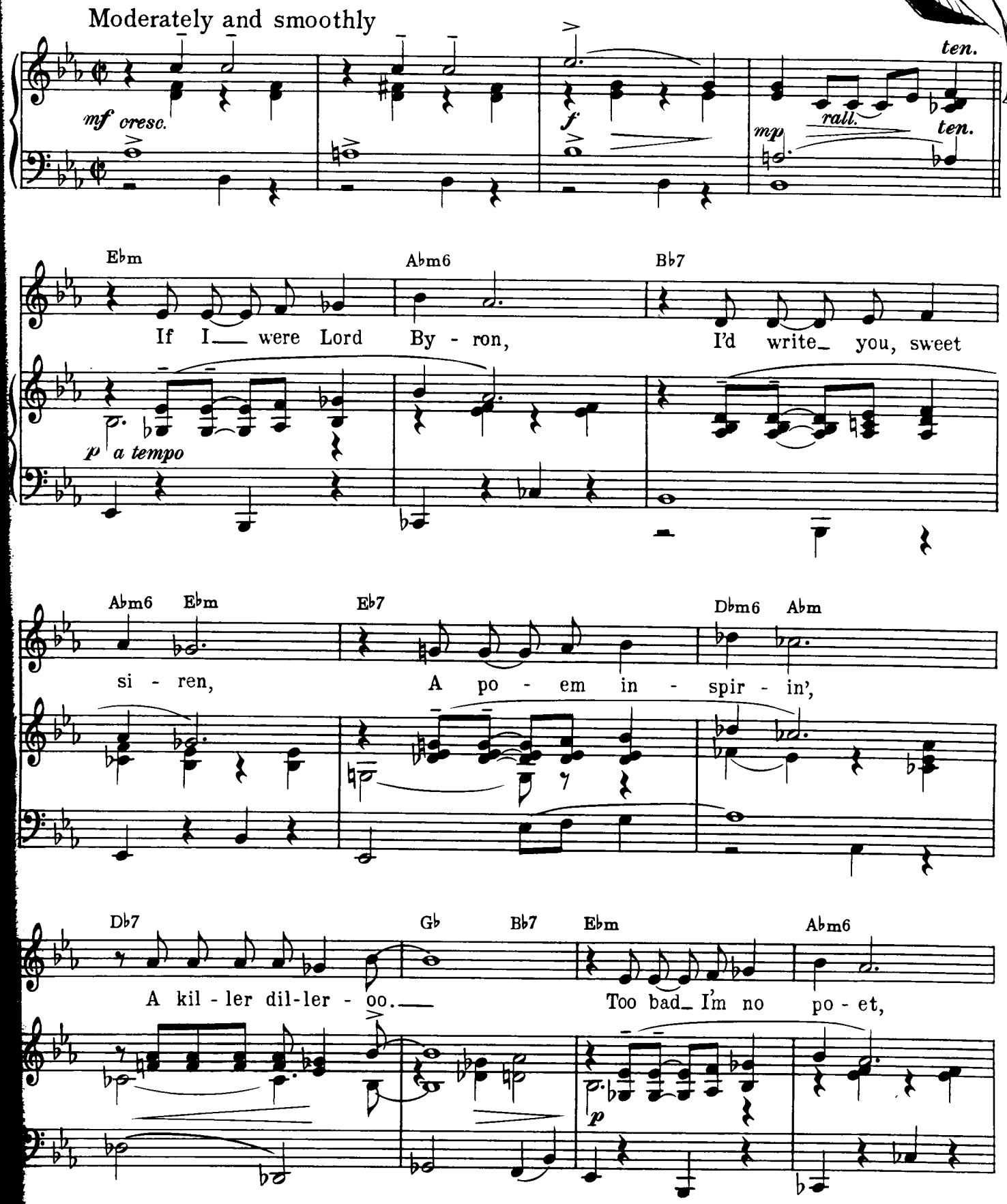

Db7 Ebm7 Ebdim Db7 Cb Gb Gbdim Gb7
When - ev - er the blues be - come my on - ly song,
F7 F7b5 Baug. Bbaug. Bb7 Eb Ab6 Eb
I con - cen - trate on you. On your
mf
F7 Abdim7 Ebaug. Eb
smile so sweet, so ten - der, When at
espressivo
espr.
Ab6 Bb7 Gm Bbaug. Eb Gm Eb7
first my / your kiss you / I de - cline. On the


A♭ D♭9 C♭ G♭
light in your eyes, When you / I sur - ren - der, And once a -
cresc.
E♭m6 F7 B♭ B♭maj.7 B♭7
gain our arms in - ter - twine.
f
con sforza
E♭ Gm Cm6
And so when wise men say to me
f passionately
più f
B♭9 B♭dim7 B♭9 E♭ G7 Gaug.7 G7
That love's young dream nev - er comes true,
mf


B♭m6
Caug.7
C7
Fm
To prove that e - ven wise men can be wrong,
mf calmato
poco rit.
F7
F7 ♭5
B♭aug.7
B♭7
E♭
1.
A♭6
E♭
B♭7
I con - cen - trate on you.
p poco allarg.
2.
A♭6
E♭
Fm
B♭13(9♭)
I con - cen - trate and con - cen - trate
a tempo
pp
B♭7
E♭maj.9
E♭6
on you.
morendo
pp
8

Ev'rything I Love

FROM LET'S FACE IT



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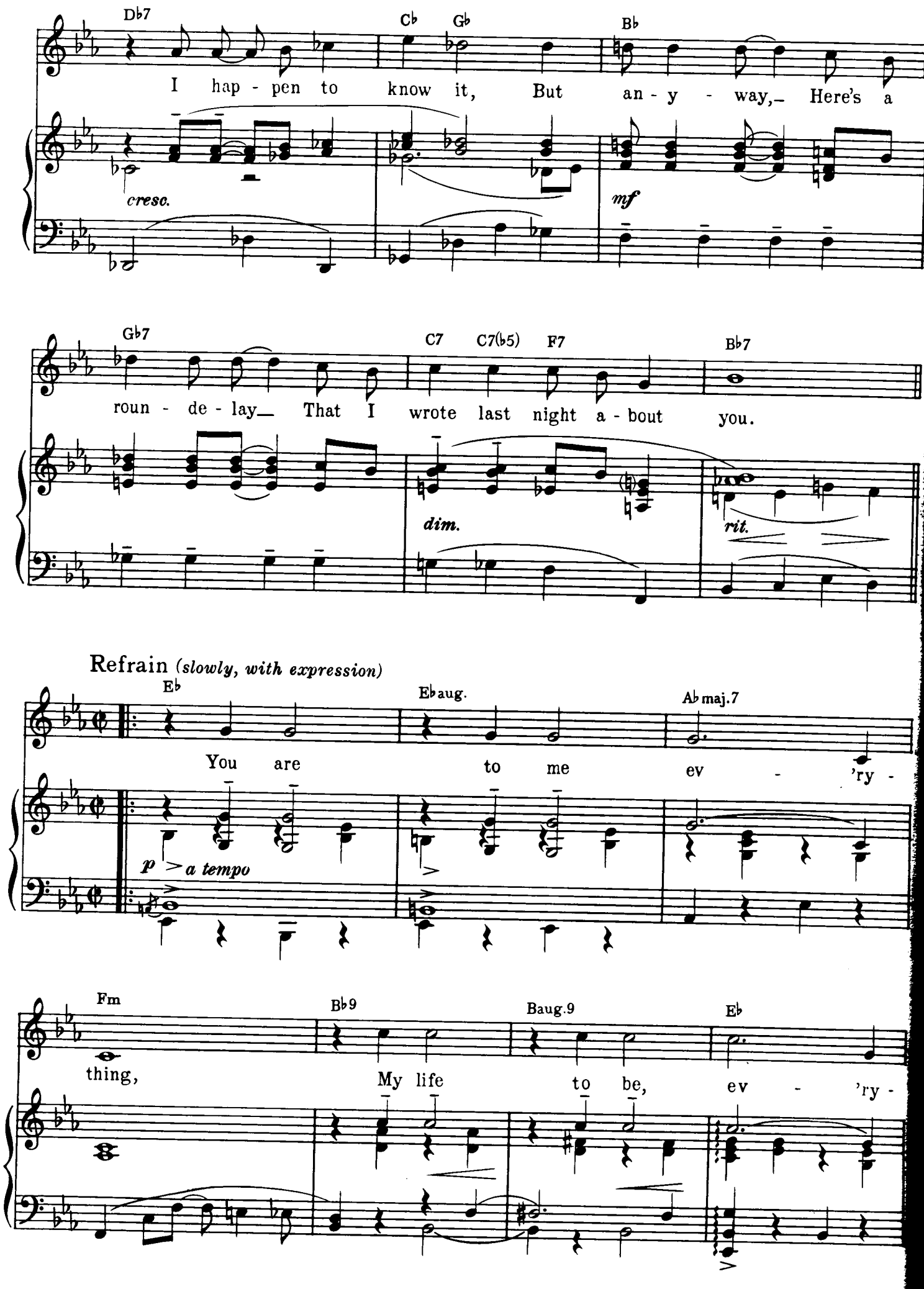
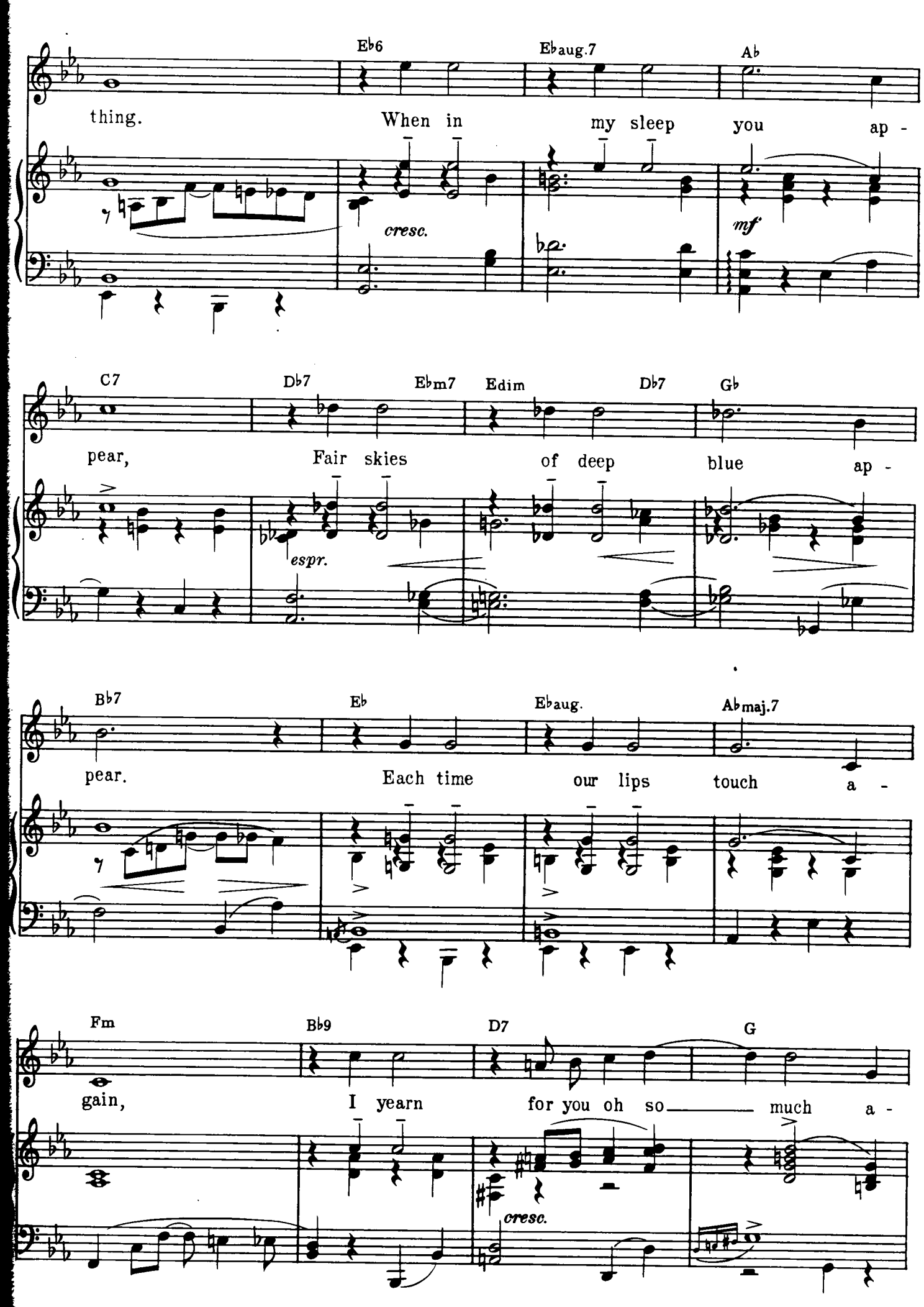
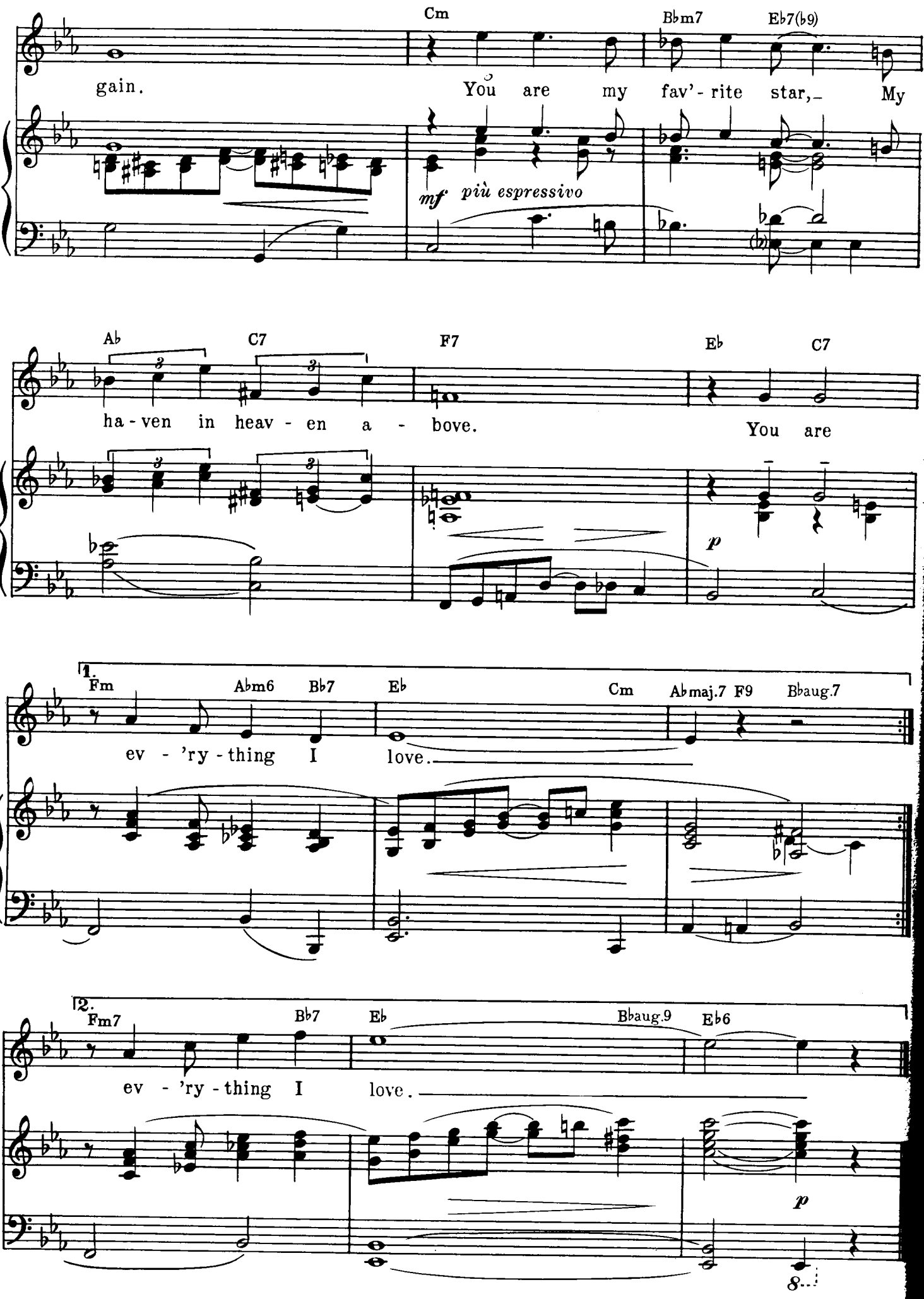

Db7
Cb
Gb
Bb
I hap - pen to know it, But an - y - way,– Here's a
cresc.
mf
Gb7
C7
C7(b5)
F7
Bb7
roun - de - lay– That I wrote last night a - bout you.
dim.
rit.
Refrain (slowly, with expression)
Eb
Ebaug.
Abmaj.7
You are to me ev - 'ry -
p
a tempo
Fm
Bb9
Baug.9
Eb
thing, My life to be, ev - 'ry -


Eb6
Ebaug.7
Ab
thing. When in my sleep you ap -
cresc.
mf
C7
Db7
Ebm7
Edim
Db7
Gb
pear, Fair skies of deep blue ap -
espr.
Bb7
Eb
Ebaug.
Abmaj.7
pear. Each time our lips touch a -
Fm
Bb9
D7
G
gain, I yearn for you oh so much a -
cresc.


Cm
Bbm7
Eb7(b9)
gain.
You are my fav'-rite star, My
mf più espressivo
Ab
C7
F7
Eb
C7
ha-ven in heav-en a-bove.
You are
p
1.
Fm
Abm6
Bb7
Eb
Cm
Abmaj.7
F9
Bbaug.7
ev-'ry-thing I love.
2.
Fm7
Bb7
Eb
Bbaug.9
Eb6
ev-'ry-thing I love.
p

You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To

FROM SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

Allegretto commodo

mf

C G7 C G C7 F Fm

It's not that you're fair-er Than a lot of girls just as pleas-in', That I

p

C G7 C D7 G D7 G D7 G E♭

doff my hat as a wor-ship-per at your shrine. It's

mf

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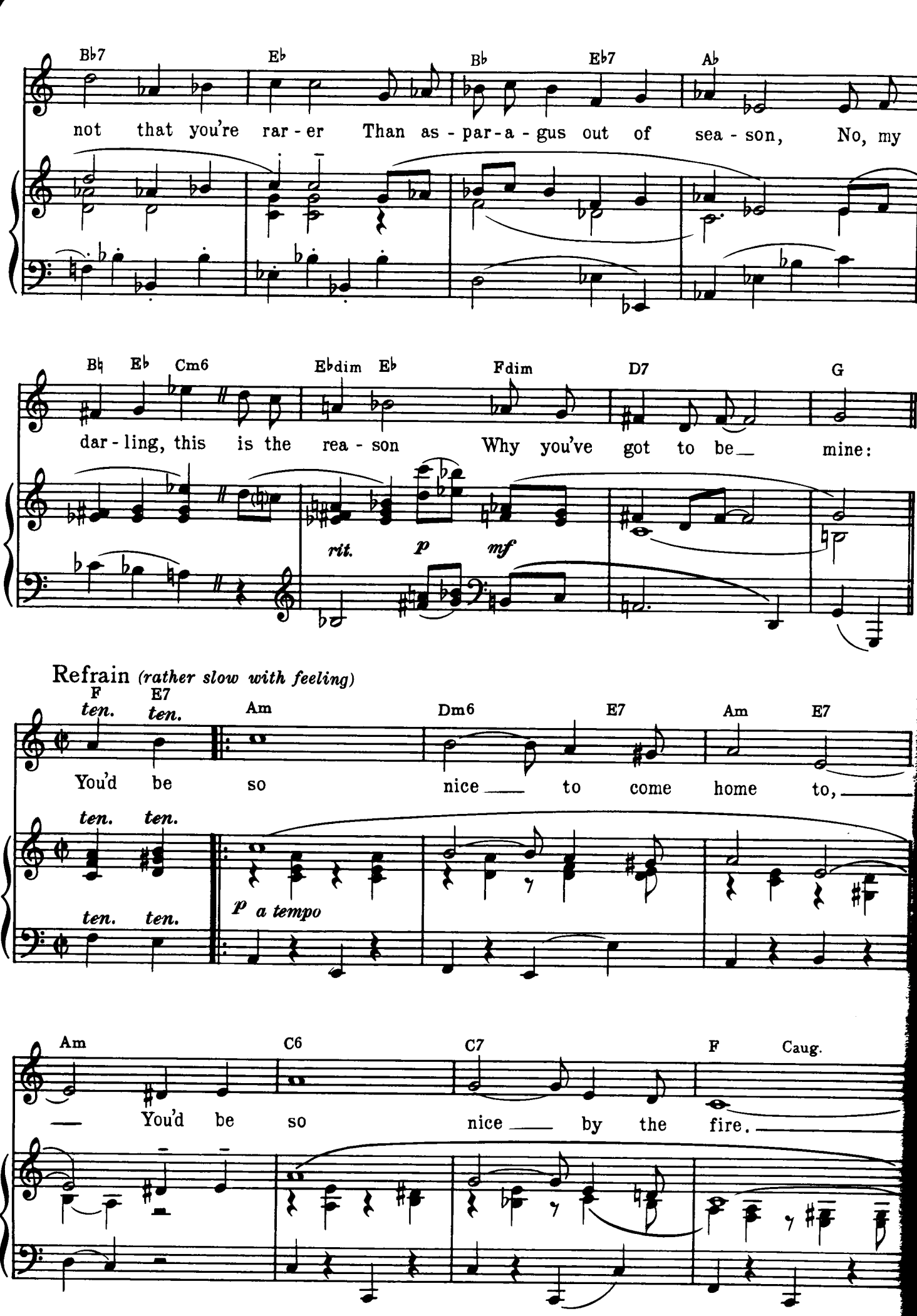
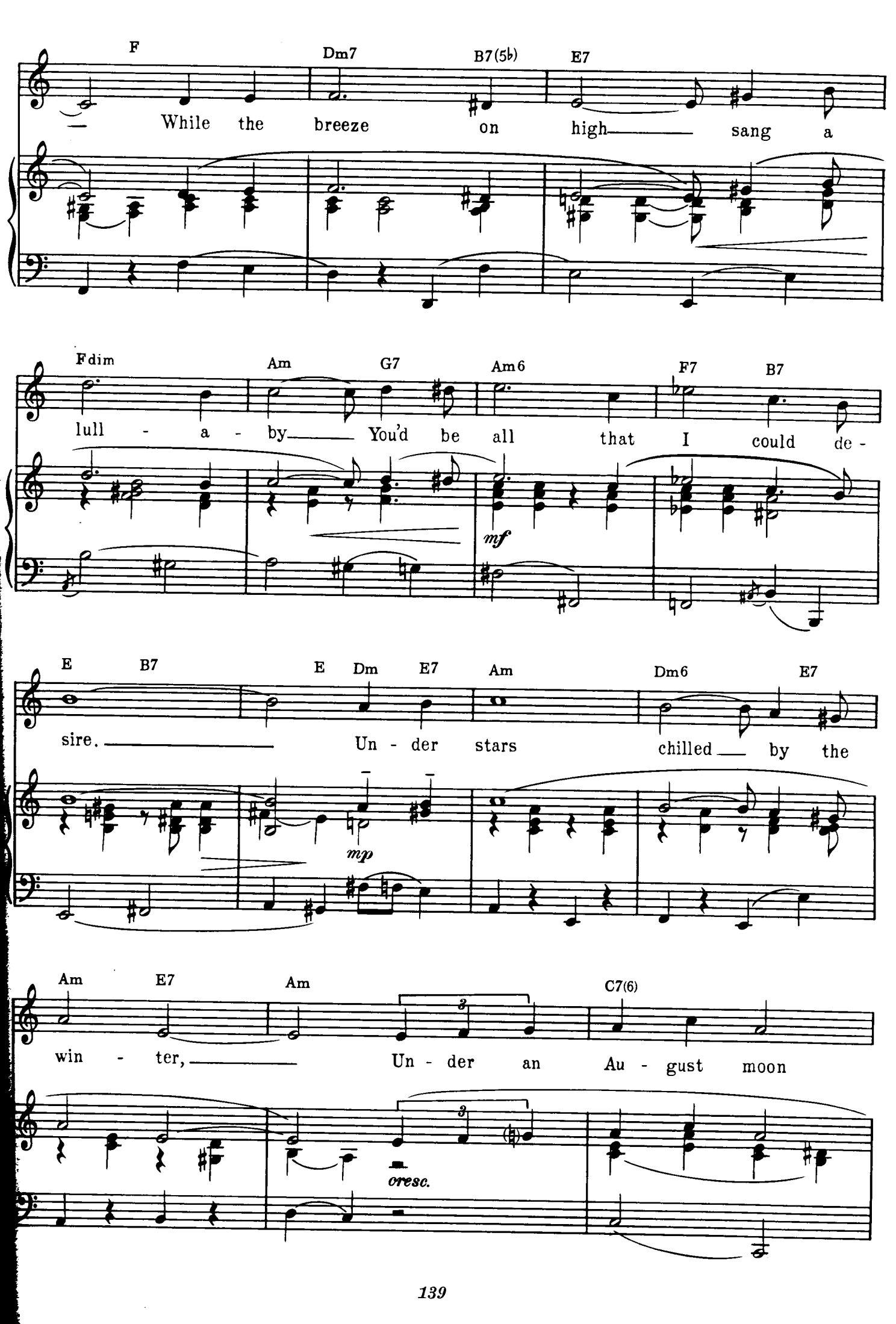
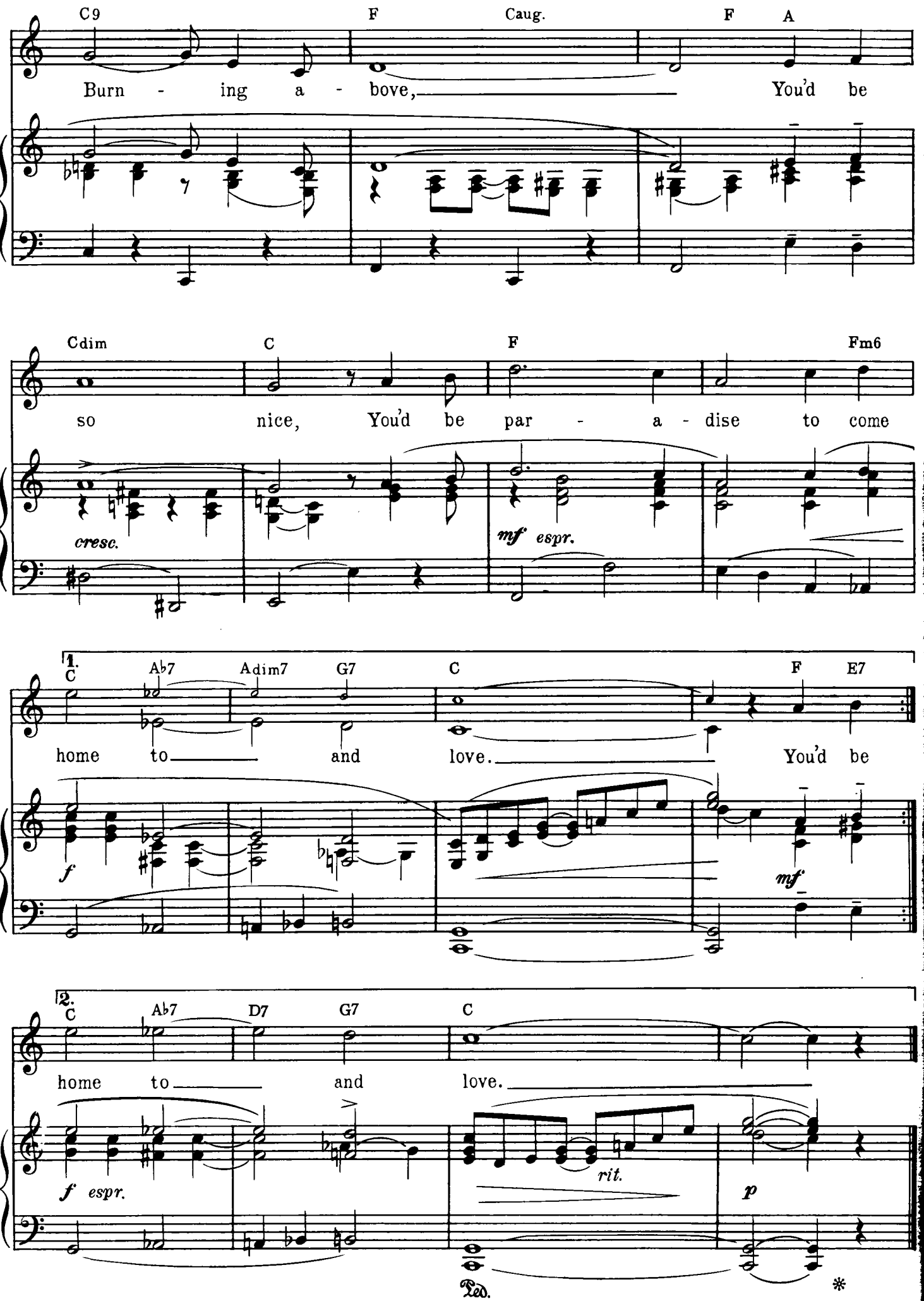
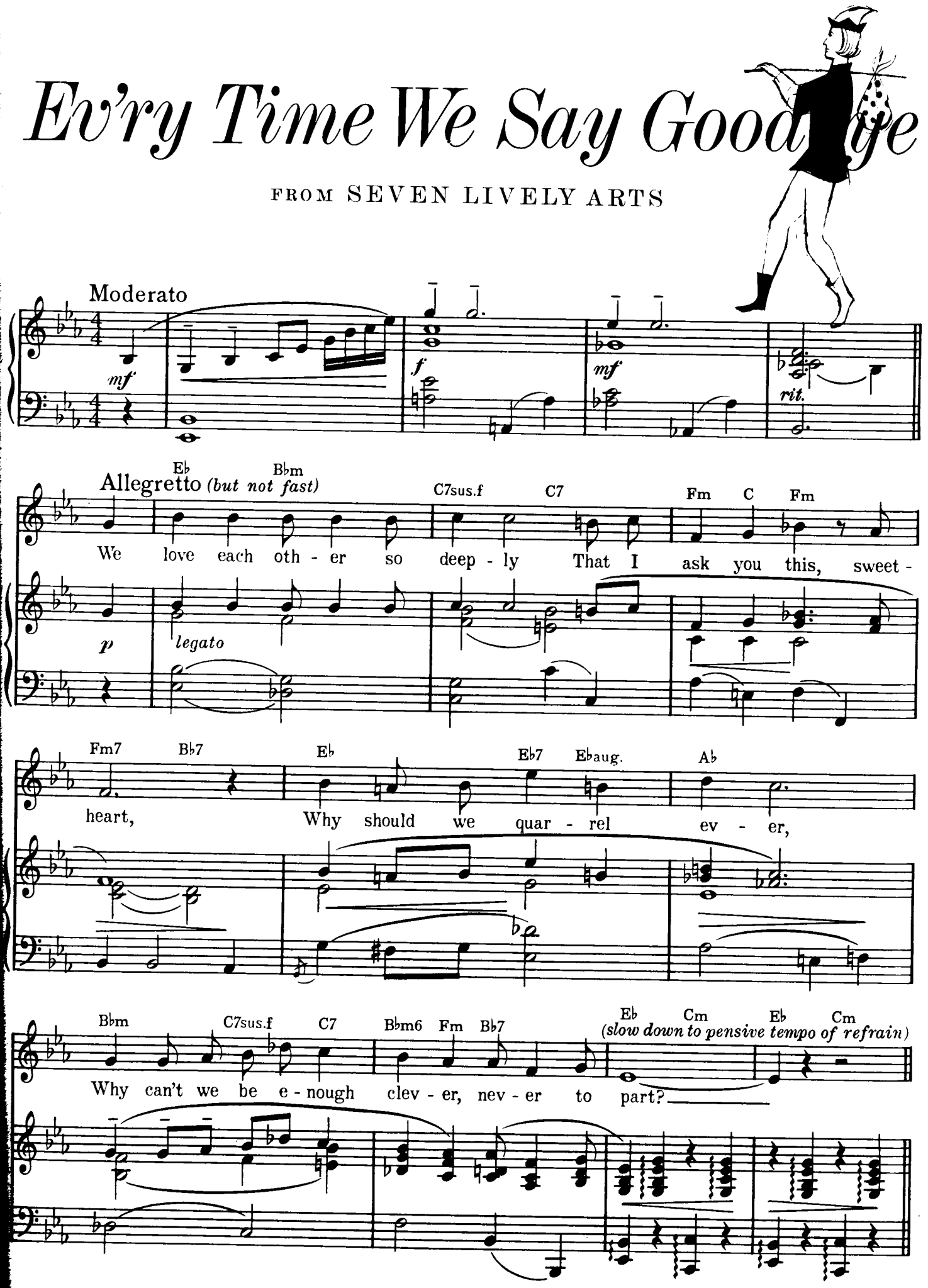

Bb7 Eb Bb Eb7 Ab
not that you're rar - er Than as - par - a - gus out of sea - son, No, my
Bb Eb Cm6 Ebdim Eb Fdim D7 G
dar - ling, this is the rea - son Why you've got to be mine:
rit. p mf
Refrain (rather slow with feeling)
F E7 Am Dm6 E7 Am E7
ten. ten.
You'd be so nice to come home to,
ten. ten.
p a tempo
ten. ten.
Am C6 C7 F Caug.
You'd be so nice by the fire.


F
Dm7
B7(5♭)
E7
While the breeze on high sang a
Fdim
Am
G7
Am6
F7
B7
lull - a - by You'd be all that I could de -
mf
E
B7
E
Dm
E7
Am
Dm6
E7
sire. Un - der stars chilled by the
mp
Am
E7
Am
C7(6)
win - ter, Un - der an Au - gust moon
cresc.


C9 F Caug. F A
Burn - ing a - bove, You'd be
Cdim C F Fm6
so nice, You'd be par - a - dise to come
cresc.
mf espr.
1. C Ab7 Adim7 G7 C F E7
home to and love. You'd be
f
mf
2. C Ab7 D7 G7 C
home to and love.
f espr.
rit.
p
Ped.
*

Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

FROM SEVEN LIVELY ARTS



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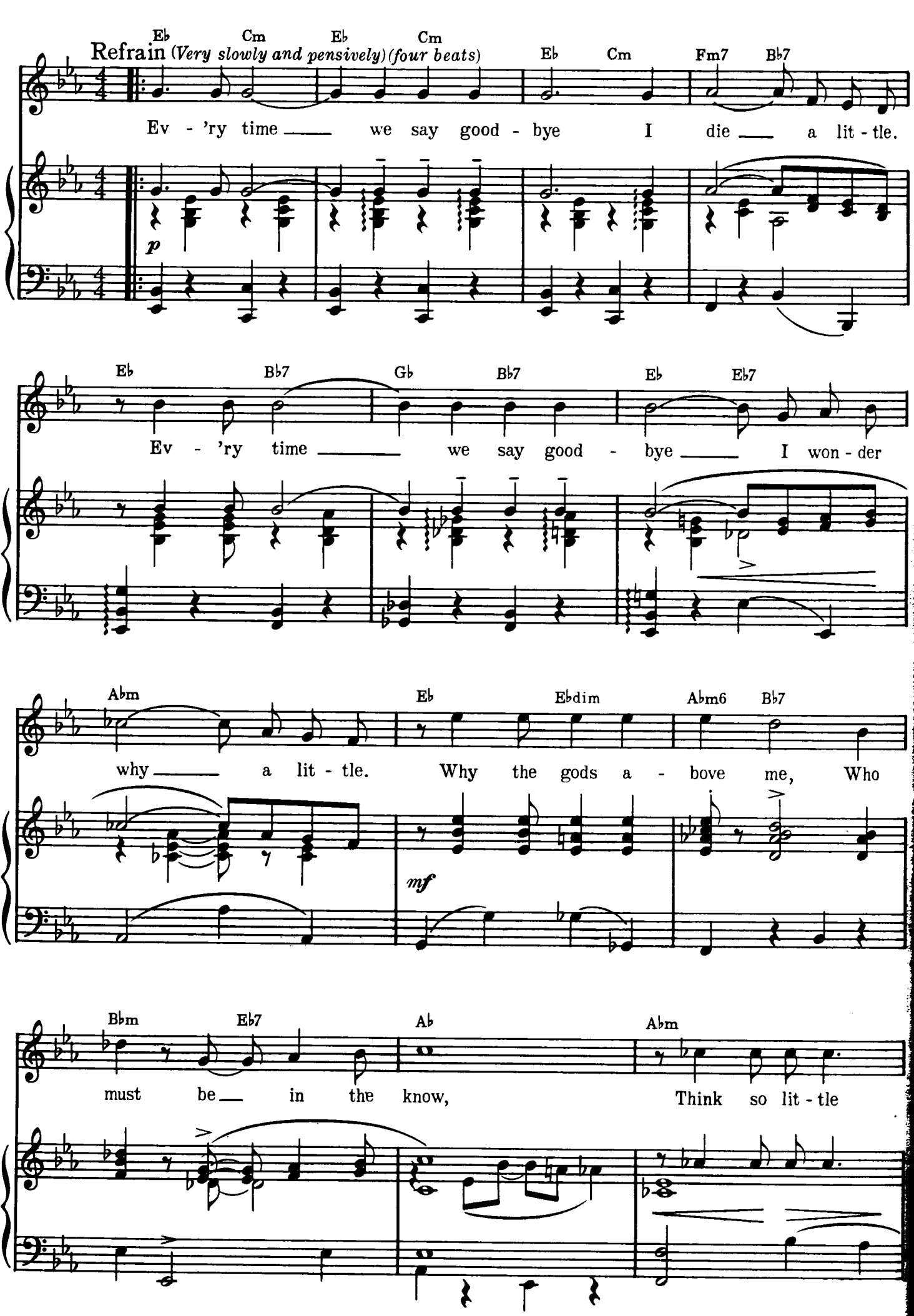
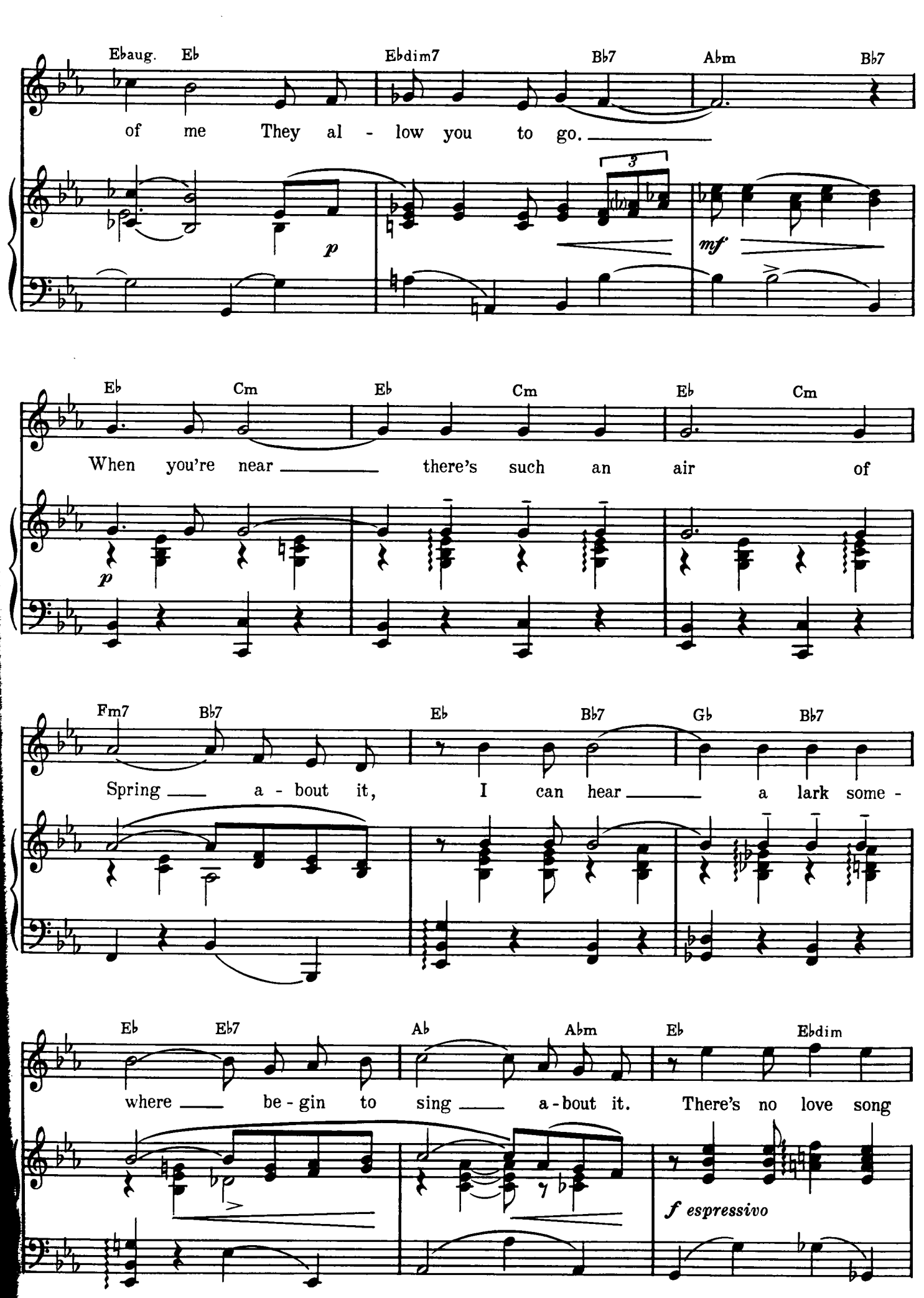
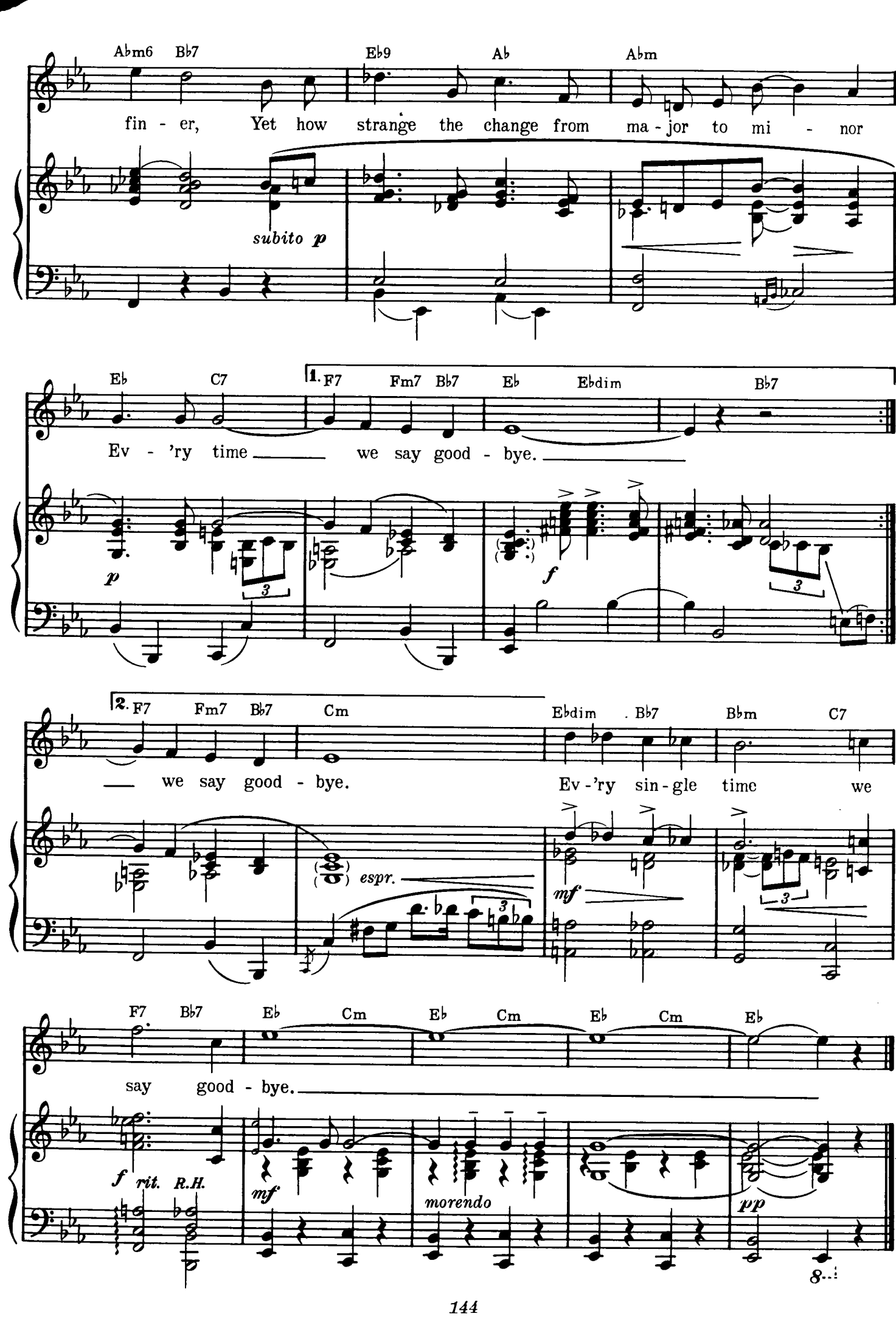
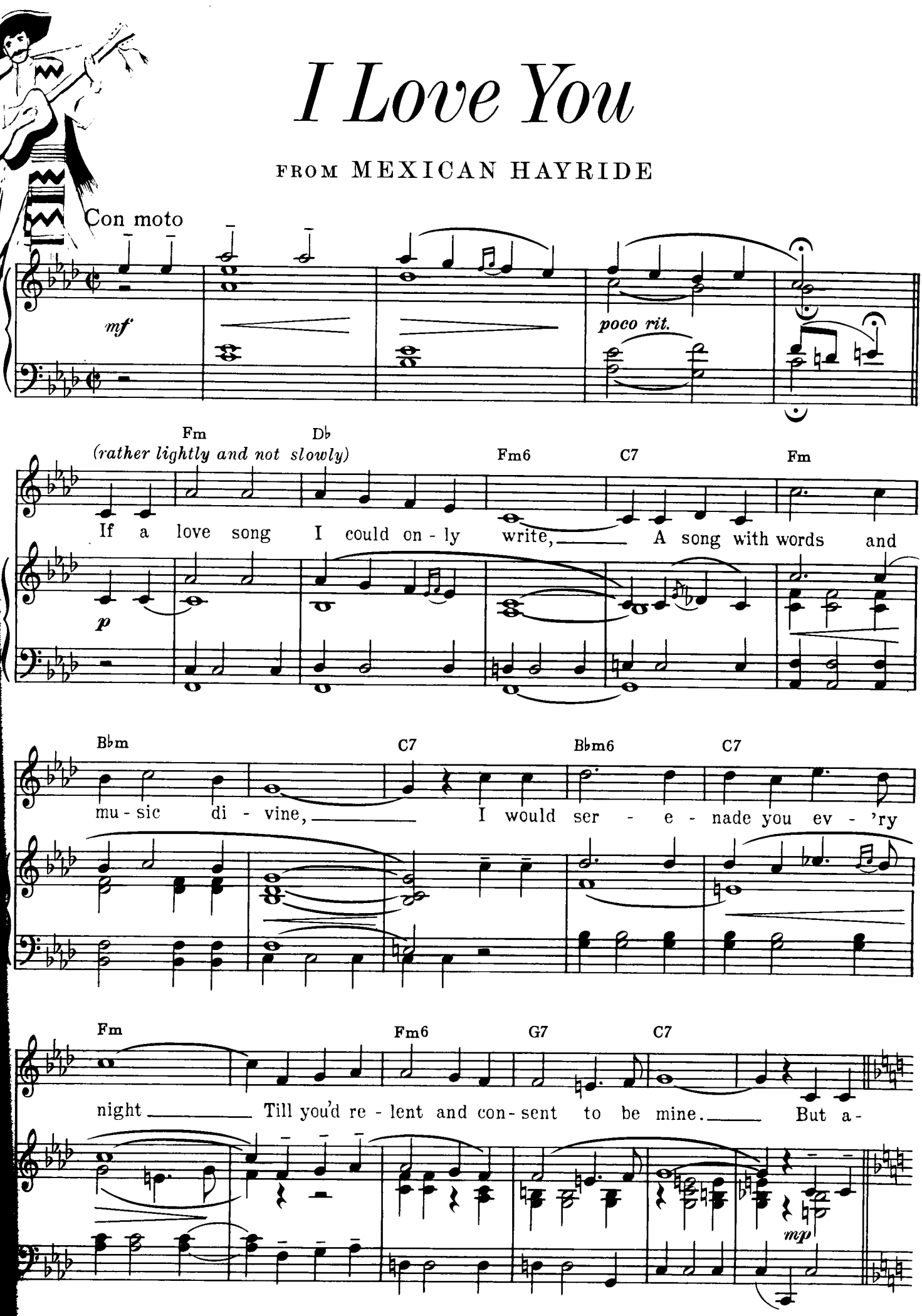

Refrain (Very slowly and pensively) (four beats)
Eb Cm Eb Cm Eb Cm Fm7 Bb7
Ev - 'ry time we say good - bye I die a lit - tle.
p
Eb Bb7 Gb Bb7 Eb Eb7
Ev - 'ry time we say good - bye I won - der
Abm Eb Ebdim Abm6 Bb7
why a lit - tle. Why the gods a - bove me, Who
mf
Bbm Eb7 Ab Abm
must be in the know, Think so lit - tle


Ebaug. Eb Ebdim7 Bb7 Abm Bb7
of me They al - low you to go.
p
mf
Eb Cm Eb Cm Eb Cm
When you're near there's such an air of
p
Fm7 Bb7 Eb Bb7 Gb Bb7
Spring a - bout it, I can hear a lark some -
Eb Eb7 Ab Abm Eb Ebdim
where be - gin to sing a - bout it. There's no love song
f espressivo


Abm6 Bb7 Eb9 Ab Abm
fin - er, Yet how strange the change from ma - jor to mi - nor
subito p
Eb C7 1. F7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Ebdim Bb7
Ev - 'ry time we say good - bye.
p f
2. F7 Fm7 Bb7 Cm Ebdim Bb7 Bbm C7
we say good - bye. Ev - 'ry sin - gle time we
espr. mf
F7 Bb7 Eb Cm Eb Cm Eb Cm Eb
say good - bye.
f rit. R.H. mf morendo pp

I Love You

FROM MEXICAN HAYRIDE



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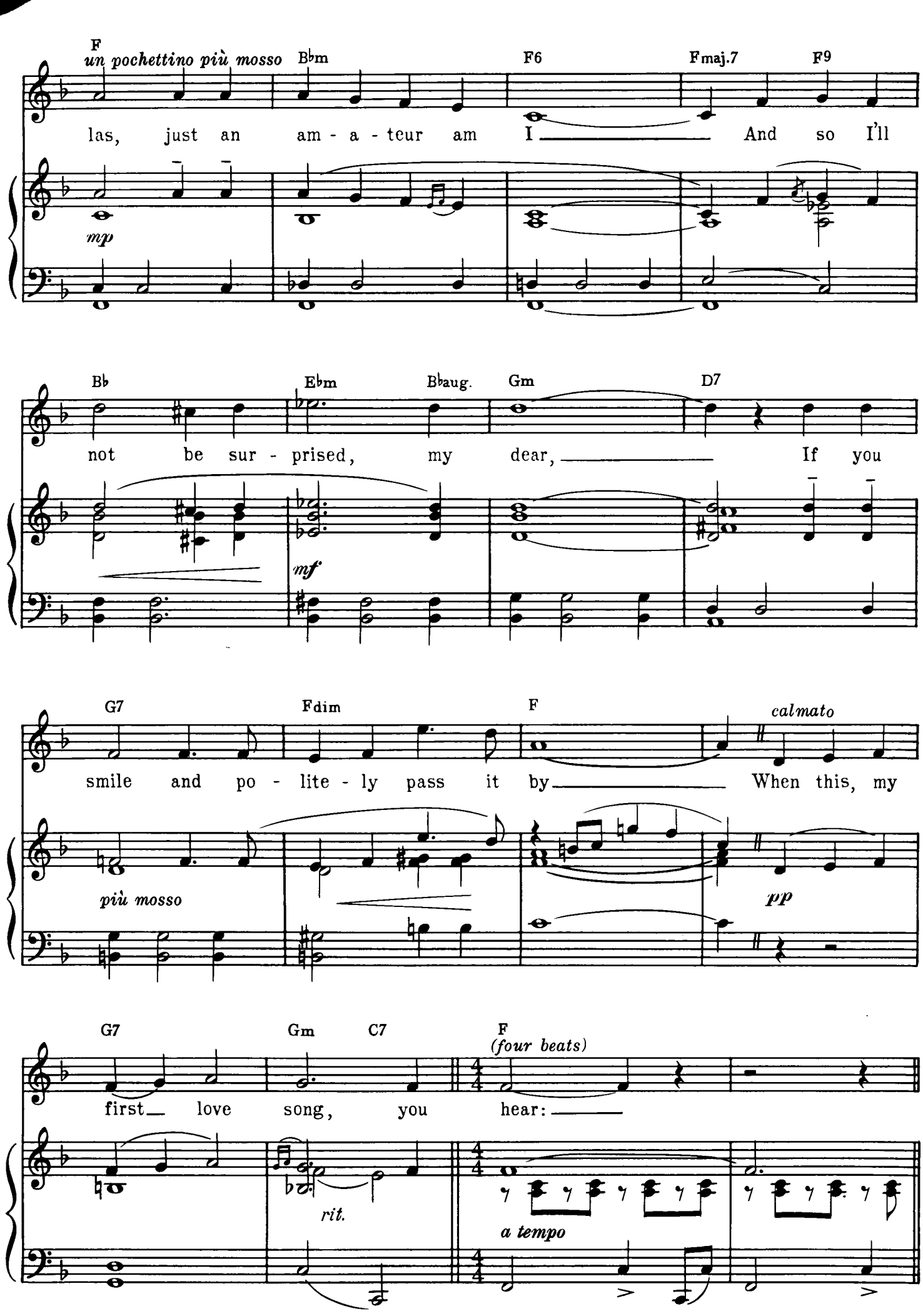
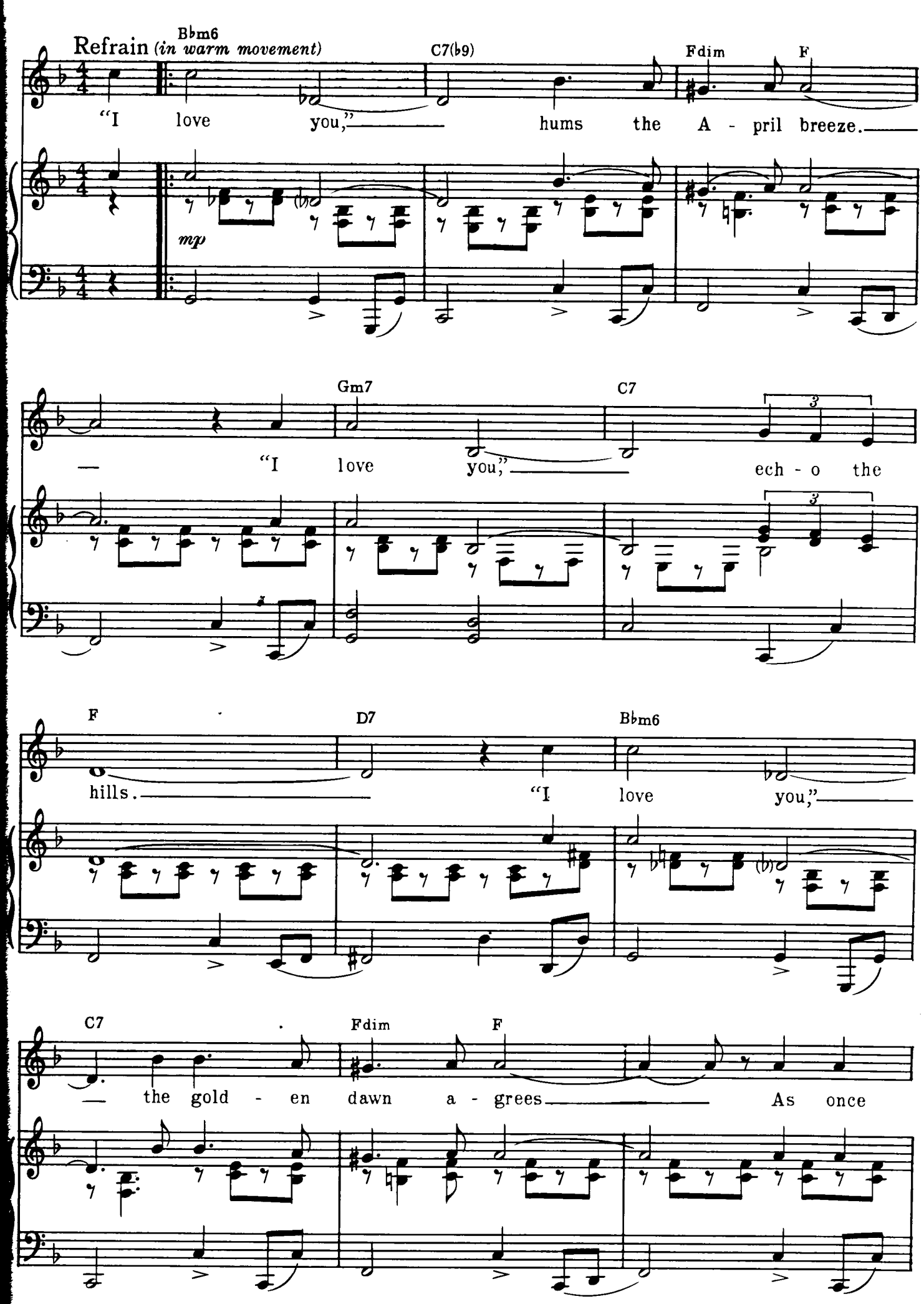

F
un pochettino più mosso
B♭m
F6
Fmaj.7
F9
las, just an am - a - teur am I And so I'll
mp
B♭
E♭m
B♭aug.
Gm
D7
not be sur - prised, my dear, If you
mf
G7
Fdim
F
calmato
smile and po - lite - ly pass it by When this, my
più mosso
pp
G7
Gm
C7
F
(four beats)
first love song, you hear:
rit.
a tempo


Refrain (in warm movement)
Bbm6
C7(b9)
Fdim
F
"I love you," hums the A - pril breeze.
mp
Gm7
C7
— "I love you," ech - o the
F
D7
Bbm6
hills. "I love you,"
C7
Fdim
F
— the gold - en dawn a - grees As once

A E9 A

more she sees daf - fo - dils.

poco a poco cresc.

Gm7 *appassionato* C7

It's spring a - gain And birds on the

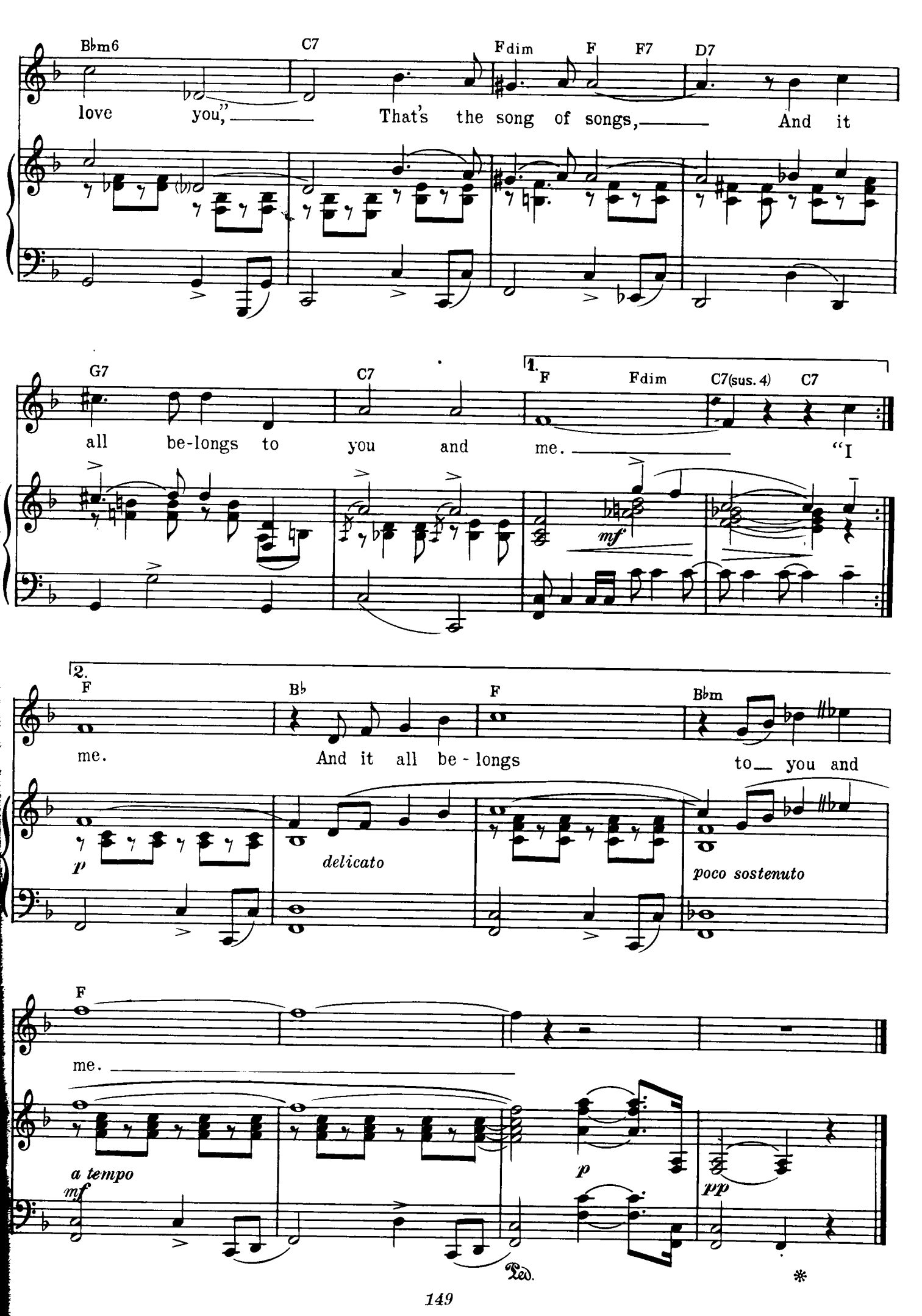
f

Fmaj.7 F Cm6

wing a - gain Start to sing a - gain

D7 Cm D7 G7 C7

The old mel - o - die. "I


Bbm6
C7
Fdim
F
F7
D7
love you," That's the song of songs, And it
G7
C7
1.
F
Fdim
C7(sus. 4)
C7
all be-longs to you and me. "I
mf
2.
F
Bb
F
Bbm
me. And it all be - longs to you and
p
delicato
poco sostenuto
F
me.
a tempo
mf
p
pp
Ped.
*

Why Can't You Behave?

FROM KISS ME, KATE

Molto moderato

mf *mp*

Refrain *(Slowly)*

Eb F7(b9) Bb7 Eb Bb7

1. 2. Why can't you be - have? Oh,

p

Eb G7(b5) C7(b9) F7 Bb

why can't you be - have? Af-ter

Bbm7 Eb7(b9) Ab (bbsus.) Ab G7 G7(b5) Caug.7 C7 F7 Fm7 Bb7

all the things you told me And the prom - is - es that you gave, Oh,

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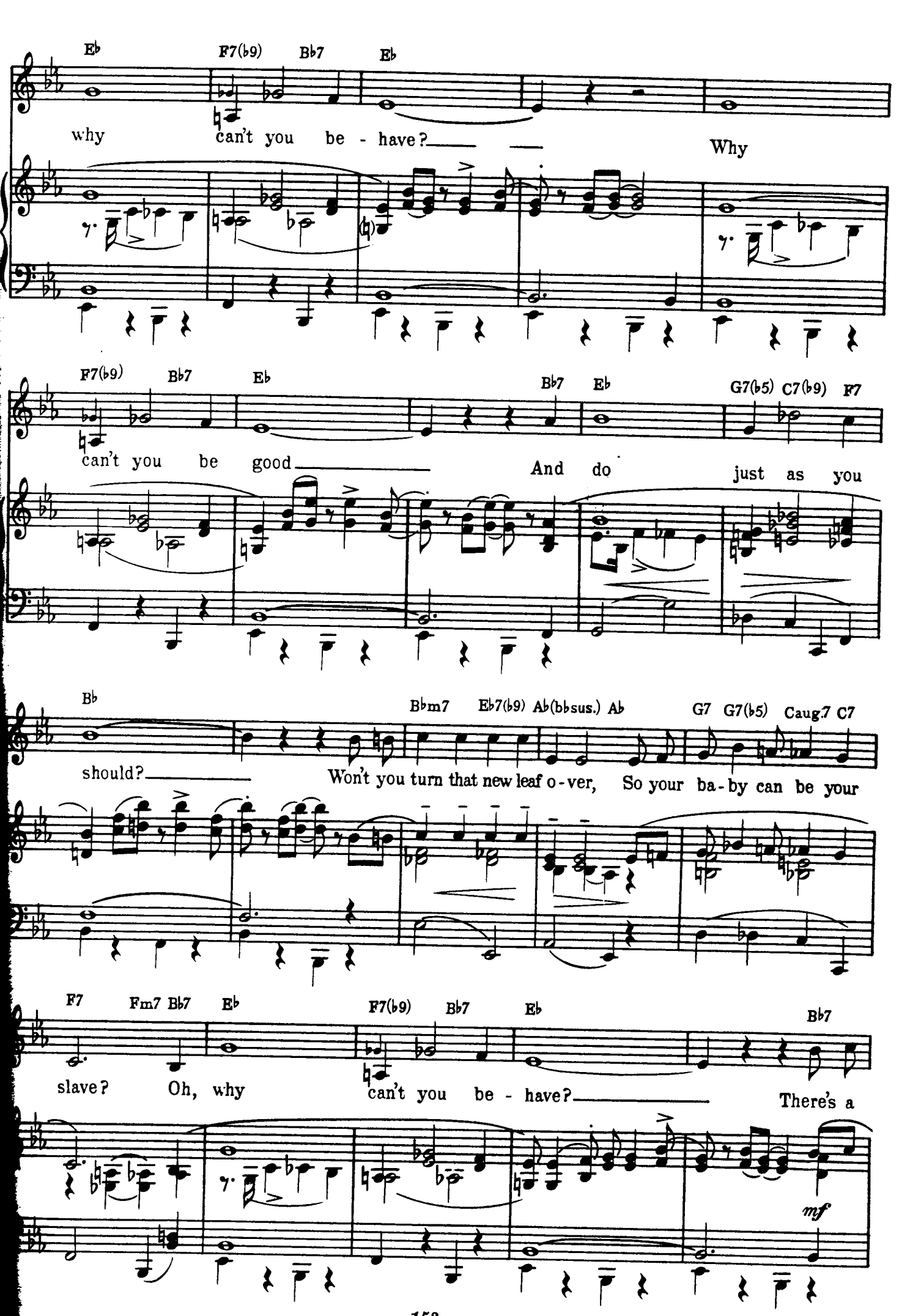
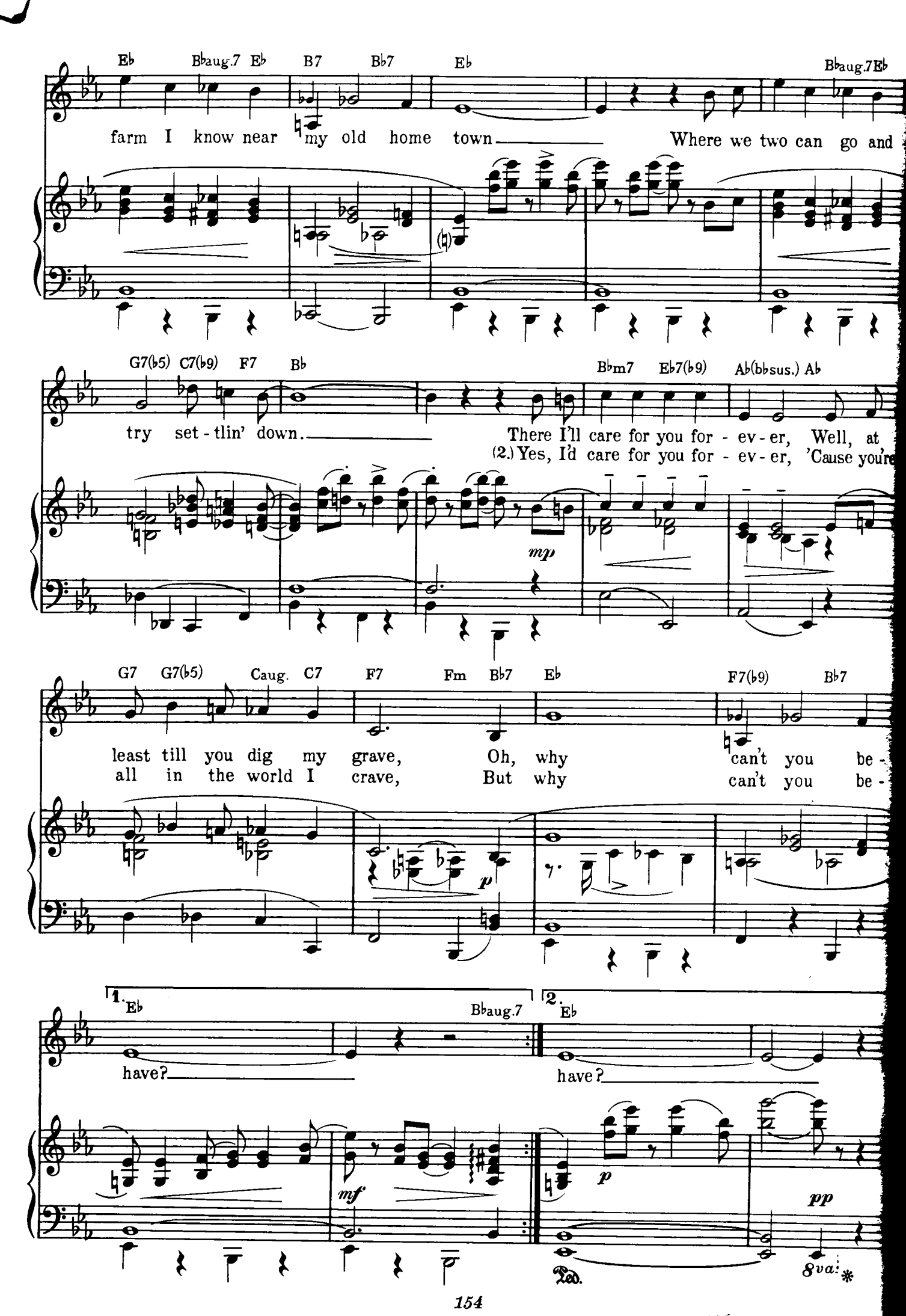
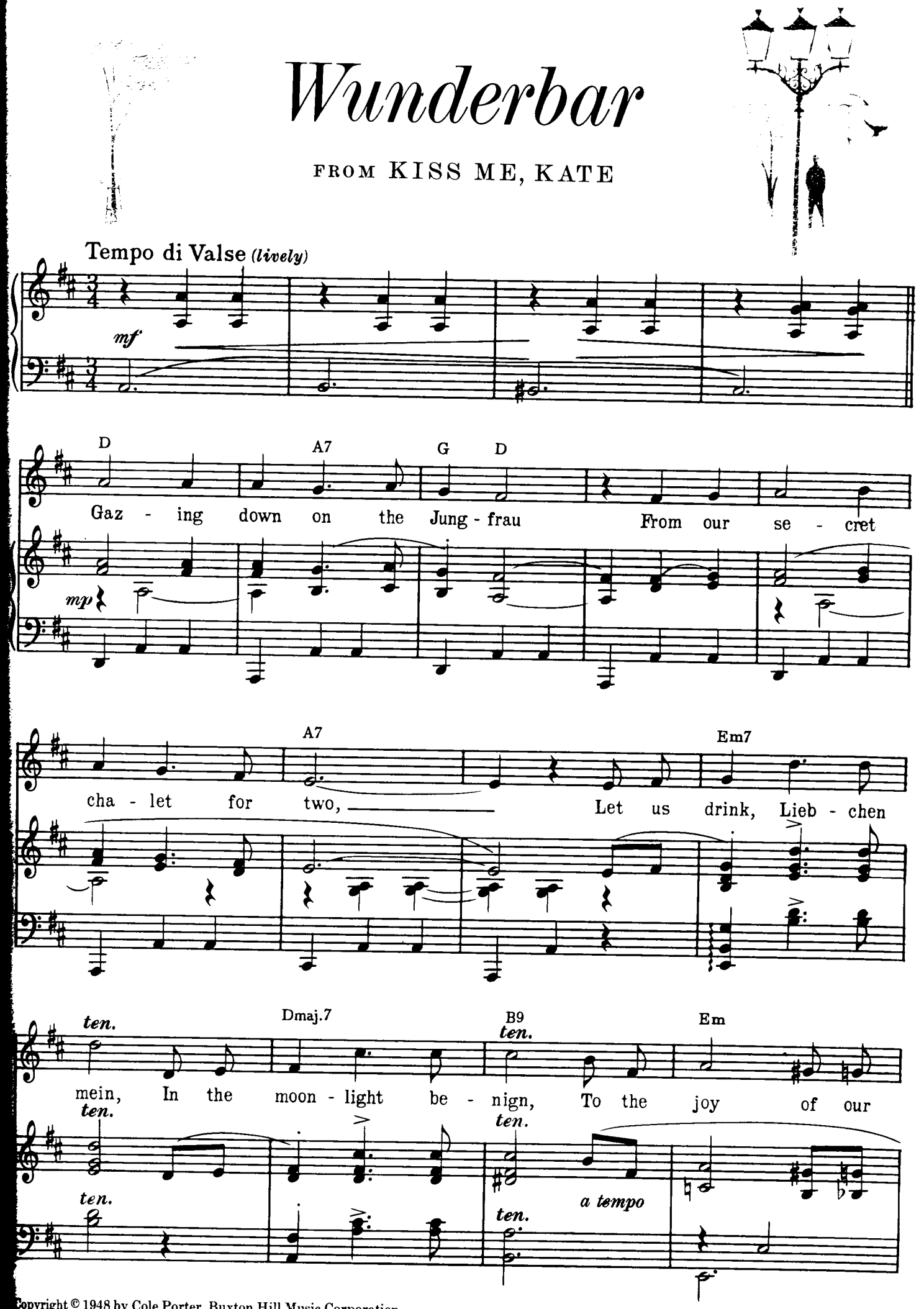

Eb F7(b9) Bb7 Eb
why can't you be - have? Why
F7(b9) Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb G7(b5) C7(b9) F7
can't you be good And do just as you
Bb Bbm7 Eb7(b9) Ab(bbsus.) Ab G7 G7(b5) Caug.7 C7
should? Won't you turn that new leaf o-ver, So your ba-by can be your
F7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb F7(b9) Bb7 Eb Bb7
slave? Oh, why can't you be - have? There's a
mf


Eb Bbaug.7 Eb B7 Bb7 Eb Bbaug.7Eb
farm I know near my old home town Where we two can go and
G7(b5) C7(b9) F7 Bb Bbm7 Eb7(b9) Ab(bbsus.) Ab
try set - tlin' down. There I'll care for you for - ev - er, Well, at
(2.) Yes, I'd care for you for - ev - er, 'Cause you're
mp
G7 G7(b5) Caug. C7 F7 Fm Bb7 Eb F7(b9) Bb7
least till you dig my grave, Oh, why can't you be -
all in the world I crave, But why can't you be -
p
1. Eb Bbaug.7 2. Eb
have? have?
mf p pp
Ped.
8va

Wunderbar

FROM KISS ME, KATE



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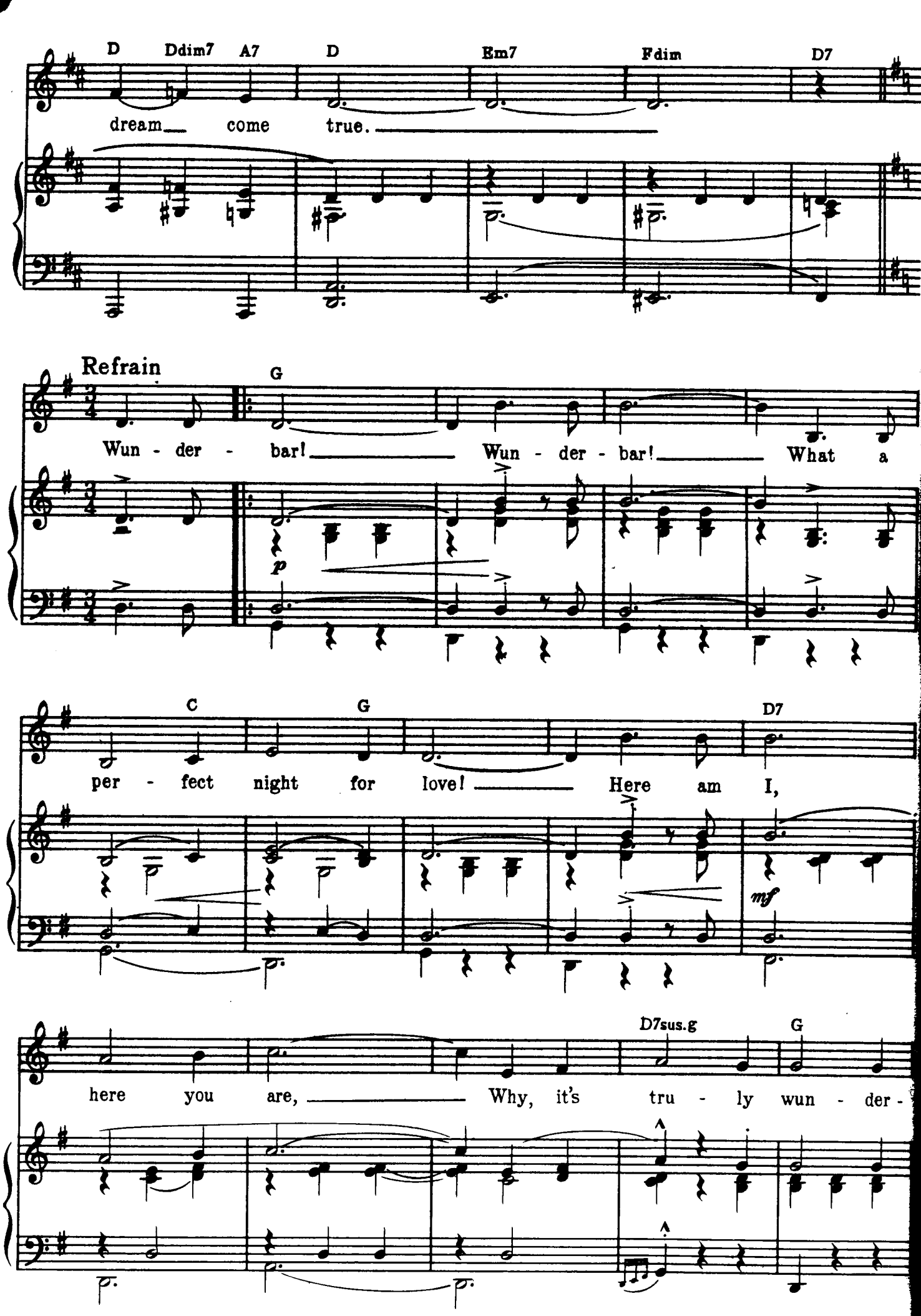
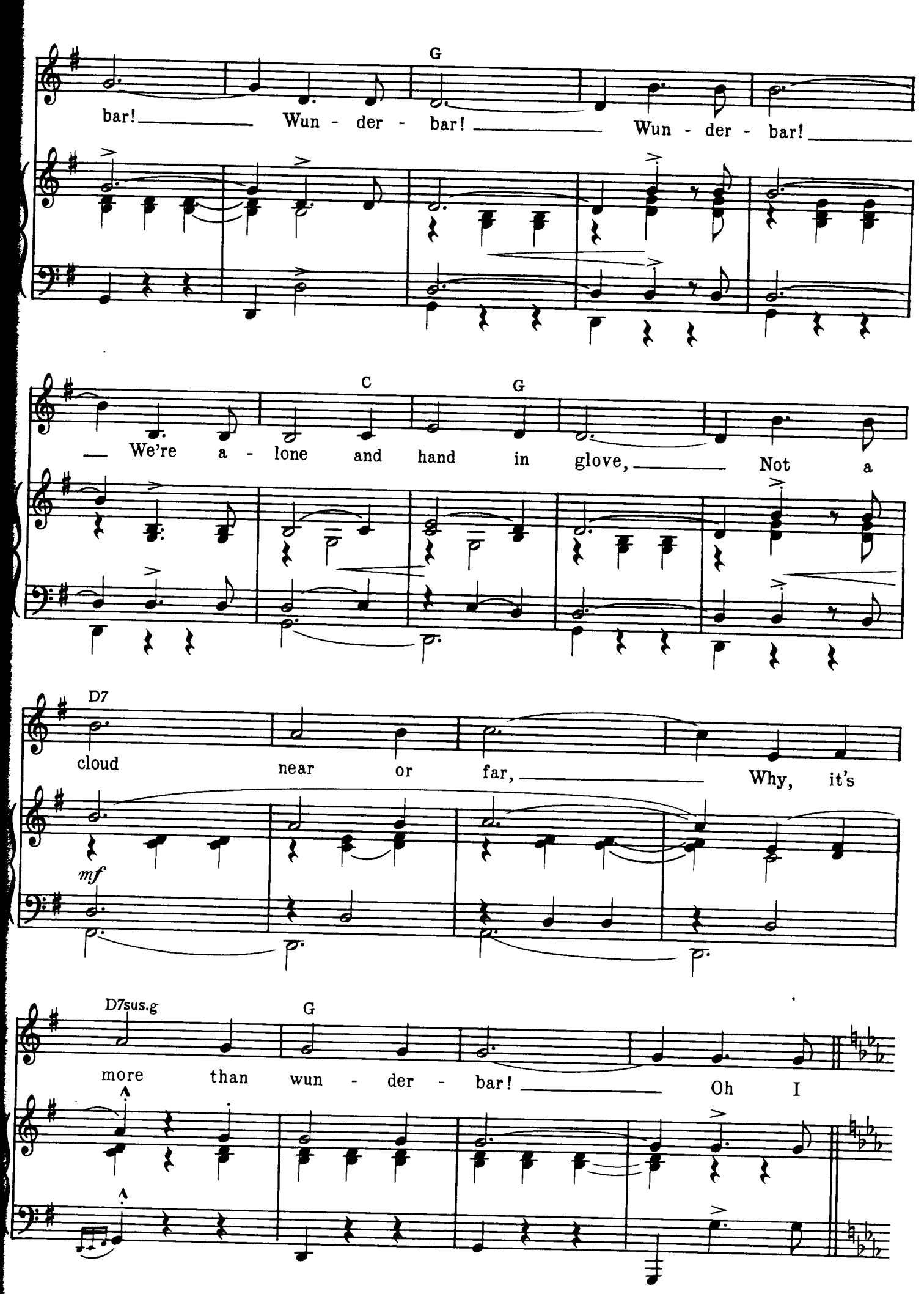

D Ddim7 A7 D Em7 Fdim D7
dream come true.
Refrain
G
Wun - der - bar! Wun - der - bar! What a
p
C G D7
per - fect night for love! Here am I,
mf
D7sus.g G
here you are, Why, it's tru - ly wun - der -


G
bar! Wun - der - bar! Wun - der - bar!
C
G
We're a - lone and hand in glove, Not a
D7
cloud near or far, Why, it's
mf
D7sus.g
G
more than wun - der - bar! Oh I

Fm7 Bb7 Eb

care, dear, for you mad - ly, And I

mf

Fm7 Bb7 Eb

long, dear, for your kiss. I would

Am7 D7 G C#m7

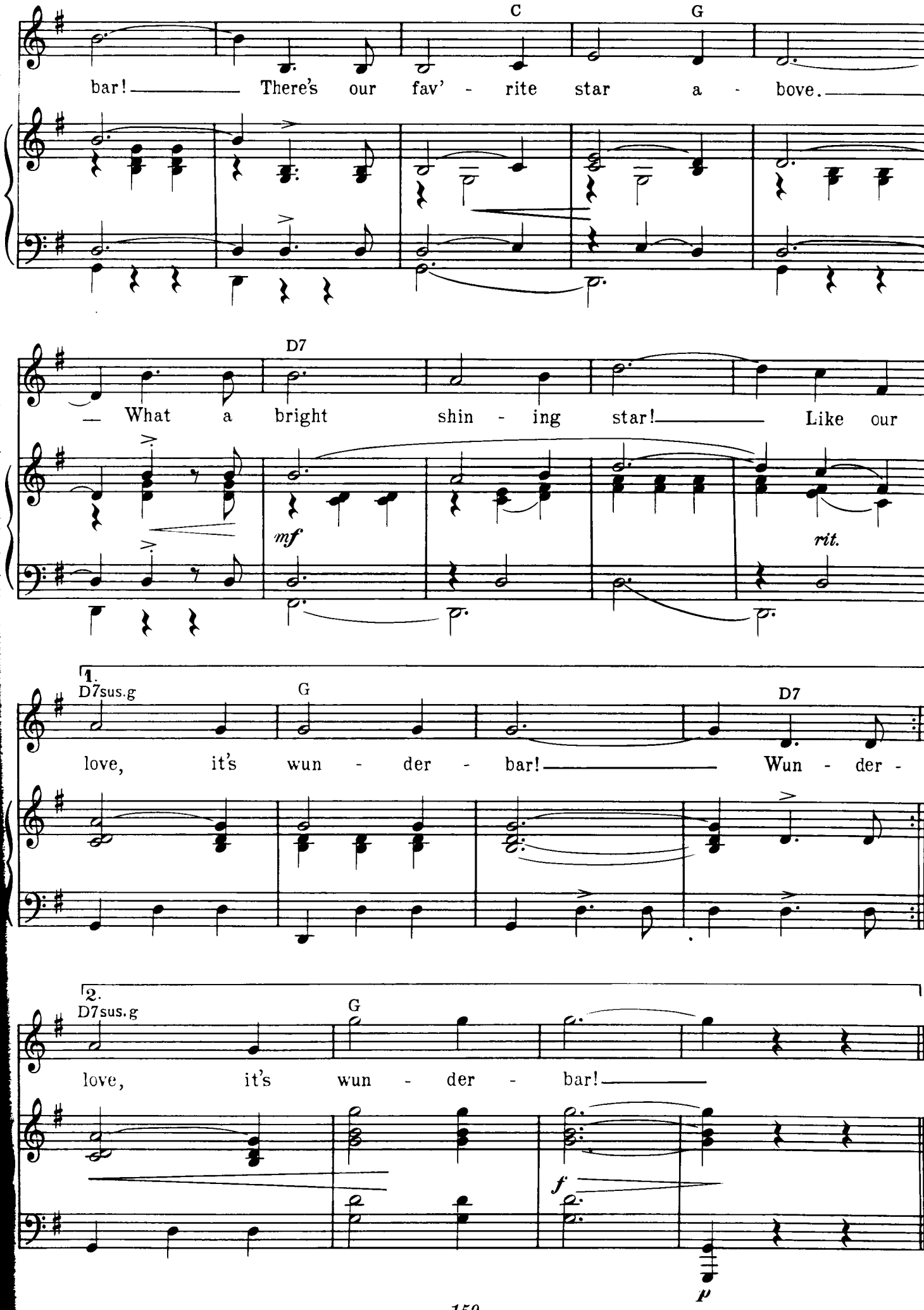
die, dear, for you glad - ly! You're di - vine, dear,

cresc. *f* *rit.*

F#7 D9 G

And you're mine, dear! Wun - der - bar! Wun - der-

subito p e rall. *mp* *a tempo*


C
G
bar! There's our fav' - rite star a - bove.
D7
What a bright shin - ing star! Like our
mf
rit.
1.
D7sus.g
G
D7
love, it's wun - der - bar! Wun - der -
2.
D7sus.g
G
love, it's wun - der - bar!
f
p

So in Love

FROM KISS ME, KATE

Moderato

mf

f

mf

ten. *ten.*

molto rit.

Refrain *(in steady moderate tempo, not slowly)*

Fm C7 Fm

Strange, dear, but true, dear, When I'm close to

p (always with great warmth)

Bbm Eb Eb7(b9) Ab Ab7

you, dear, The stars fill the sky, So in

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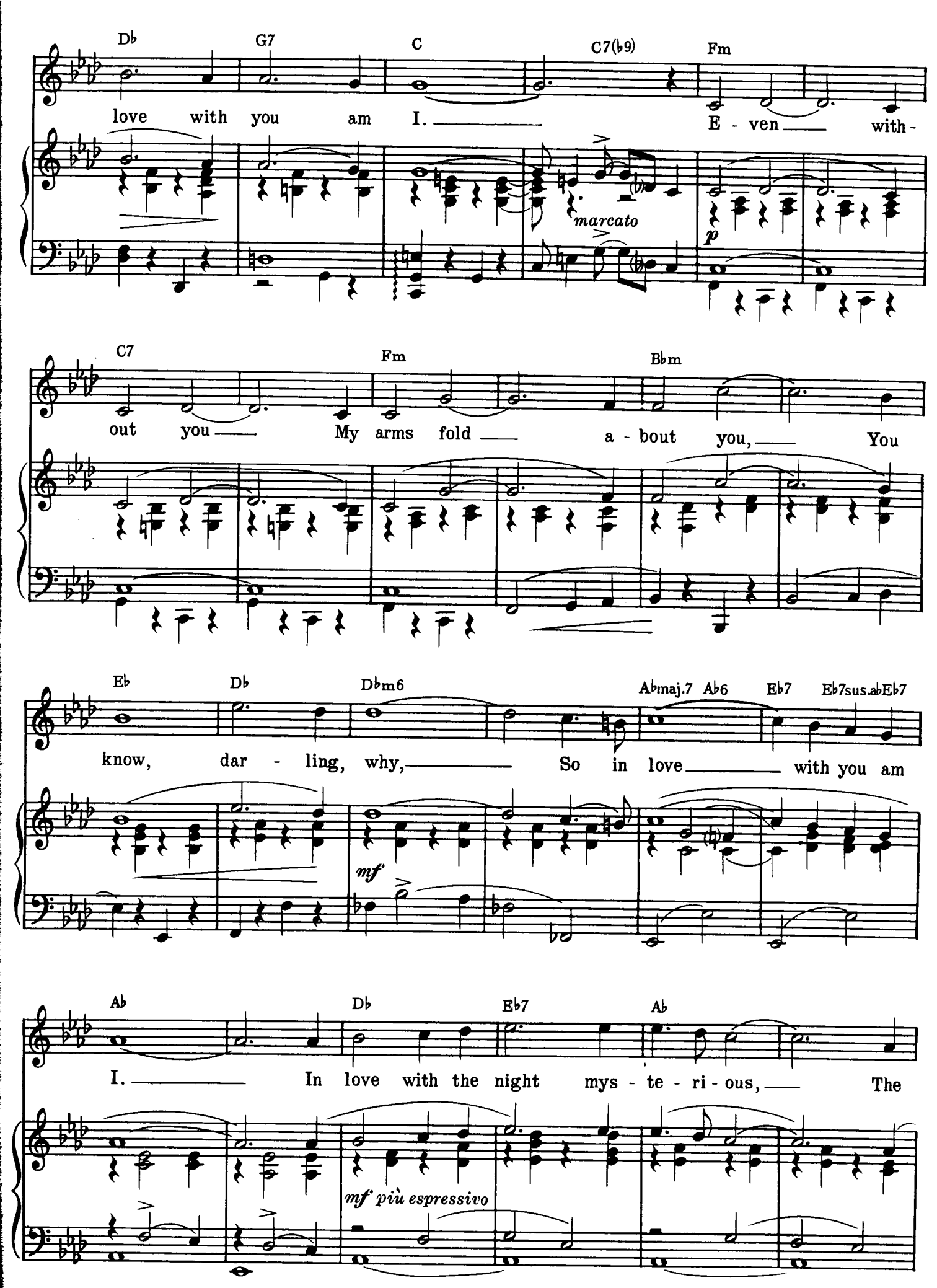
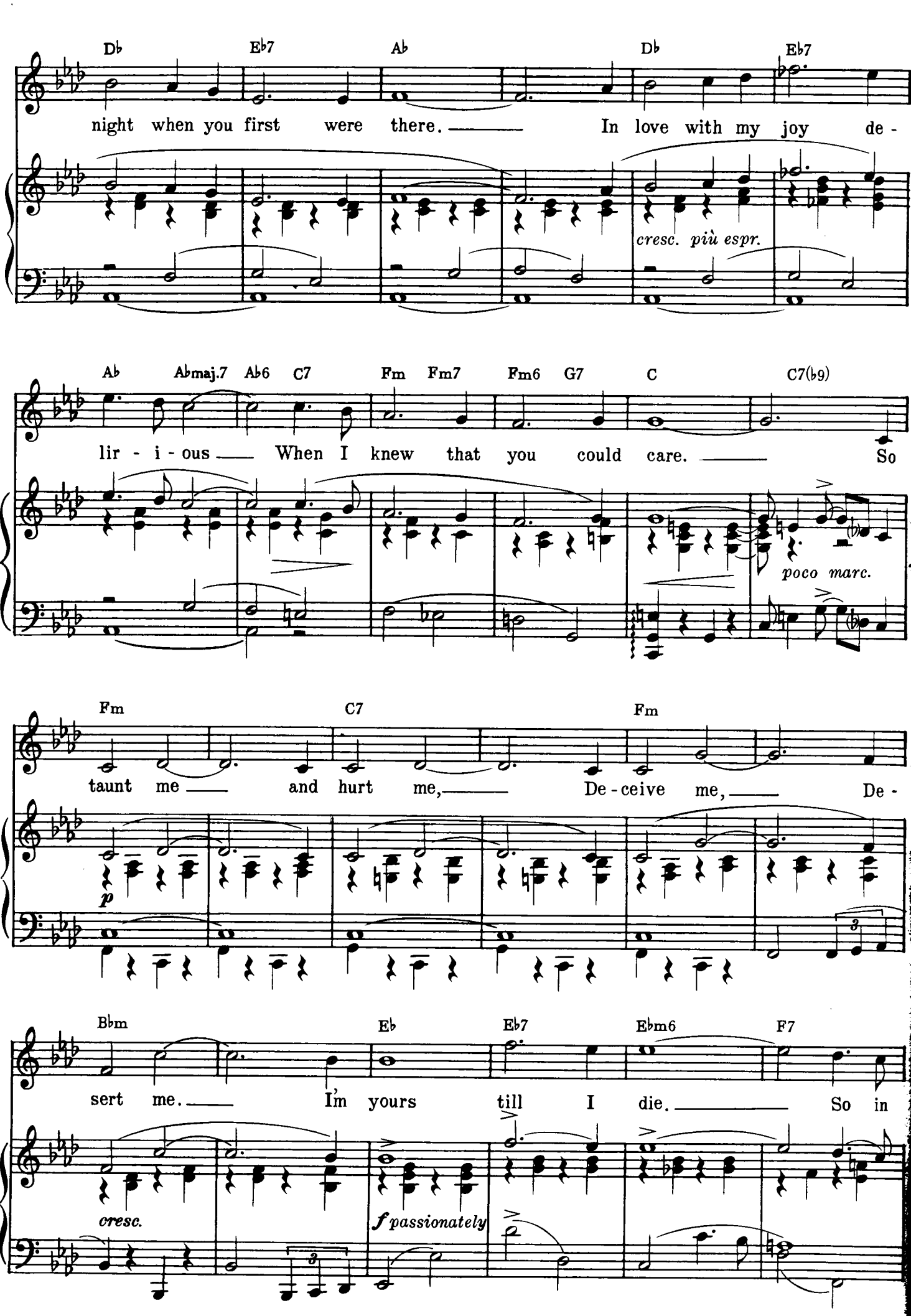
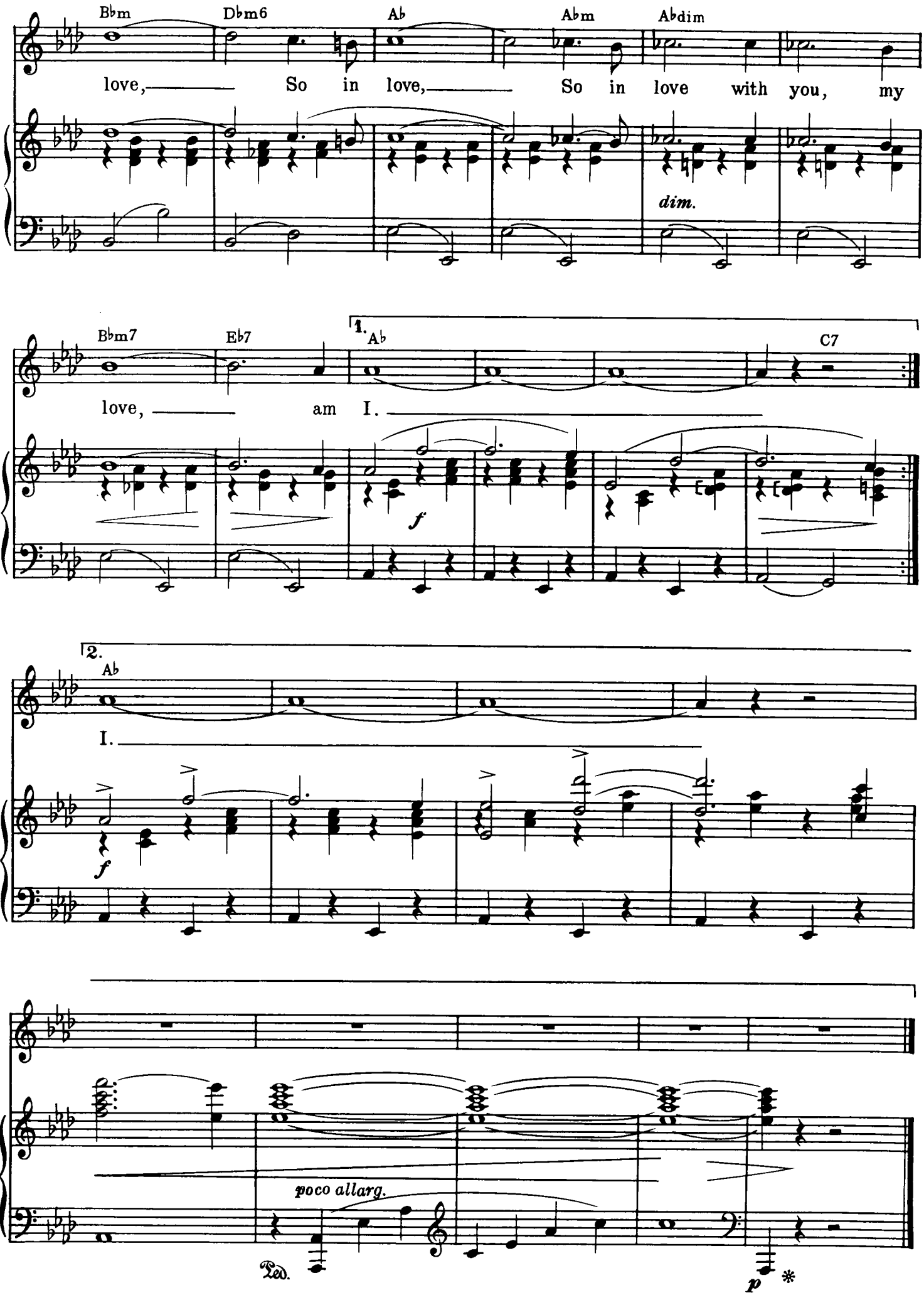

Db G7 C C7(b9) Fm
love with you am I. E - ven with -
marcato
p
C7 Fm Bbm
out you My arms fold a - bout you, You
Eb Db Dbm6 Abmaj.7 Ab6 Eb7 Eb7sus.abEb7
know, dar - ling, why, So in love with you am
mf
Ab Db Eb7 Ab
I. In love with the night mys - te - ri - ous, The
mf più espressivo


Db Eb7 Ab Db Eb7
night when you first were there. In love with my joy de-
cresc. più espr.
Ab Abmaj.7 Ab6 C7 Fm Fm7 Fm6 G7 C C7(b9)
lir - i - ous When I knew that you could care. So
poco marc.
Fm C7 Fm
taunt me and hurt me, De - ceive me, De -
p
Bbm Eb Eb7 Ebm6 F7
sert me. I'm yours till I die. So in
cresc.
f passionately


Bbm
Dbm6
Ab
Abm
Abdim
love, So in love, So in love with you, my
dim.
Bbm7
Eb7
1.
Ab
C7
love, am I.
f
2.
Ab
I.
f
poco allarg.
Ped.
p

Were Thine That Special Face

FROM KISS ME, KATE

Andantino con moto

mf

poco rit.

C Dm7 G7 Am G

(quasi recitativo and tenderly)

I wrote a po - em in clas - sic style.

p dolce

F Em Dm C Dm7 G7

I wrote it with my tongue in my cheek And my lips in a smile.

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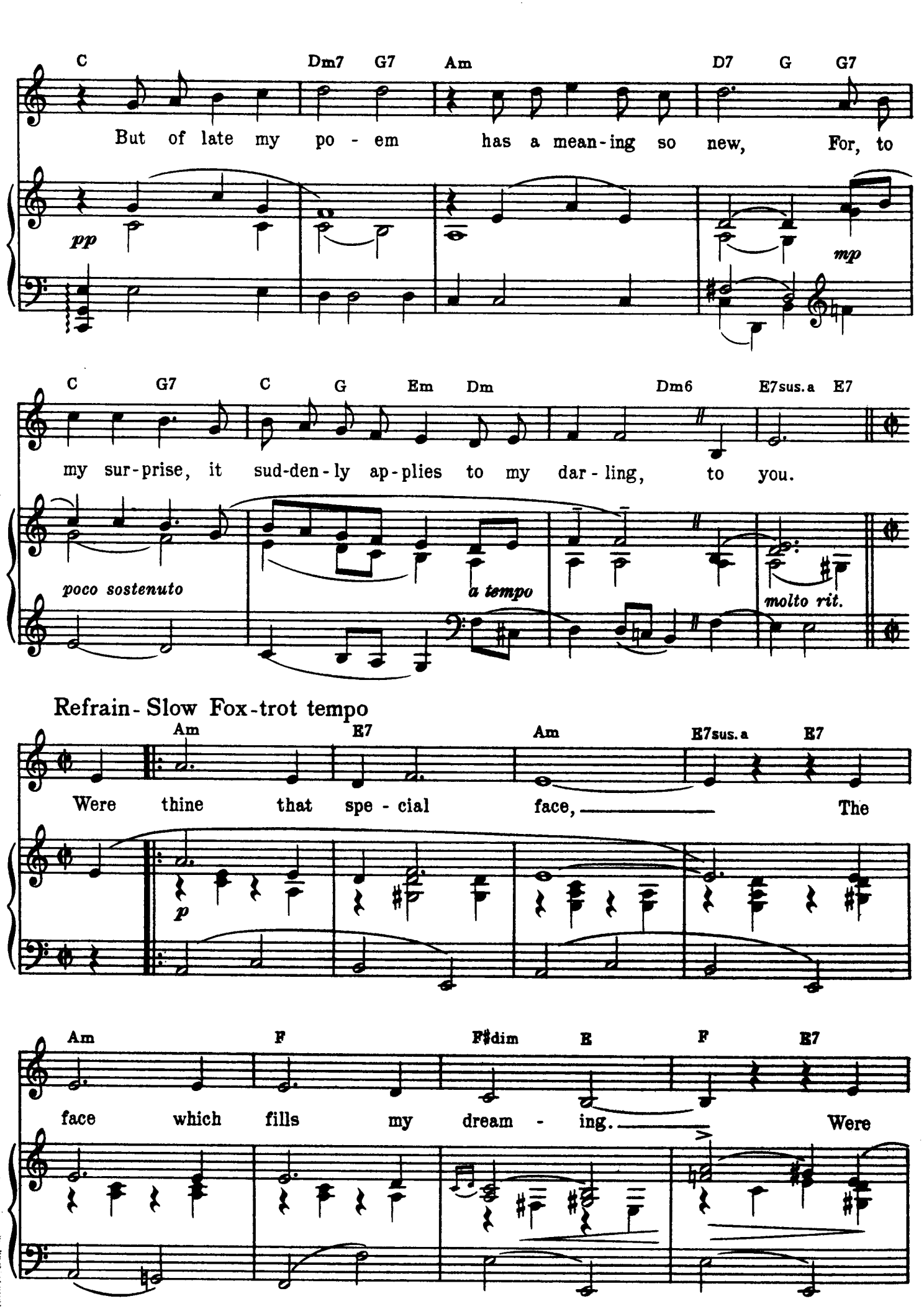
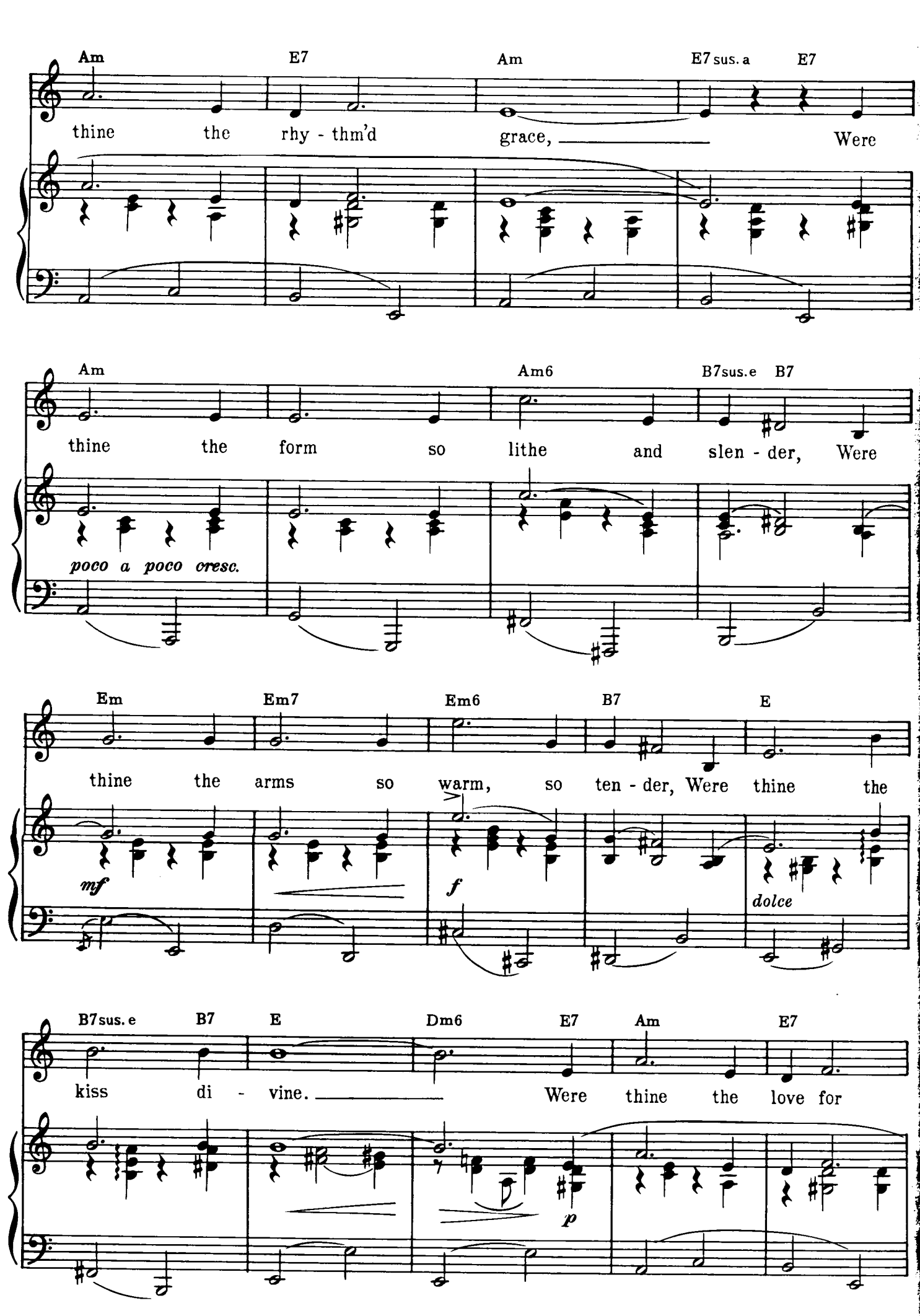
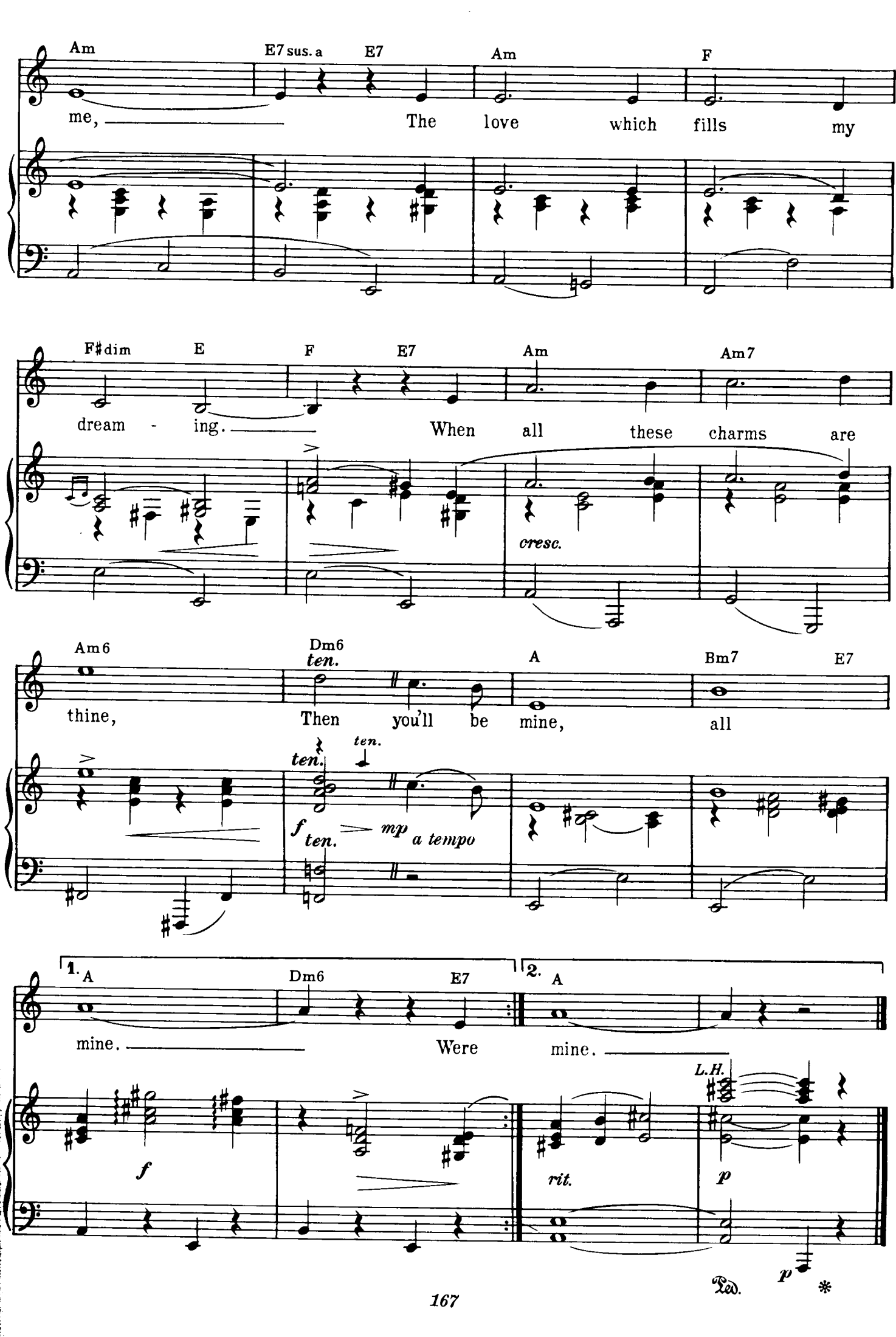

C Dm7 G7 Am D7 G G7
But of late my po - em has a mean-ing so new, For, to
pp
mp
C G7 C G Em Dm Dm6 E7sus.a E7
my sur-prise, it sud-den-ly ap-plies to my dar-ling, to you.
poco sostenuto
a tempo
molto rit.
Refrain- Slow Fox-trot tempo
Am E7 Am E7sus.a E7
Were thine that spe - cial face, The
p
Am F F♯dim E F E7
face which fills my dream - ing. Were

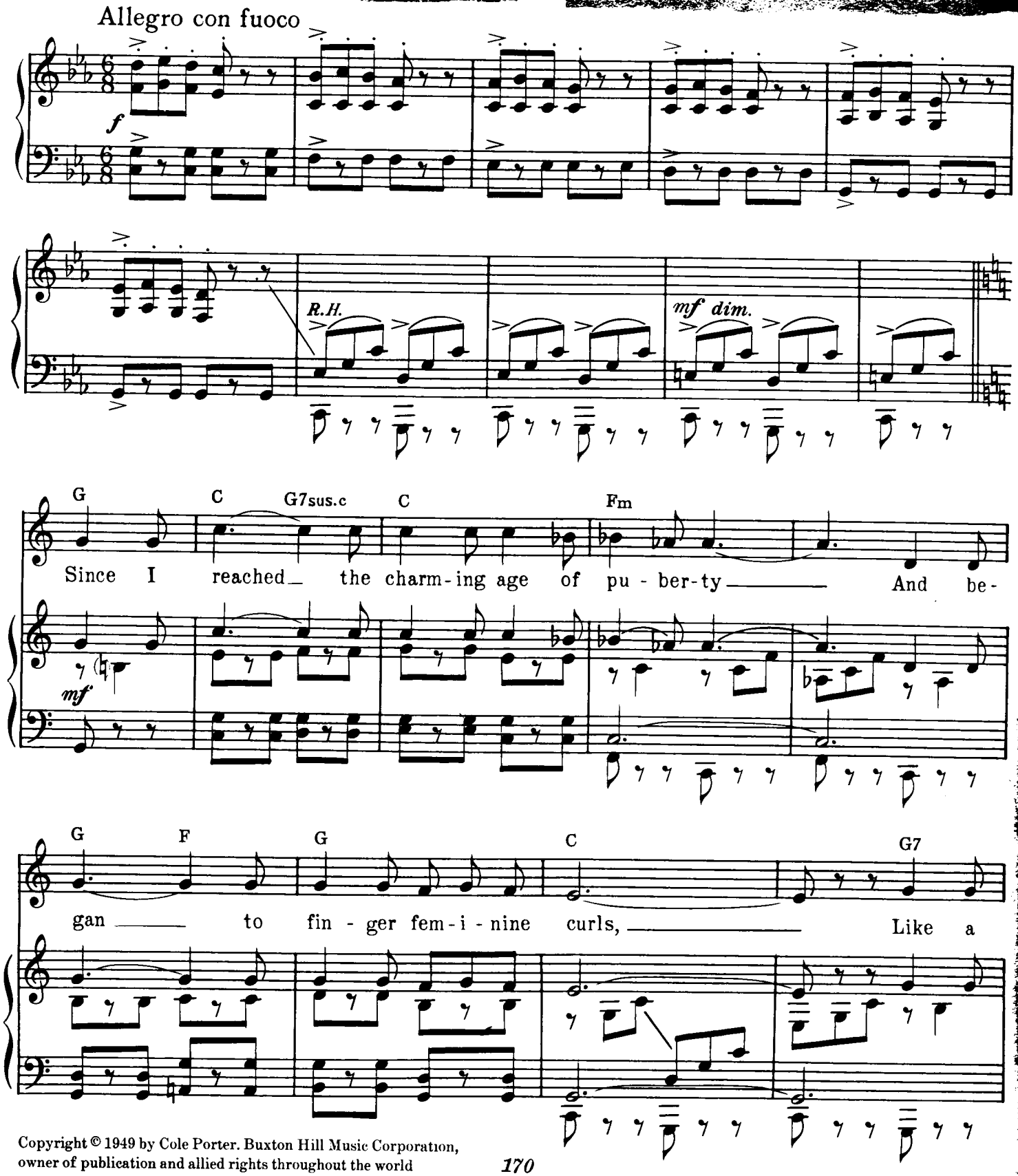

Am E7 Am E7 sus. a E7
thine the rhy - thm'd grace, Were
Am Am6 B7 sus. e B7
thine the form so lithe and slen - der, Were
poco a poco cresc.
Em Em7 Em6 B7 E
thine the arms so warm, so ten - der, Were thine the
mf
f
dolce
B7 sus. e B7 E Dm6 E7 Am E7
kiss di - vine. Were thine the love for
p


Am
E7 sus. a
E7
Am
F
me, The love which fills my
F♯dim
E
F
E7
Am
Am7
dream - ing. When all these charms are
cresc.
Am6
Dm6
ten.
A
Bm7
E7
thine, Then you'll be mine, all
ten.
ten.
f
ten.
mp
a tempo
1.
A
Dm6
E7
2.
A
mine. Were mine.
f
rit.
L.H.
p
p
Ped.
*

Where Is the Life

[illegible]

M[illegible]



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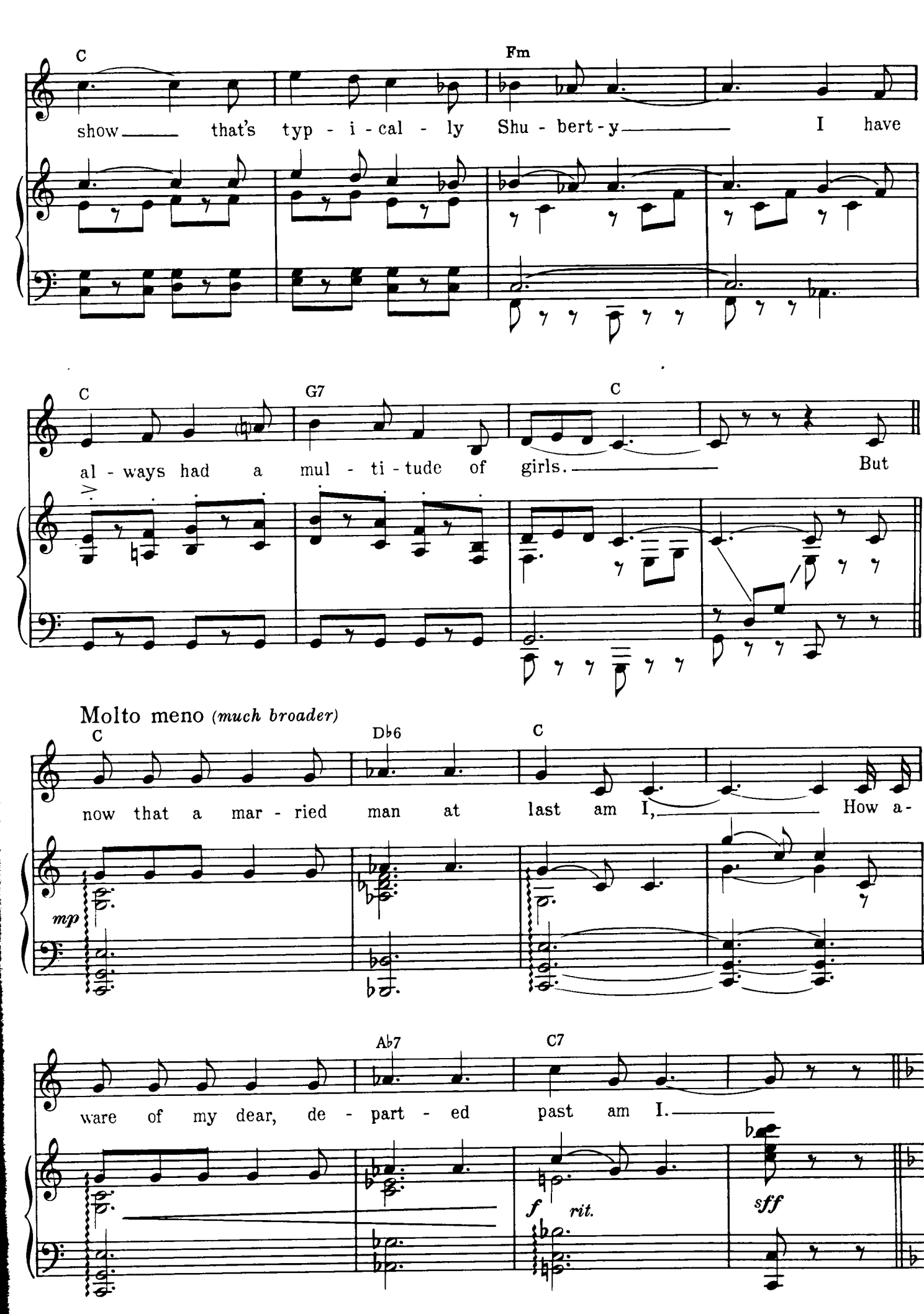
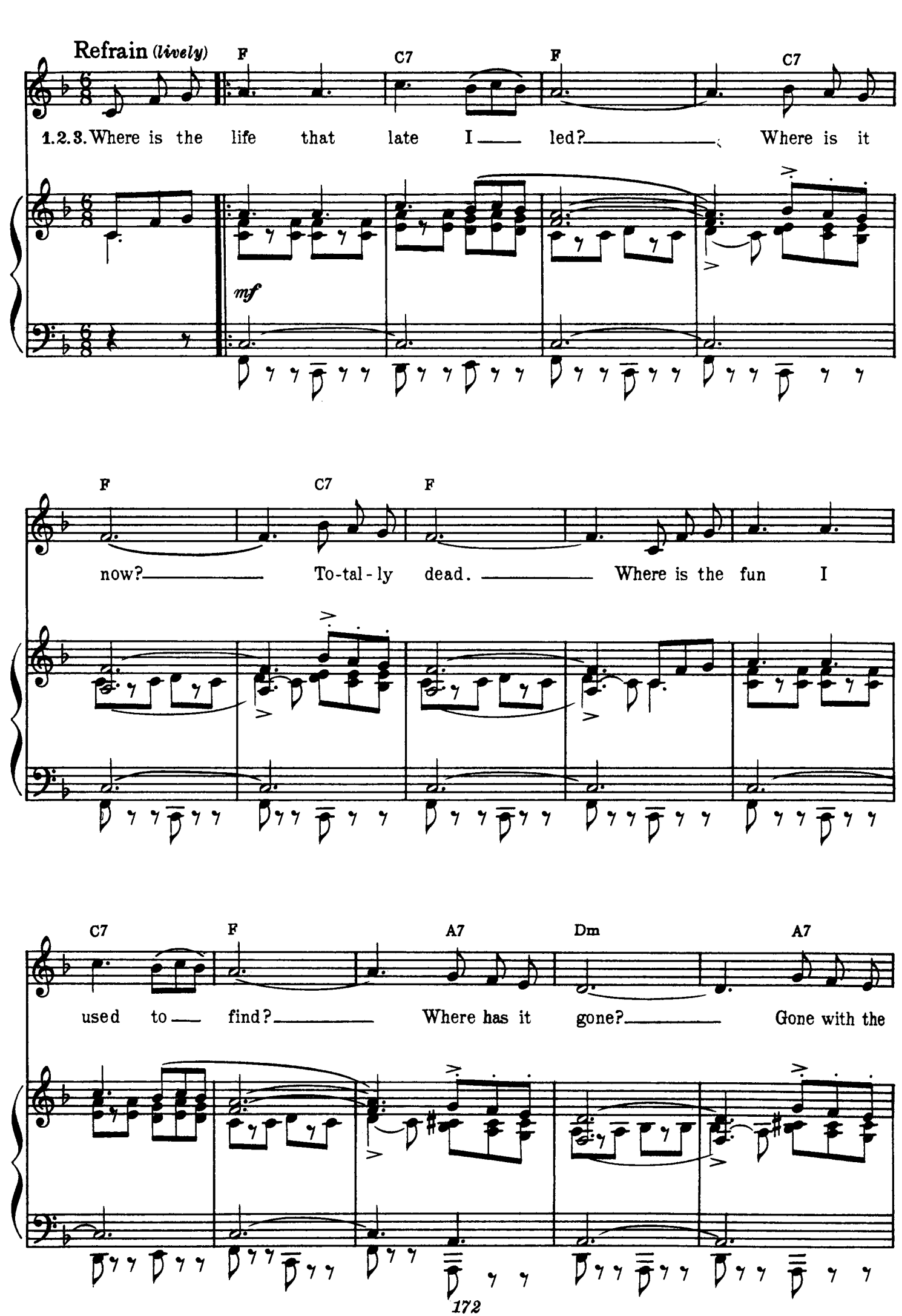
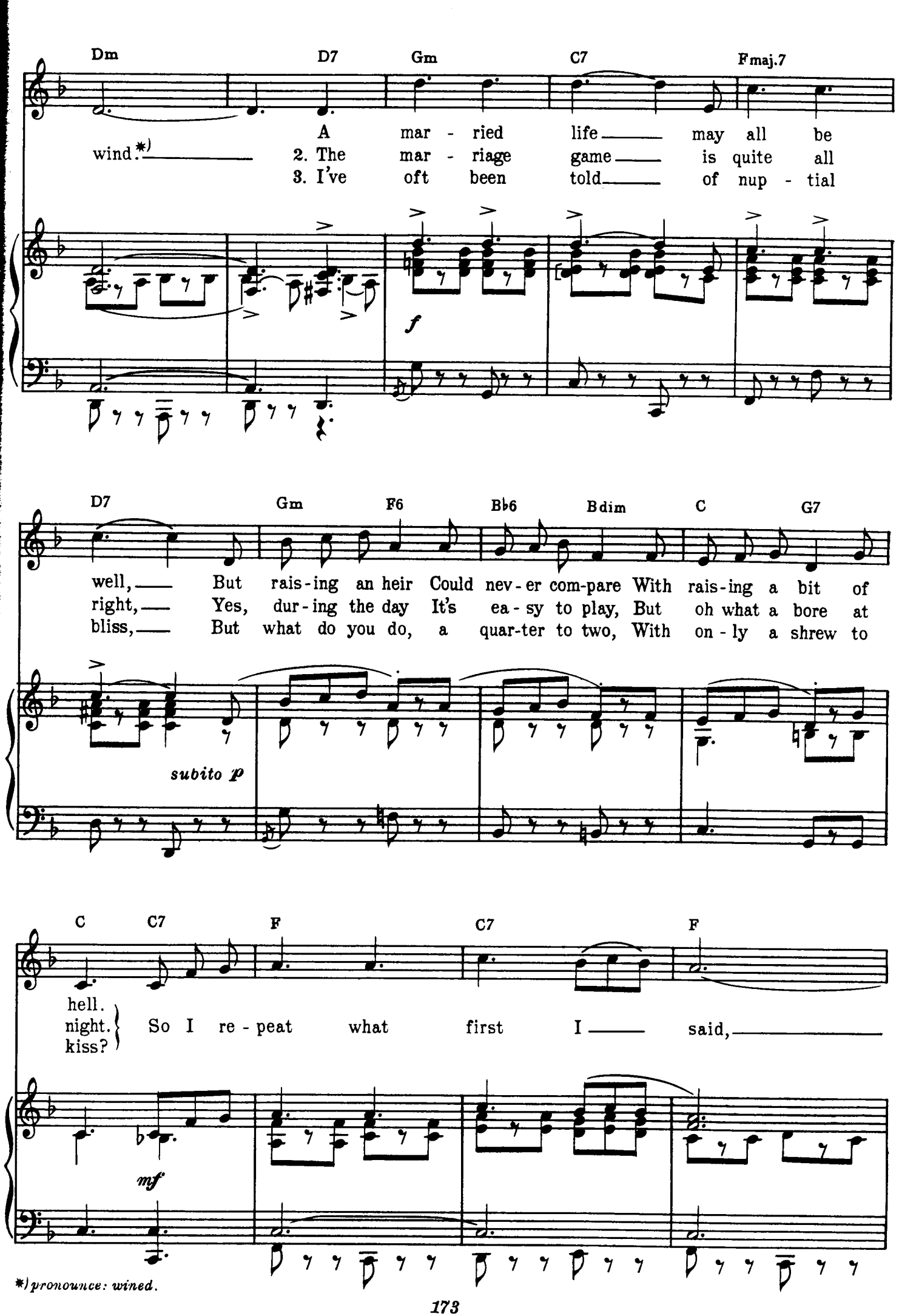
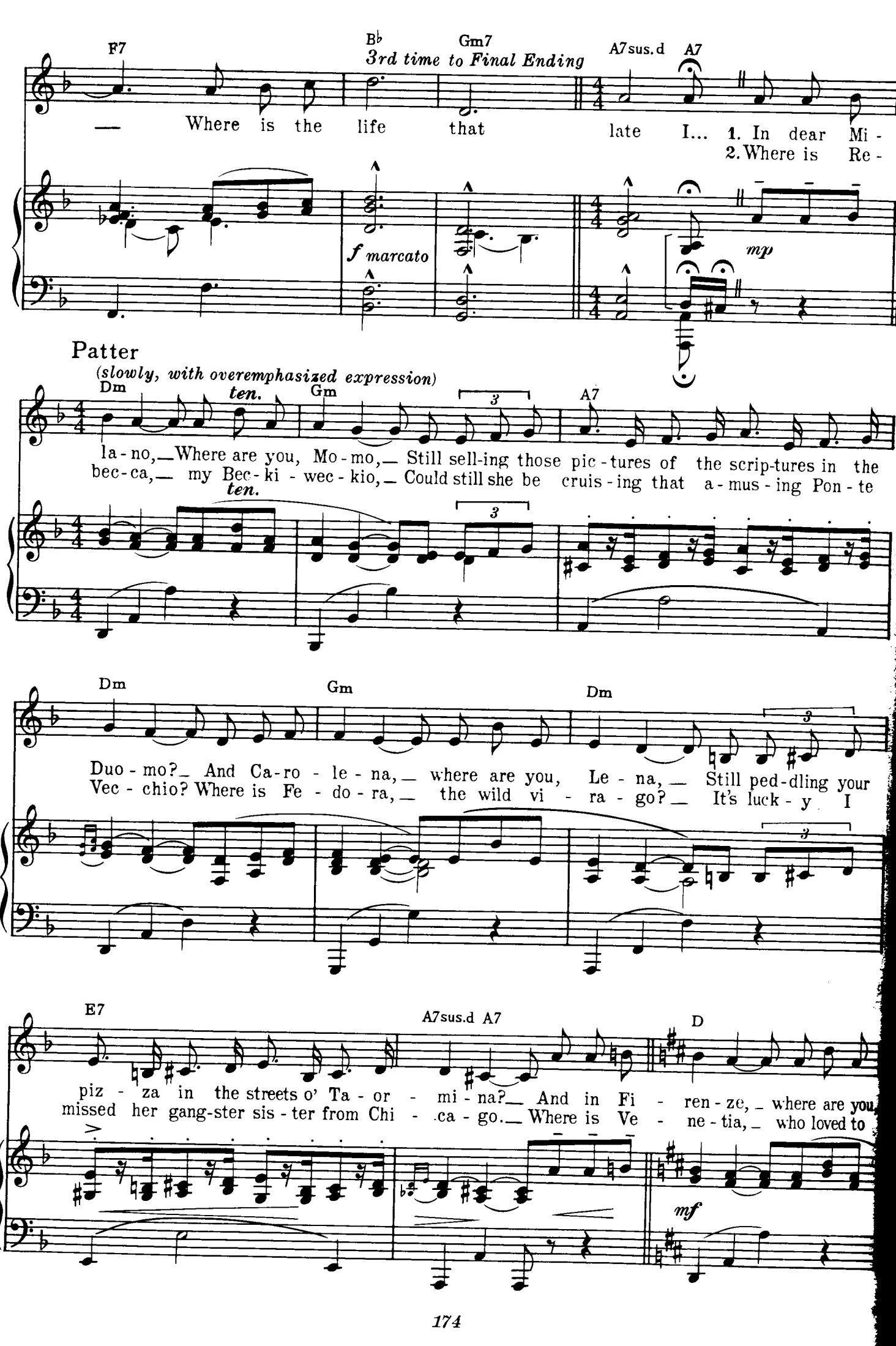

C
Fm
show that's typ - i - cal - ly Shu - bert - y I have
C
G7
C
al - ways had a mul - ti - tude of girls. But
Molto meno (much broader)
C
Db6
C
now that a mar - ried man at last am I, How a-
mp
Ab7
C7
ware of my dear, de - part - ed past am I.
f
rit.
sff


Refrain (lively)
F
C7
F
C7
1.2.3. Where is the life that late I led? Where is it
mf
F
C7
F
now? To-tal-ly dead. Where is the fun I
C7
F
A7
Dm
A7
used to find? Where has it gone? Gone with the



*) pronounce: wined.


F7
B♭
Gm7
3rd time to Final Ending
A7sus.d
A7
— Where is the life that late I... 1. In dear Mi-
2. Where is Re-
f marcato
mp
Patter
(slowly, with overemphasized expression)
Dm
ten.
Gm
A7
la-no,— Where are you, Mo-mo,— Still sell-ing those pic-tures of the scrip-tures in the
bec-ca,— my Bec-ki-wec-kio,— Could still she be cruis-ing that a-mus-ing Pon-te
Dm
Gm
Dm
Duo-mo?— And Ca-ro-le-na,— where are you, Le-na,— Still ped-dling your
Vec-chio? Where is Fe-do-ra,— the wild vi-ra-go?— It's luck-y I
E7
A7sus.d A7
D
piz-za in the streets o' Ta-or-mi-na?— And in Fi-ren-ze,— where are you,
missed her gang-ster sis-ter from Chi-ca-go.— Where is Ve-ne-tia,— who loved to
mf

A7 Em Bm

A - lice, Still there in your pret - ty it - ty bit - ty Pit - ti Pal - ace? And sweet Lu -
chat so, Could still she be drink - in' in her stink-in' pink pa - laz - zo? And love - ly

poco rit.

G7 C

cre - tia, so young and gay - ee, What scan - da - lous
Li - sa, where are you, Li - sa? You gave a new

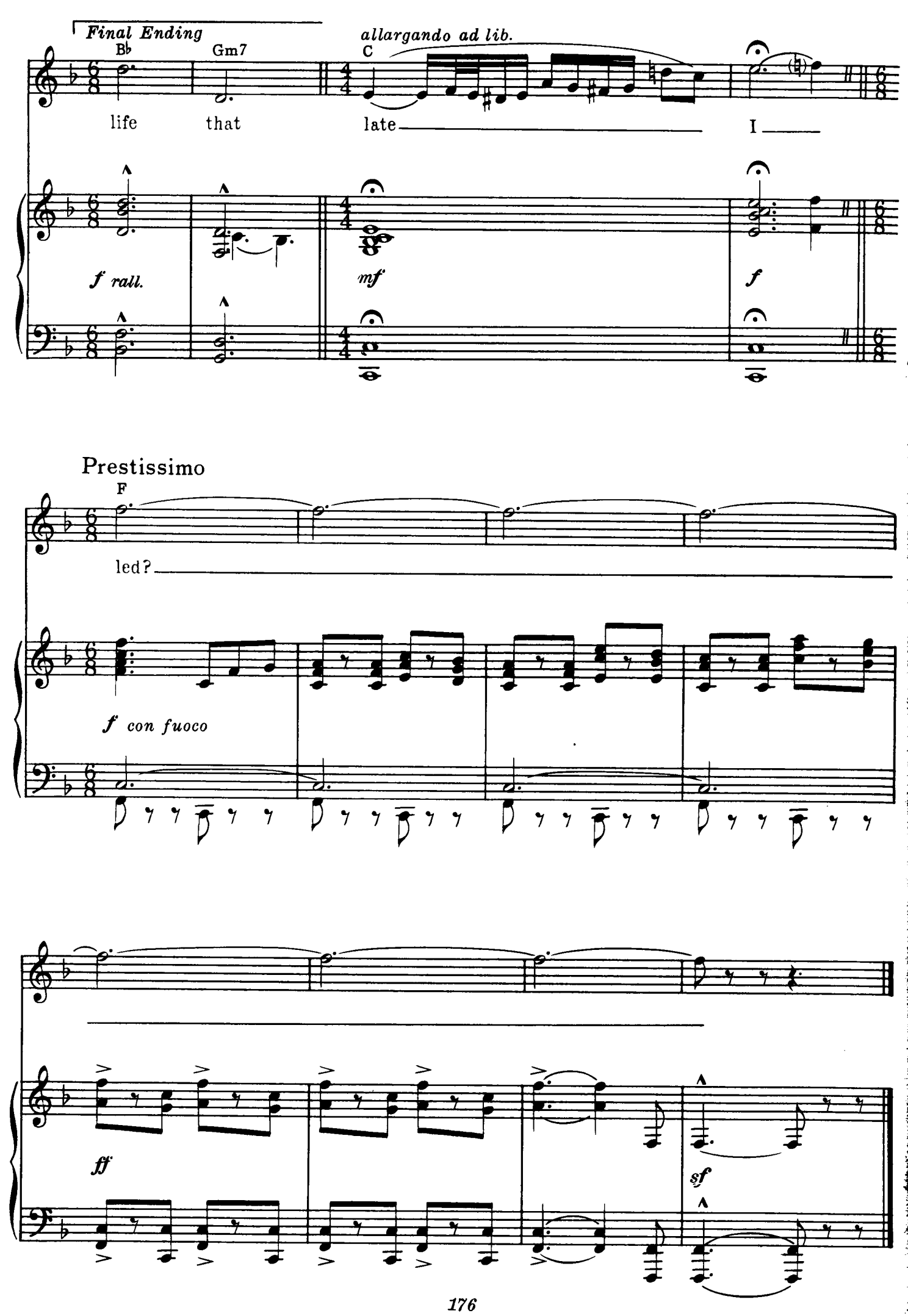
Dm7 G7 Gm7 C7

do - in's in the ru - ins of Pom - pe - i - i?
mean - ing to the Lean - ing Tower of Pi - sa.

Back to Refrain

Where is the

rall. *rit.* *sf* *mf* *subito a tempo*


Final Ending
B♭
Gm7
allargando ad lib.
C
life
that
late
I
f rall.
mf
f
Prestissimo
F
led?
f con fuoco
ff
sf

Always True to You in My Fas--on

FROM KISS ME, KATE

Bright and in strict rhythm

mf *cresc.* *rit.*

C Dm7 G7 C G7 C

I know a boy, my fav-'rite gent, He gives me

p a tempo

G7 C G7 C Am G7

joy but not a cent. I could nev-er love a lad more,

C Am7 B7 Em Em7 F♯7 F♯7(♭5)

Yet, to be frank, I'd be hap-pier if he had more cash

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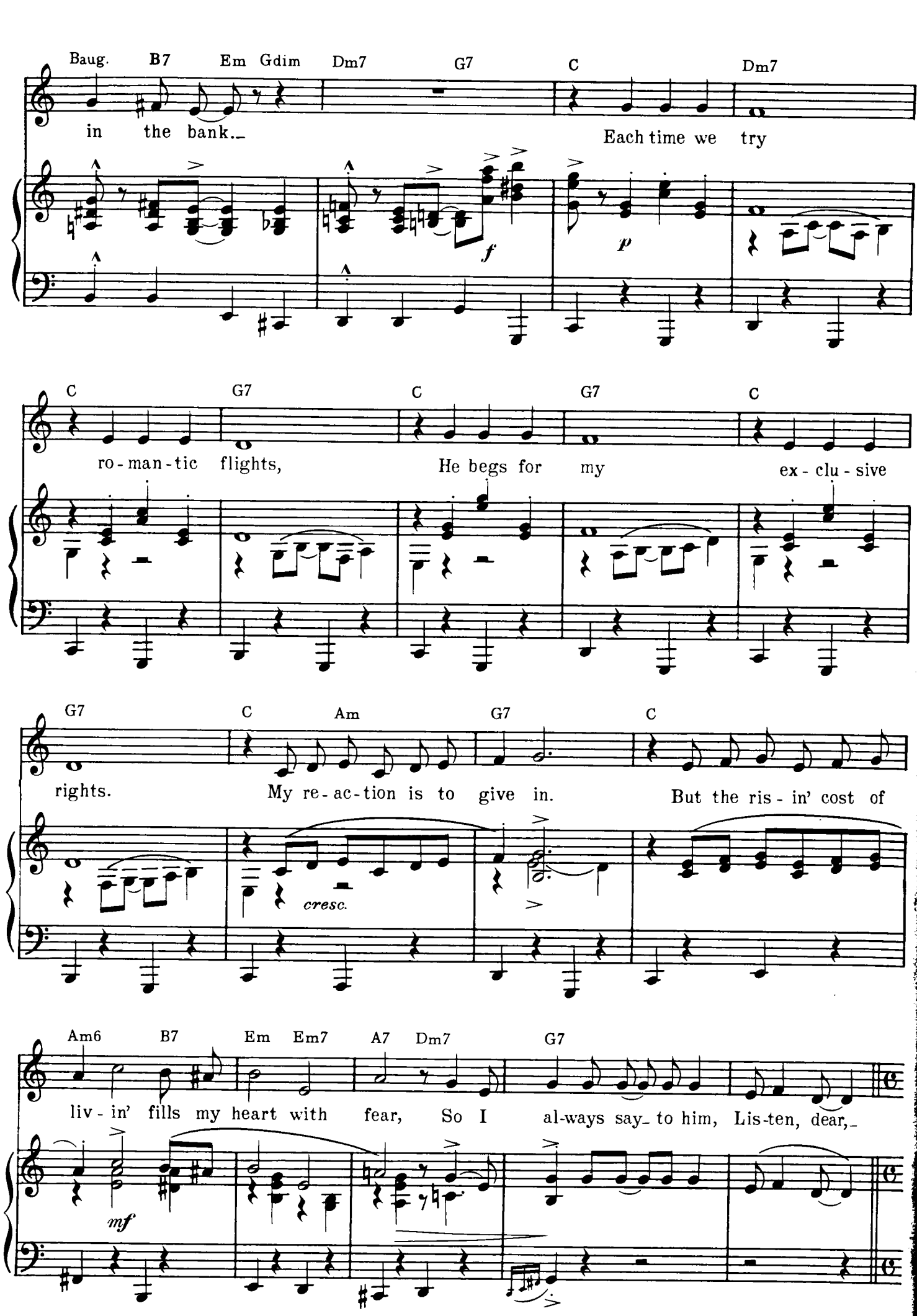

Baug. B7 Em Gdim Dm7 G7 C Dm7
in the bank. Each time we try
f
p
C G7 C G7 C
ro-man-tic flights, He begs for my ex-clu-sive
G7 C Am G7 C
rights. My re-ac-tion is to give in. But the ris-in' cost of
cresc.
Am6 B7 Em Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
liv-in' fills my heart with fear, So I al-ways say to him, Lis-ten, dear,
mf

Refrain *(graceful fox trot)*

C F C

1. If a cus - tom - tail - ored vet Asks me out for some - thing wet,
(2. I've been) asked to have a meal By a big ty - coon in steel,
(3. There's a) wealth - y Hin - du priest Who's a wolf, to say the least,
(4. From O) - hi - o, Mis - ter Thorne Calls me up from night 'til morn,

mp

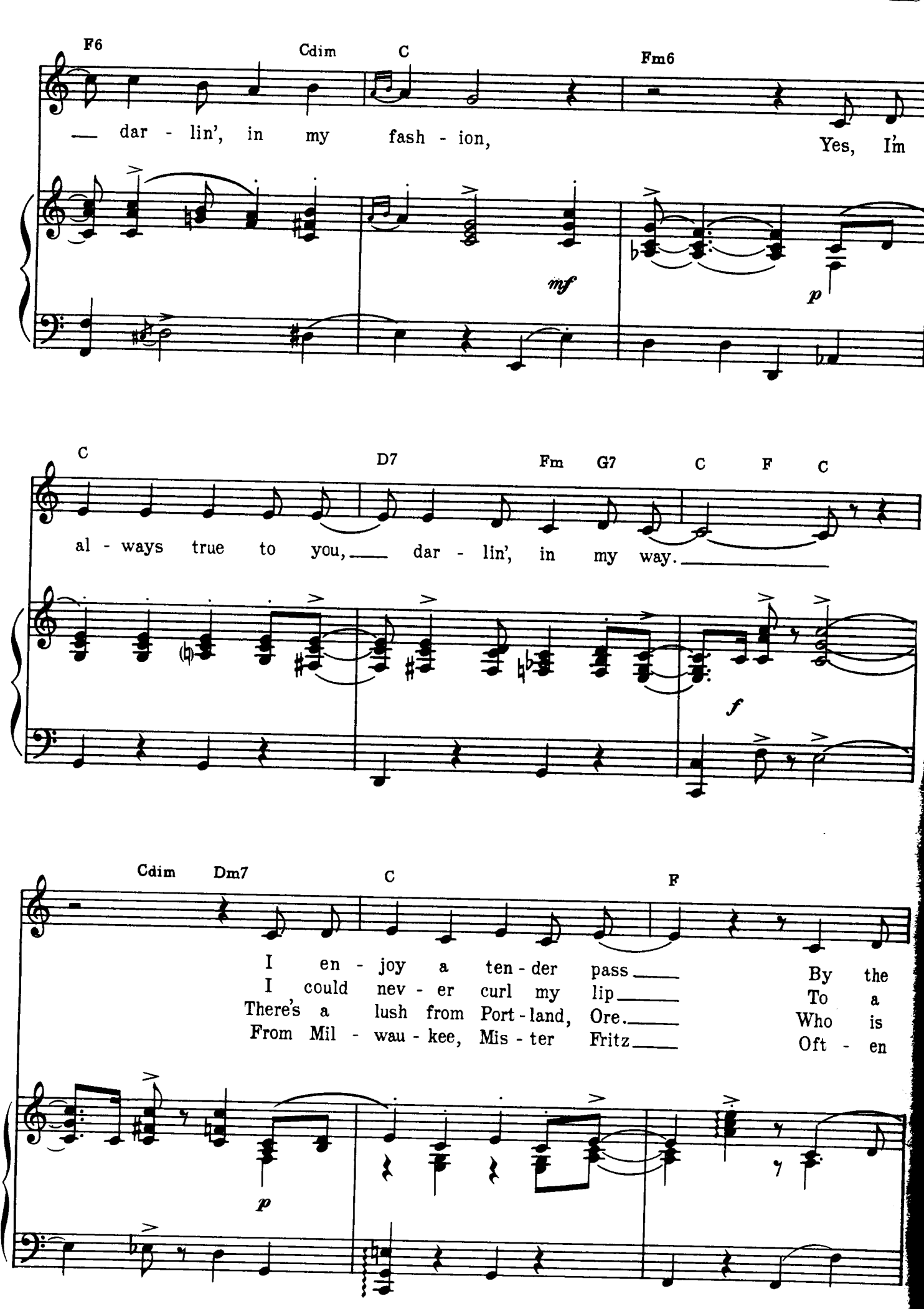
Fm C Cdim

When the vet be - gins to pet I cry "Hoo - ray!"
If the meal in - cludes a deal, ac - cept I may,
When the priest goes too far east, I al - so stray,
Mis - ter Thorne once cor - nered corn and that ain't hay,

G7 C Caug.

But I'm al - ways true to you,

f *p* *dolce*


F6
Cdim
C
Fm6
— dar - lin', in my fash - ion,
Yes, I'm
mf
p
C
D7
Fm
G7
C
F
C
al - ways true to you, — dar - lin', in my way. —
f
Cdim
Dm7
C
F
I en - joy a ten - der pass —
I could nev - er curl my lip —
There's a lush from Port - land, Ore. —
From Mil - wau - kee, Mis - ter Fritz —
By the
To a
Who is
Oft - en
p

C Fm C

boss of Bos - ton, Mass. Though his pass is mid - dle class
daz - zlin' dia - mond clip Though the clip meant "let 'er rip,"
rich but sich a bore When the bore falls on the floor
moves me to the Ritz, Mis - ter Fritz is full of Schlitz

Cdim G7

and not Back Bay,
I'd not say "Nay!"
I let him lay,
and full of play,

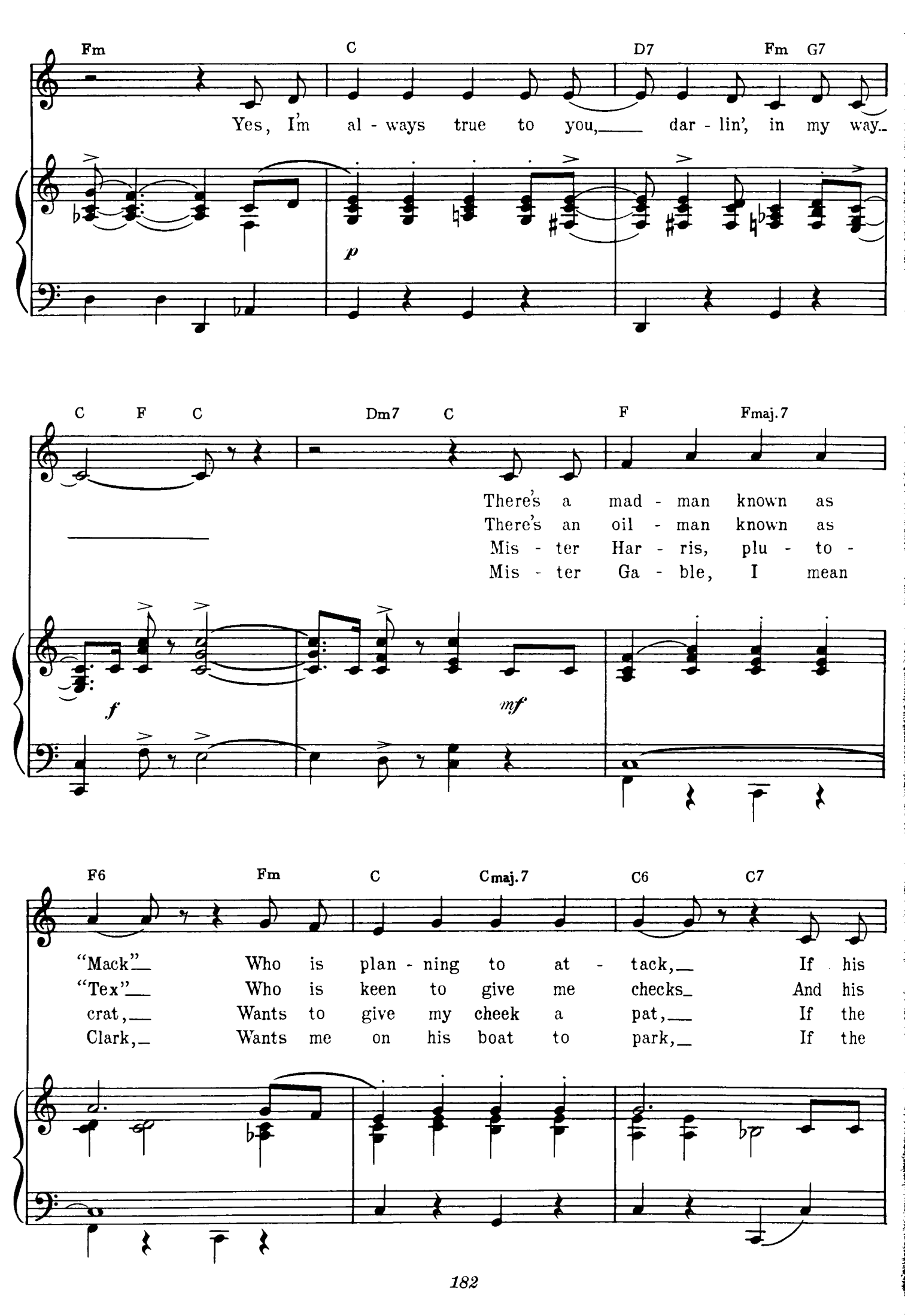
But I'm

f *p*

C Caug. F Cdim C

al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my fash - ion,

dolce *mf*


Fm C D7 Fm G7
Yes, I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my way.
p
C F C Dm7 C F Fmaj.7
There's a mad - man known as
There's an oil - man known as
Mis - ter Har - ris, plu - to -
Mis - ter Ga - ble, I mean
f
mf
F6 Fm C Cmaj.7 C6 C7
"Mack" Who is plan - ning to at - tack, If his
"Tex" Who is keen to give me checks And his
crat, Wants to give my cheek a pat, If the
Clark, Wants me on his boat to park, If the

F A7 D7 G Gmaj.7 G7

mad at - tack means a Cad - il - lac o - kay!
checks, I fear, mean that sex is here to stay!
Har - ris pat means a Par - is hat, *Bé - bé! "Oo-la-la" *(spoken)*
Ga - ble boat means a sa - ble coat, †Anchors Aweigh!

cresc. *f*

C Caug. F6 Cdim C

But I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my fash-ion,
But I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my fash-ion,
Mais je suis tou - jours fi - dèle, dar - lin', in my fash-ion,
But I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my fash-ion,

p subito *mf*

Fm C D7 Fm G7

Yes, I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my way!
Yes, I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my way!
Oui, je suis tou - jours fi - dèle, dar - lin', in my way!
Yes, I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my way!

p

1. 2. 3. C F C Cdim Dm7 | 4. C F C Dm7 C

2. I've been
3. There's a
4. From O-

f *p* *sf*

* *Pronounced Baybay*
† *Shouted*

From This Moment On

FROM OUT OF THIS WORLD

Moderately slow

mf

rit.

F Gm7 B♭ F

Now that we are close, no more nights mo - rose,

mp cantabile

C Dm Am G F G C C7

Now that we are one, the be - guine has just be-gun.

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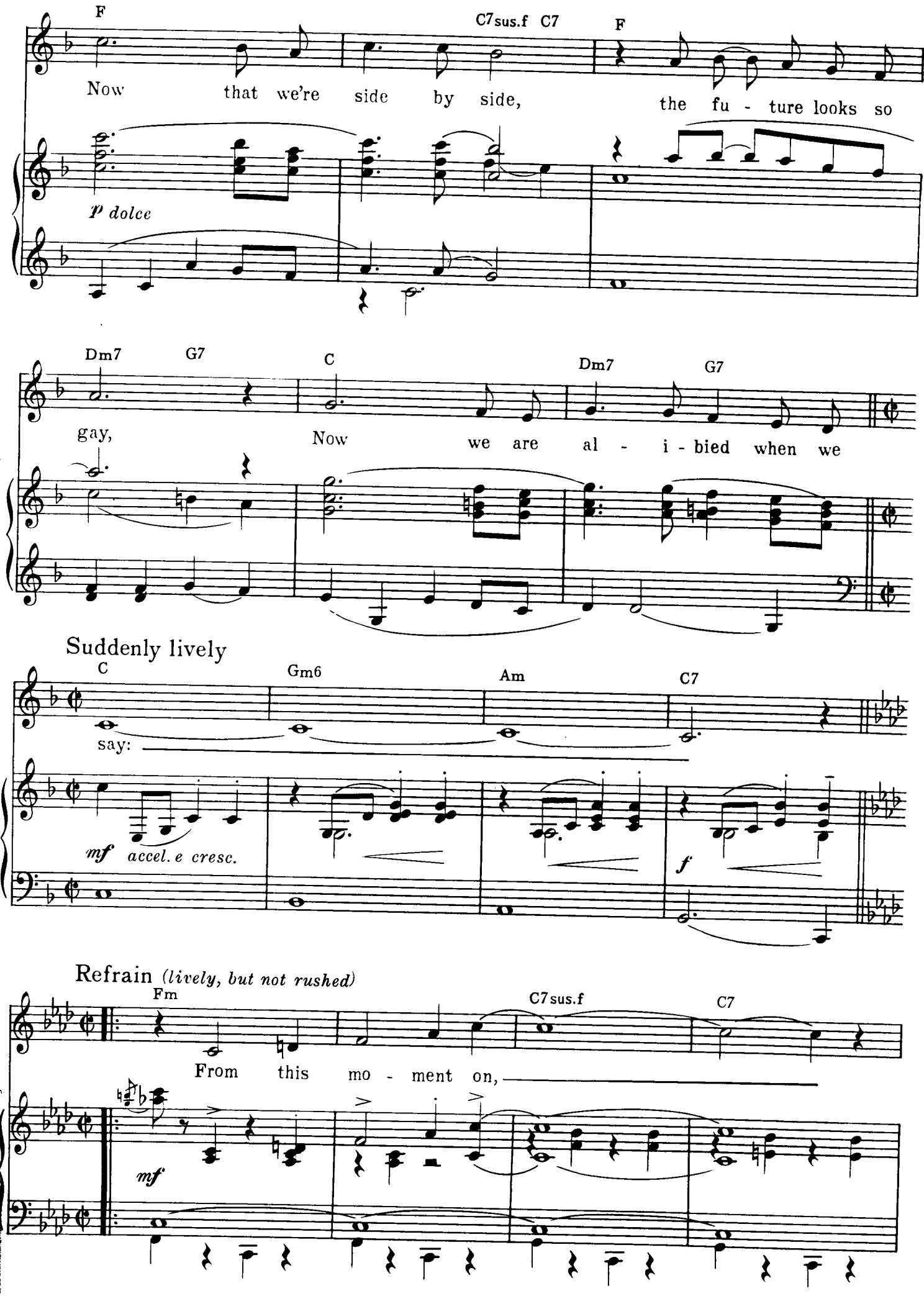
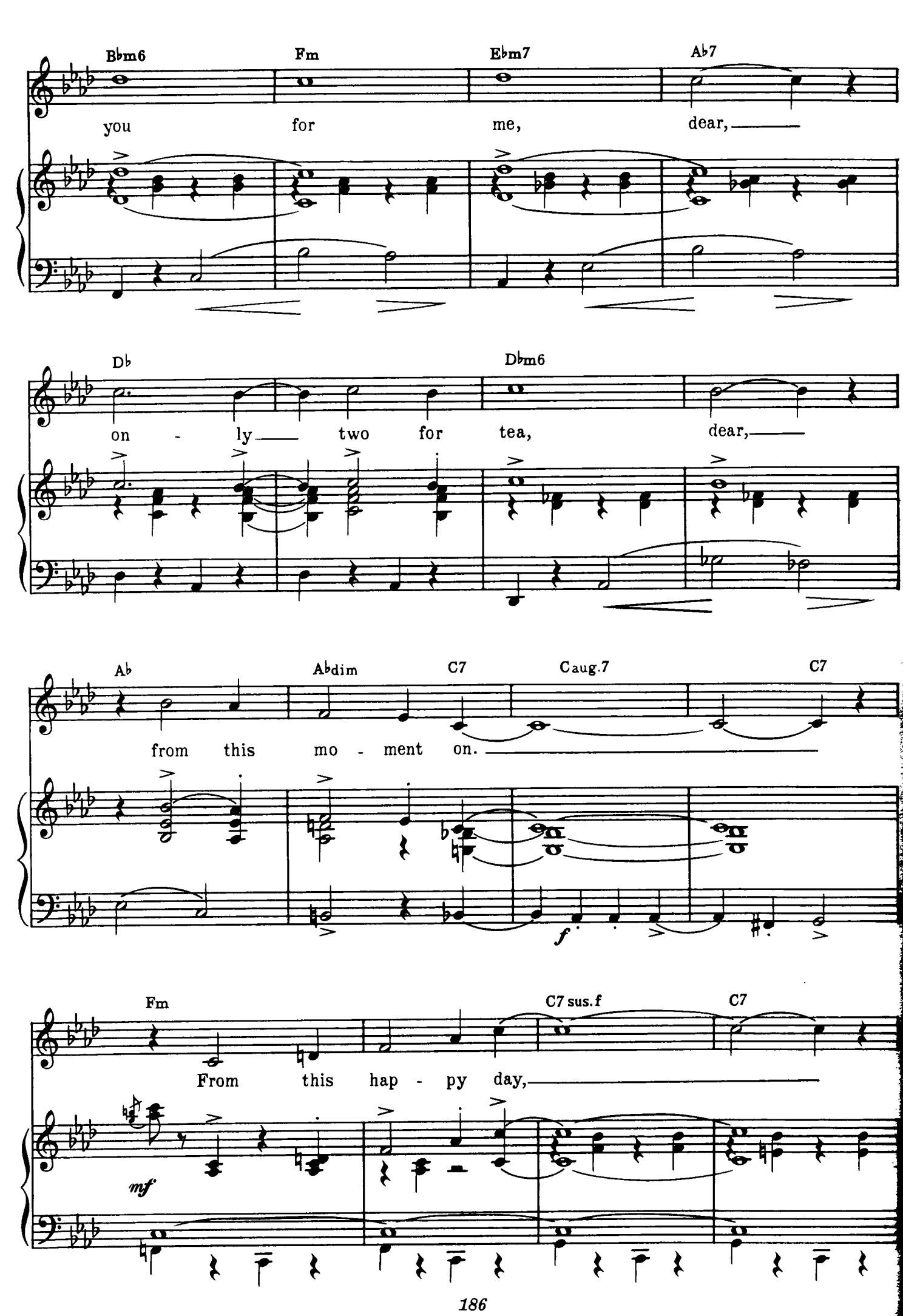
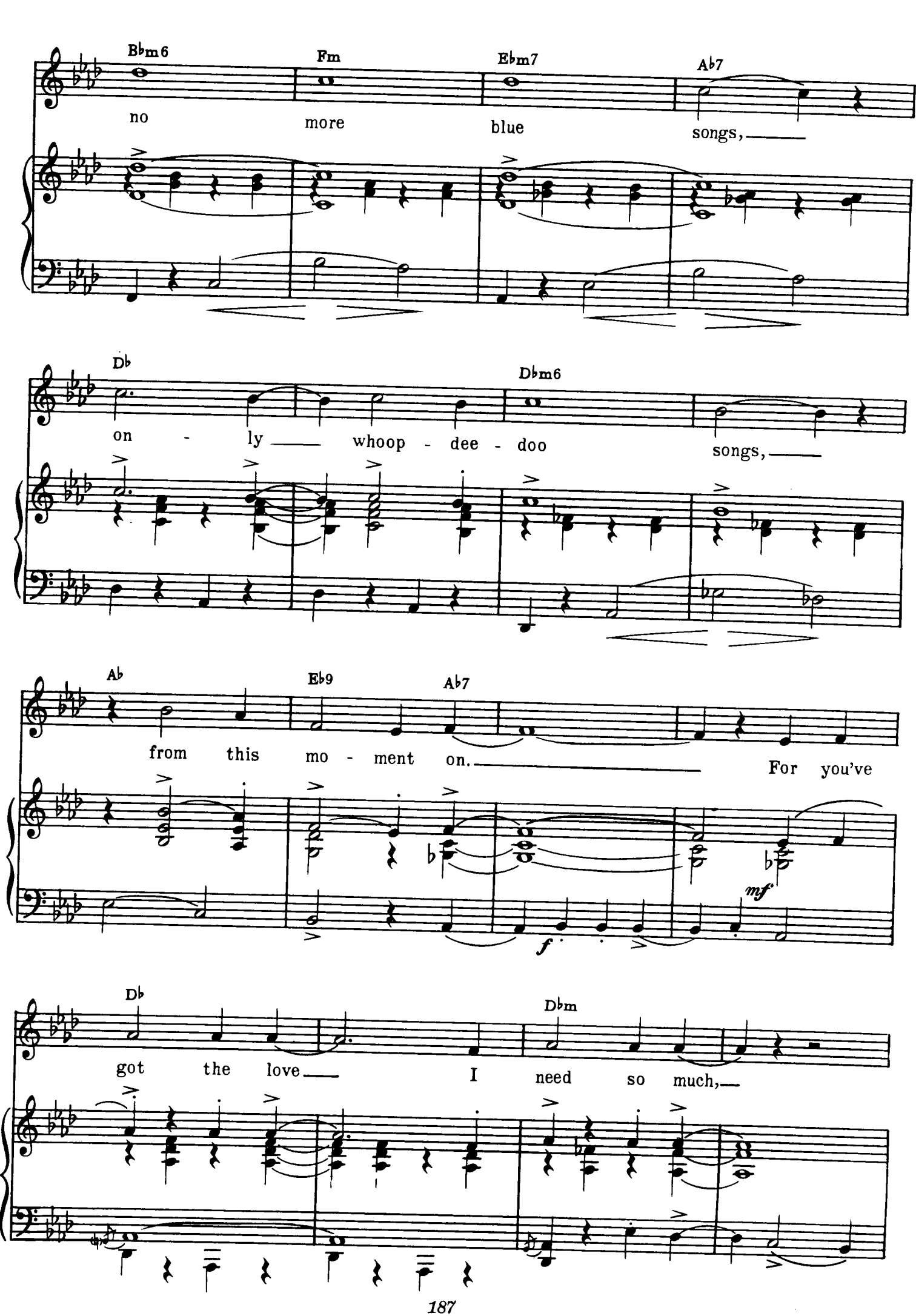
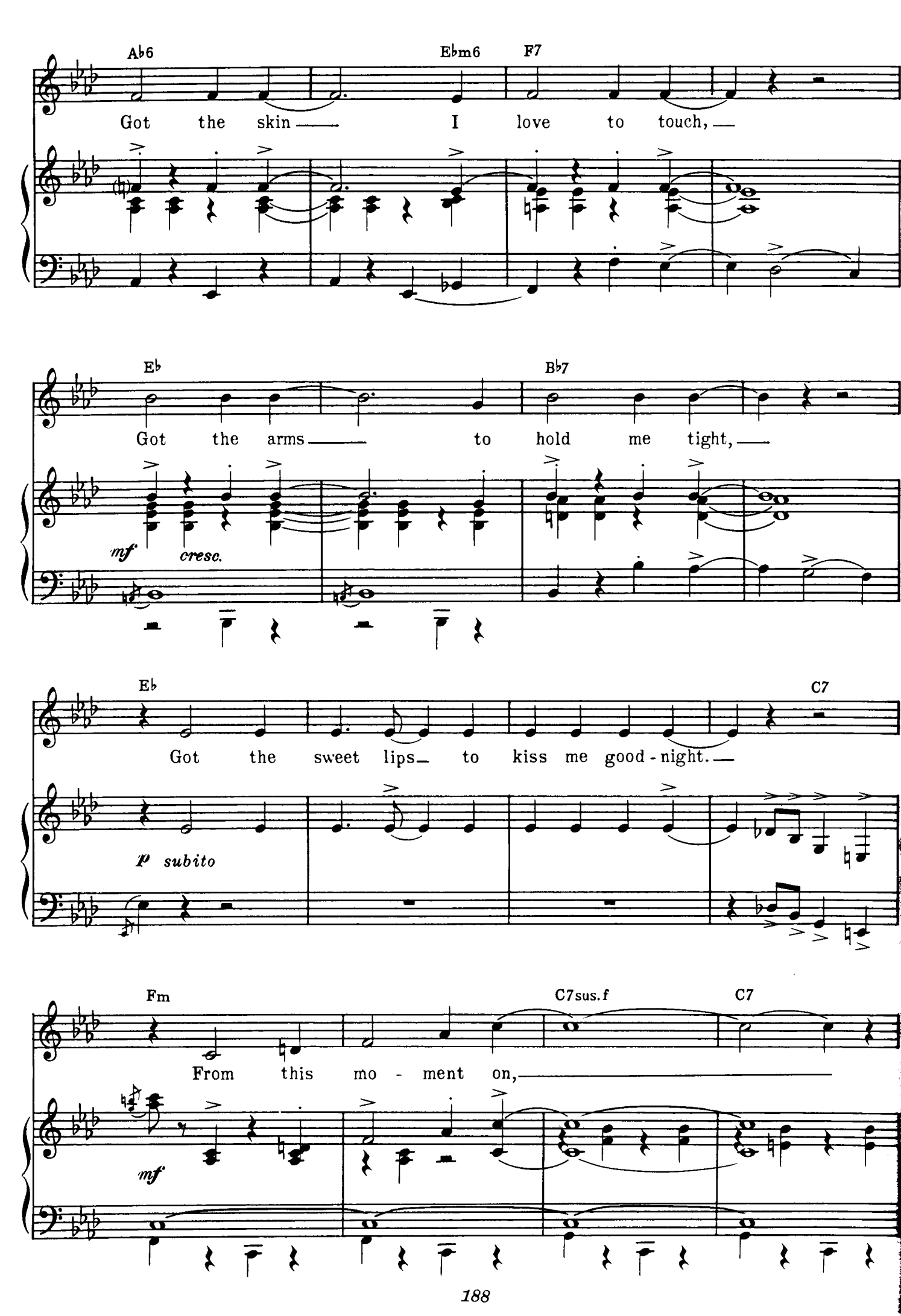
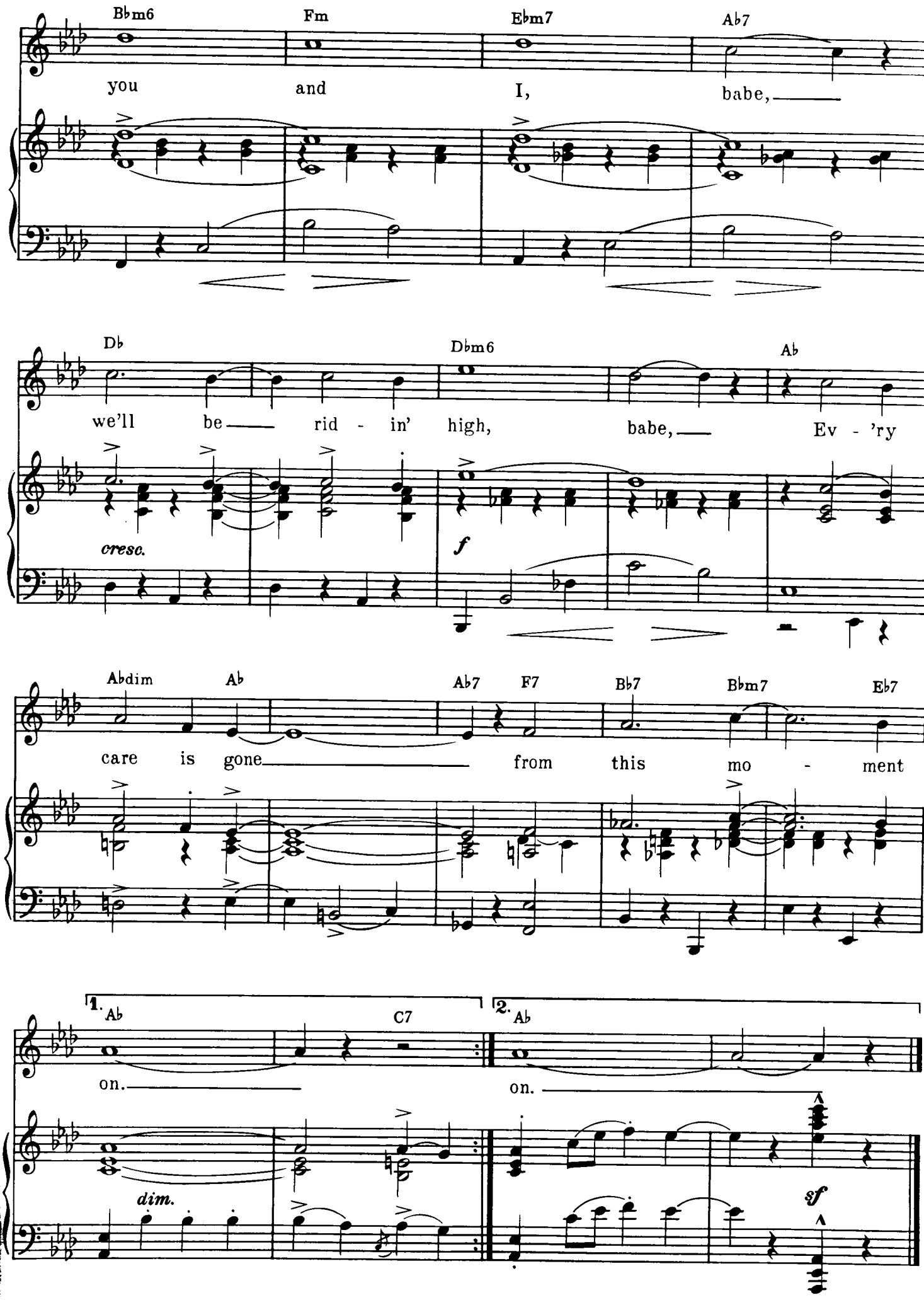

F
C7sus.f C7
F
Now that we're side by side, the fu - ture looks so
p dolce
Dm7 G7
C
Dm7 G7
gay,
Now we are al - i - bied when we
Suddenly lively
C
Gm6
Am
C7
say:
mf accel. e cresc.
f
Refrain (lively, but not rushed)
Fm
C7sus.f
C7
From this mo - ment on,
mf


B♭m6
Fm
E♭m7
A♭7
you for me, dear,
D♭
D♭m6
on - ly two for tea, dear,
A♭
A♭dim
C7
Caug.7
C7
from this mo - ment on.
f
Fm
C7 sus.f
C7
From this hap - py day,
mf

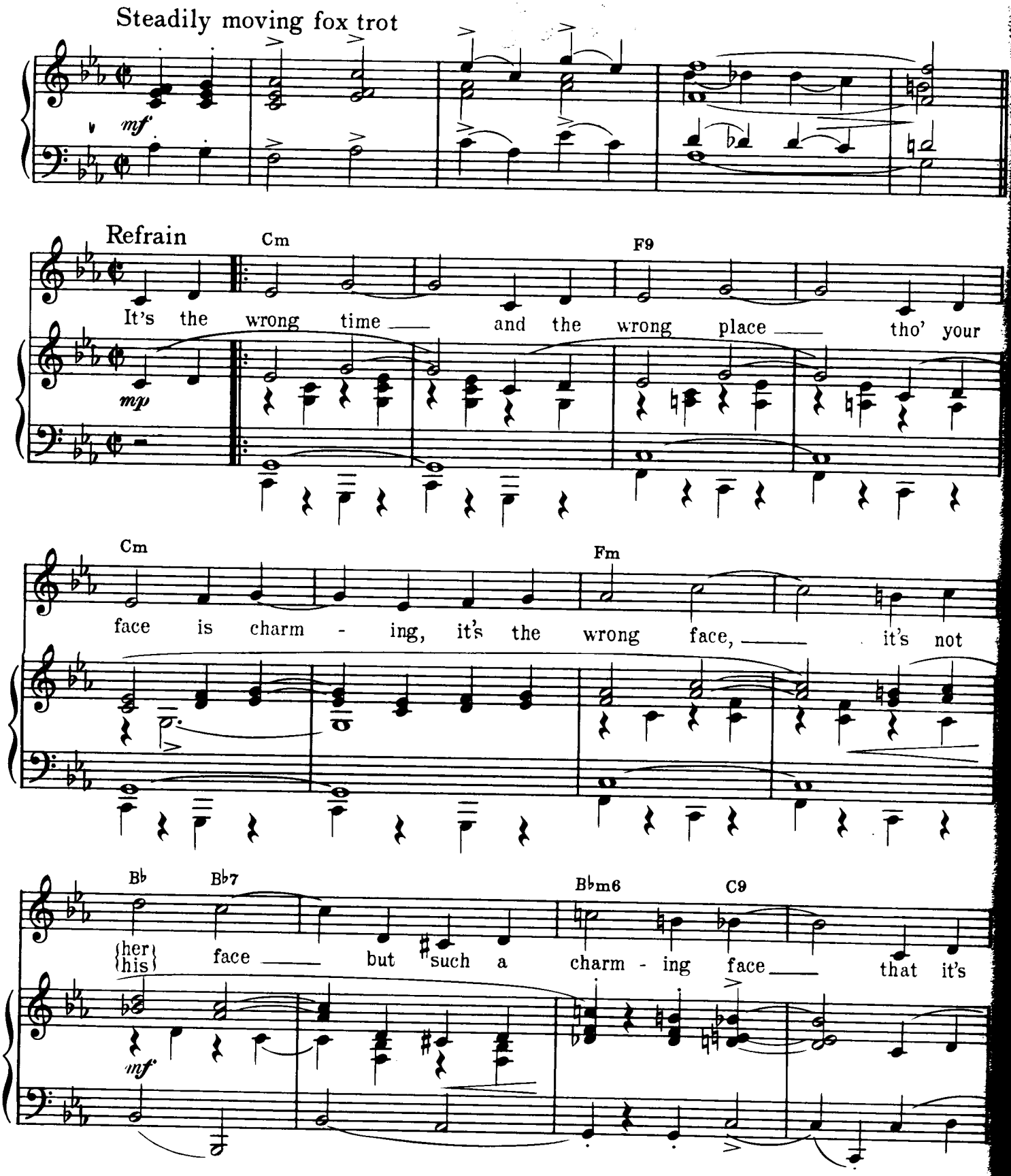

B♭m6
Fm
E♭m7
A♭7
no more blue songs,
D♭
D♭m6
on - ly whoop - dee - doo songs,
A♭
E♭9
A♭7
from this mo - ment on. For you've
mf
f
D♭
D♭m
got the love I need so much,


A♭6
E♭m6
F7
Got the skin I love to touch,
E♭
B♭7
Got the arms to hold me tight,
mf
cresc.
E♭
C7
Got the sweet lips to kiss me good-night.
p subito
Fm
C7sus.f
C7
From this mo - ment on,
mf


Bbm6
Fm
Ebm7
Ab7
you and I, babe,
Db
Dbm6
Ab
we'll be rid - in' high, babe, Ev - 'ry
cresc.
f
Abdim
Ab
Ab7
F7
Bb7
Bbm7
Eb7
care is gone from this mo - ment
1.
Ab
C7
on.
2.
Ab
on.
dim.
sf

It's All Right with Me

FROM CAN-CAN



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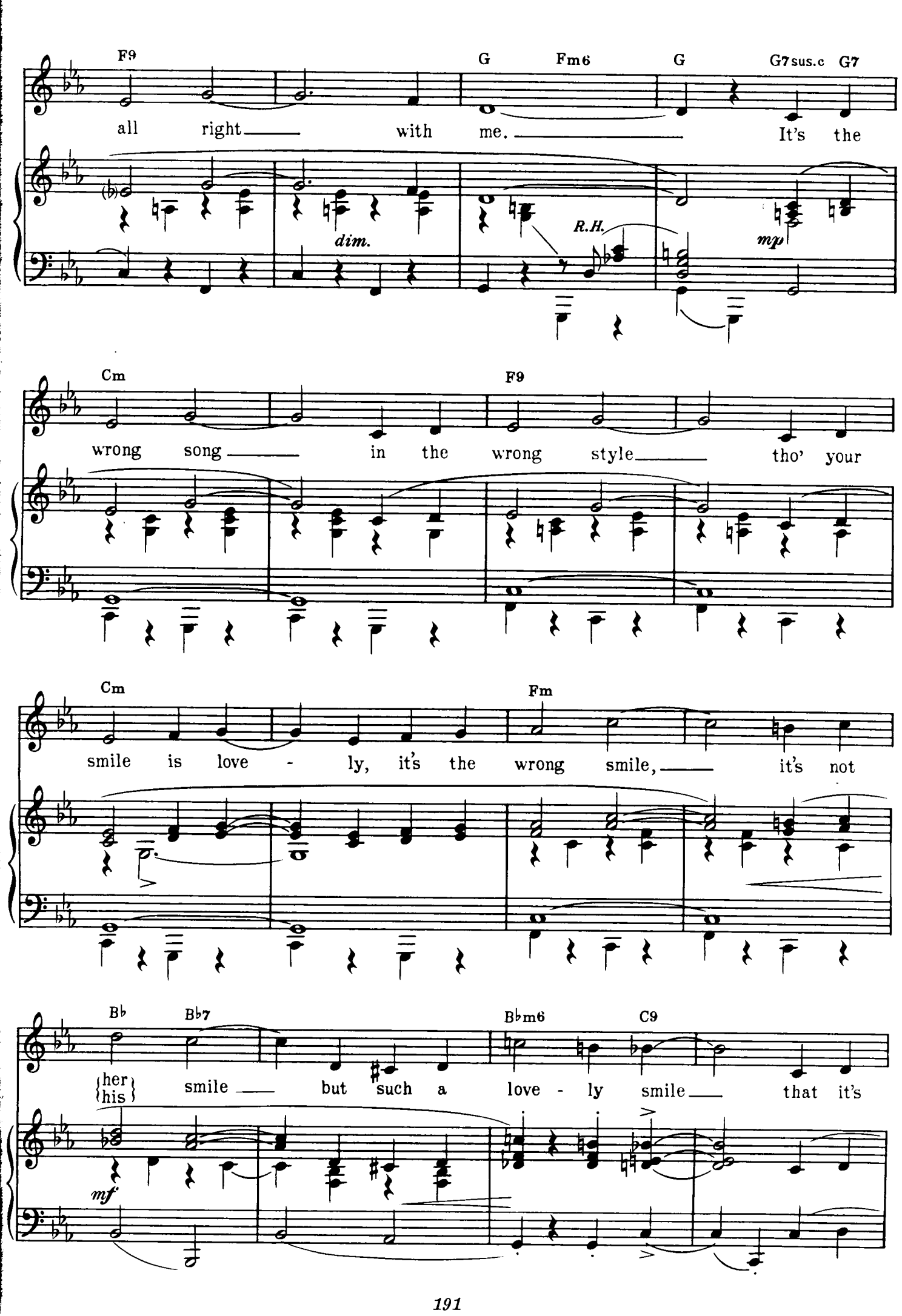
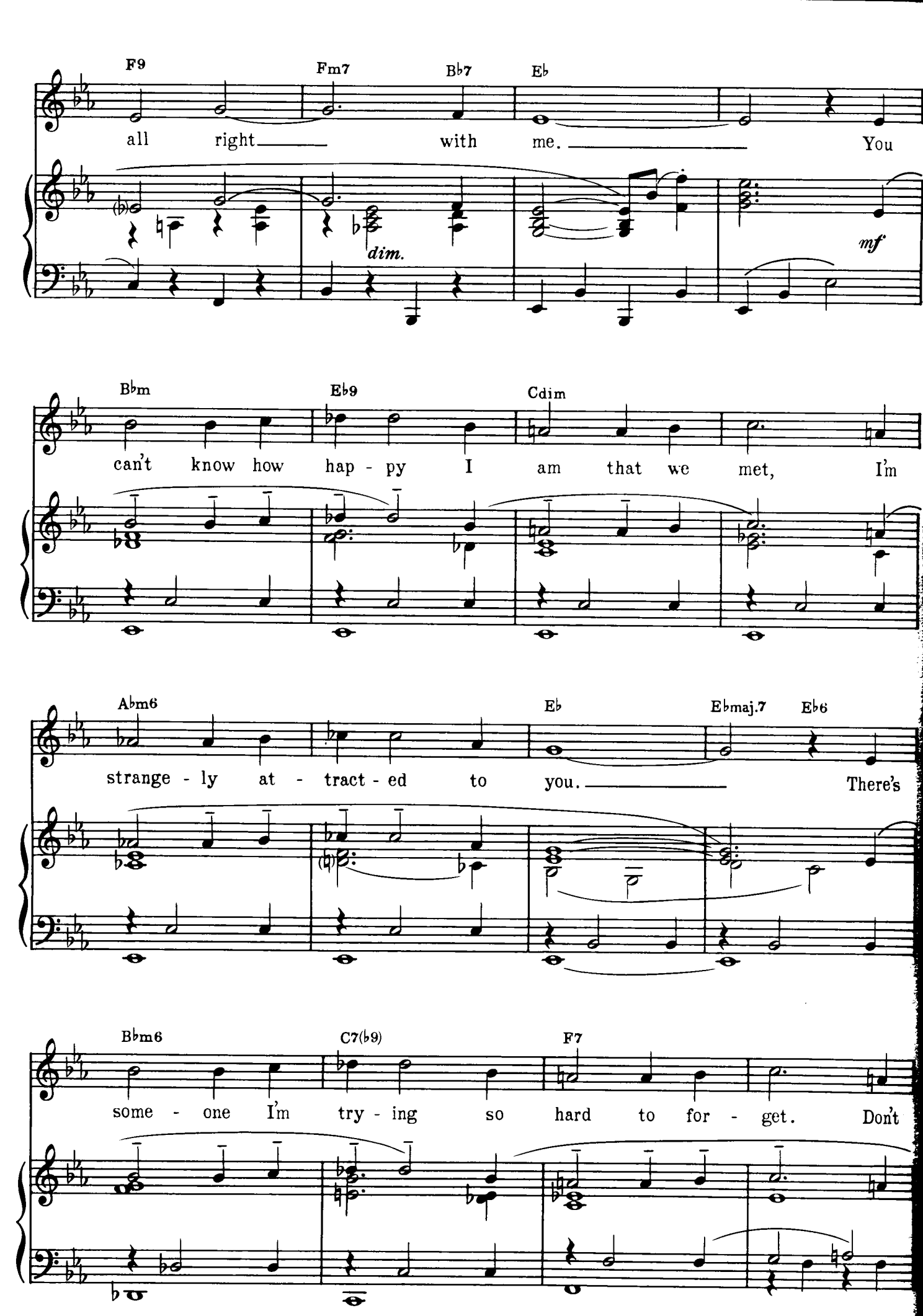

F9
G
Fm6
G
G7sus.c
G7
all right with me. It's the
dim.
R.H.
mp
Cm
F9
wrong song in the wrong style tho' your
Cm
Fm
smile is love - ly, it's the wrong smile, it's not
Bb
Bb7
Bbm6
C9
her
his
smile but such a love - ly smile that it's
mf


F9
Fm7
B♭7
E♭
all right with me. You
dim.
mf
B♭m
E♭9
Cdim
can't know how hap - py I am that we met, I'm
A♭m6
E♭
E♭maj.7
E♭6
strange - ly at - tract - ed to you. There's
B♭m6
C7(♭9)
F7
some - one I'm try - ing so hard to for - get. Don't

Fm6 G7 Cm6 G G7sus.c G7

you want to for - get some - one too? It's the

mp

Cm F9

wrong game with the wrong chips, tho' your

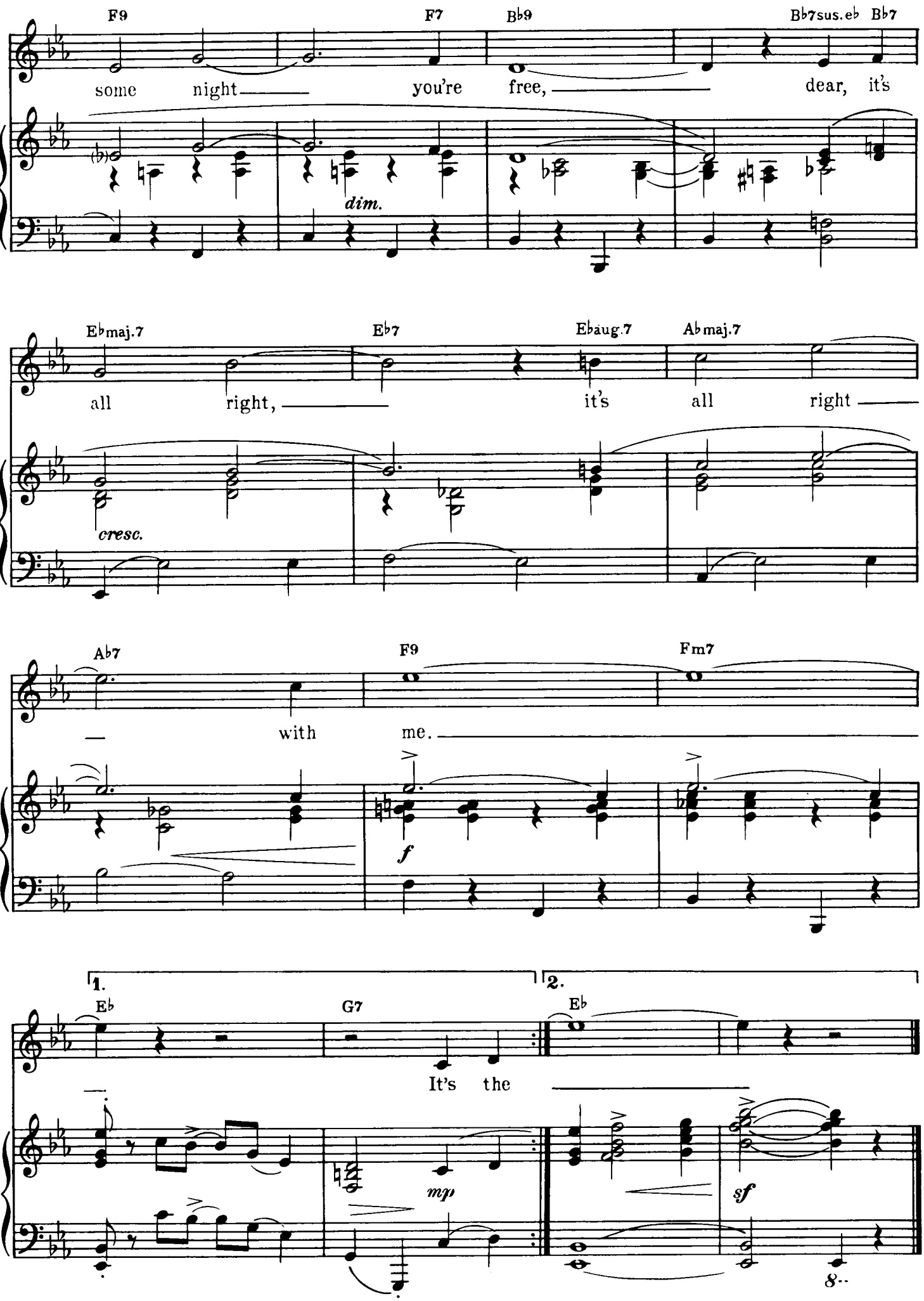
Cm Fm

lips are tempt - ing, they're the wrong lips, They're not

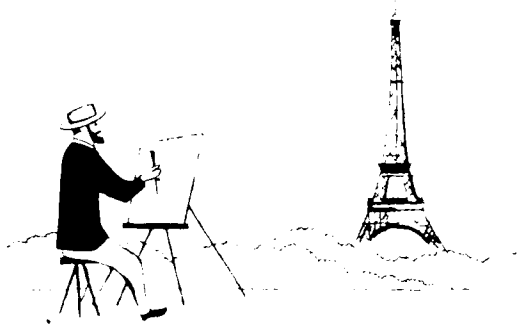
B♭ B♭7 B♭m6 C9

{her / his} lips, but they're such tempt - ing lips that if

mf


F9
F7
B♭9
B♭7sus.eb
B♭7
some night you're free, dear, it's
dim.
E♭maj.7
E♭7
E♭aug.7
A♭maj.7
all right, it's all right
cresc.
A♭7
F9
Fm7
with me.
f
1.
E♭
G7
It's the
mp
2.
E♭
sf
8

can
can



I Love Paris

FROM CAN-CAN

Moderato

mf

Tranquillo

C F6

Ev - 'ry time I look down on this time - less town, wheth - er

p

G7 C C6 Cmaj.7 C

blue or gray be her skies, Wheth - er

Gm6 A7 D7

loud be her cheers, or wheth-er soft be her tears, more and

mf

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Fm6 G7 F G7 G7(♭9)

more do I re - a - lize

poco rit.

Refrain *(slow fox-trot tempo)*

Cm

I love Par - is in the spring - time.

p legato

I love Par - is in the

G7

fall. I love

Par - is in the win - ter, when it driz - zles.

Fm G7 Cm

I love Par - is in the sum - mer, when it siz-zles.

Sostenuto *(jubilantly)*

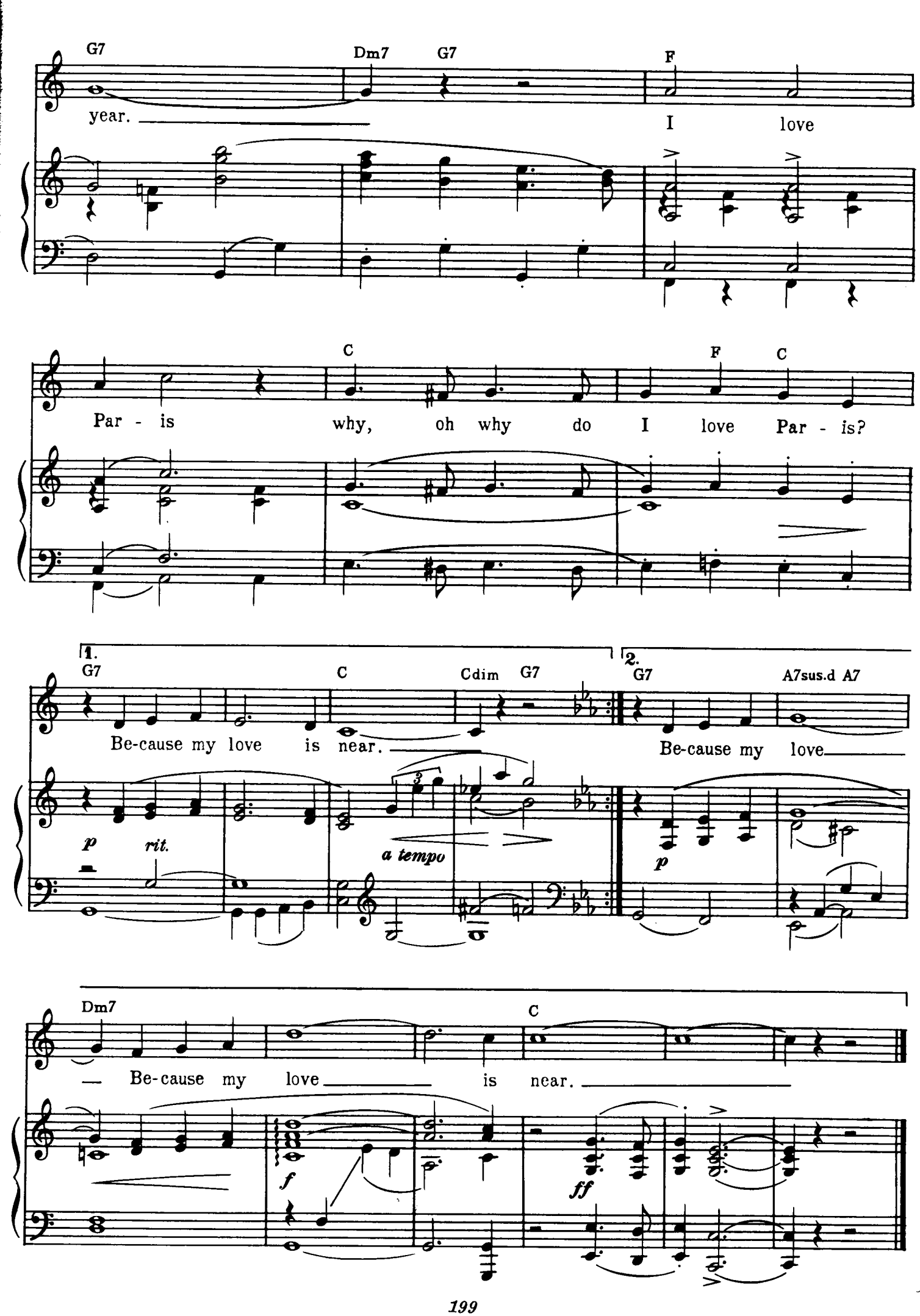
C

I love Par - is ev - 'ry mo - ment,

f

Cdim

ev - 'ry mo - ment of the


G7
Dm7
G7
F
year.
I
love
C
F
C
Par - is
why, oh why do I love Par - is?
1.
G7
C
Cdim
G7
Be-cause my love is near.
p
rit.
a tempo
2.
G7
A7sus.d
A7
Be-cause my love
p
Dm7
C
Be-cause my love
is near.
f
ff

All of You

FROM SILK STOCKINGS

Fox trot tempo

mf

B♭7

(with bounce, but not too fast)

E♭

Af - ter watch - ing her ap - peal from ev - 'ry an - gle,

mp

B♭7

There's a big ro - man - tic deal I've got to

E♭

wan - gle. For I've fal - len for a

Fm

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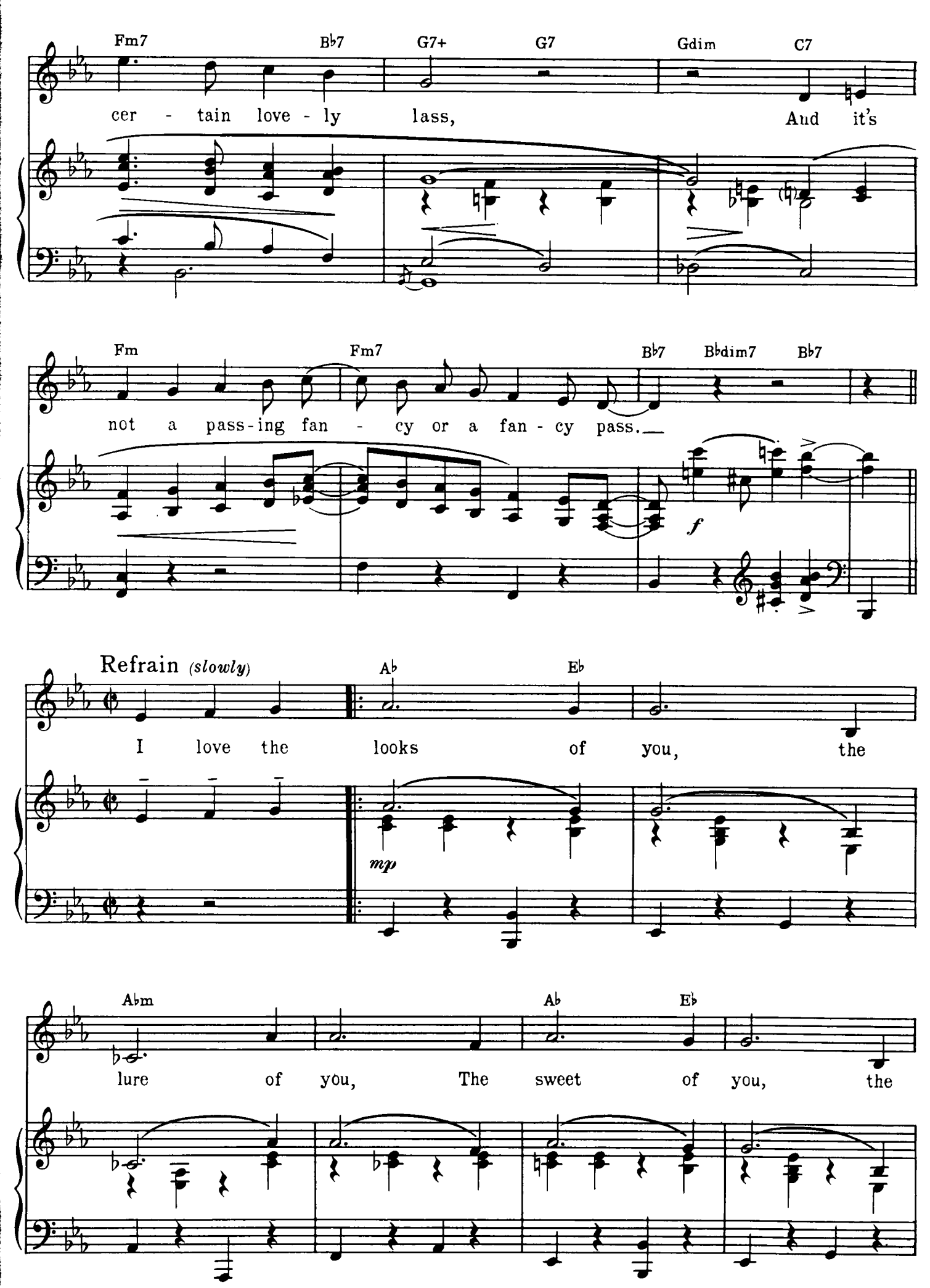
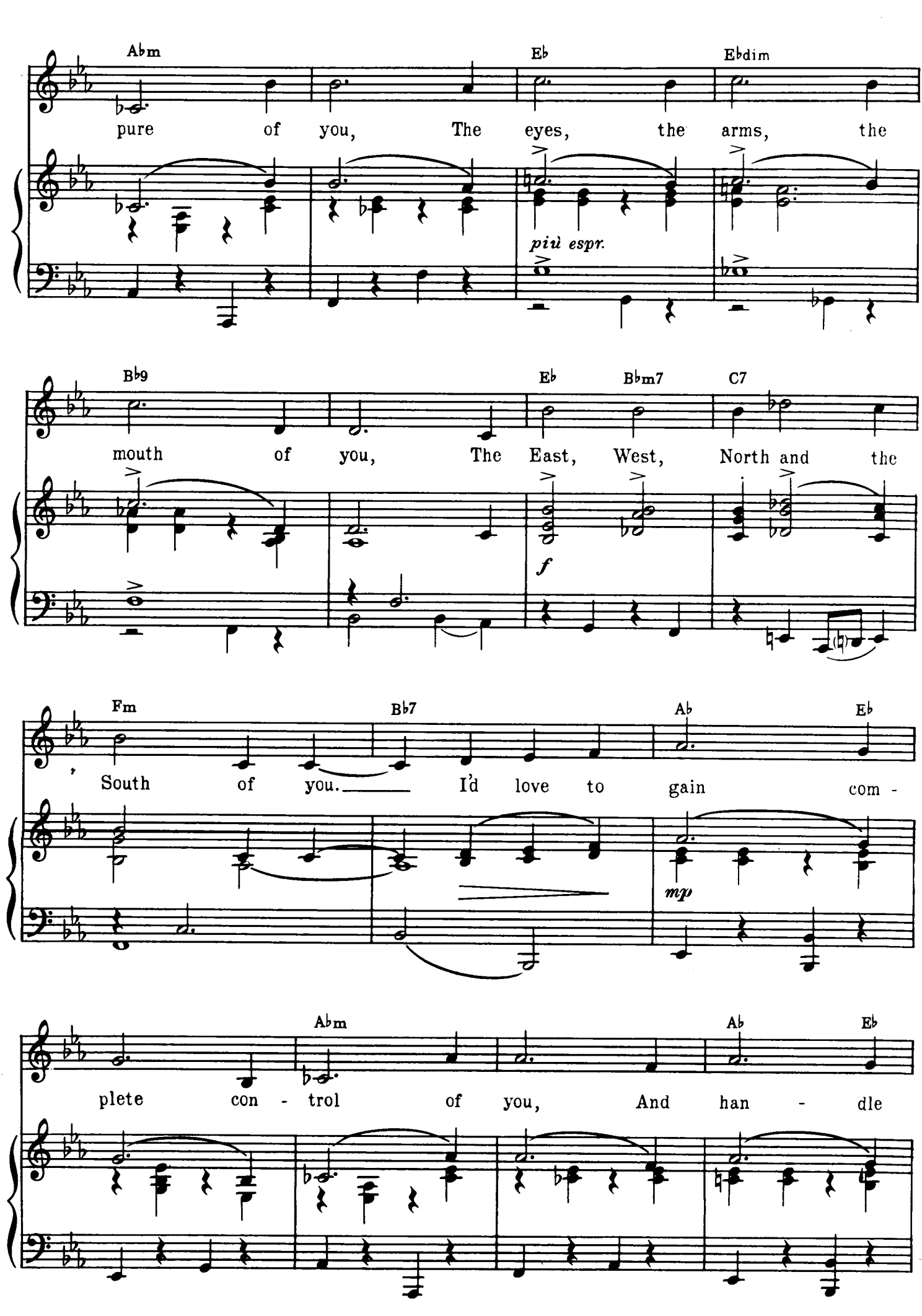

Fm7 Bb7 G7+ G7 Gdim C7
cer - tain love - ly lass, And it's
Fm Fm7 Bb7 Bbdim7 Bb7
not a pass-ing fan - cy or a fan - cy pass.
f
Refrain (slowly)
Ab Eb
I love the looks of you, the
mp
Abm Ab Eb
lure of you, The sweet of you, the


Abm
Eb
Ebdim
pure of you, The eyes, the arms, the
più espr.
Bb9
Eb
Bbm7
C7
mouth of you, The East, West, North and the
f
Fm
Bb7
Ab
Eb
South of you. I'd love to gain com -
mp
Abm
Ab
Eb
plete con - trol of you, And han - dle

C7

e - ven the heart and soul of you, So

cresc.

A♭9 Adim7 G7+ G7

love, at least, a small per - cent of me, do,

f marcato

B♭m6 C7 Fm C7 Fm B♭7

For I love all of

1. E♭ B♭dim B♭7 2. E♭

you. I love the you.

f *mf* *f*

True Love

FROM HIGH SOCIETY

Moderate Valse tempo

mf

poco rit.

Easy tempo

G D7 G

Sun - tanned, wind - blown, Hon - ey -

mp a tempo

Ddim D7 G

moon - ers at last a - lone, Feel - ing

C Cm6 G A7 Am7 D7

far a - bove par. Oh, how luck - y we are ——— While

dim. *poco rit.*

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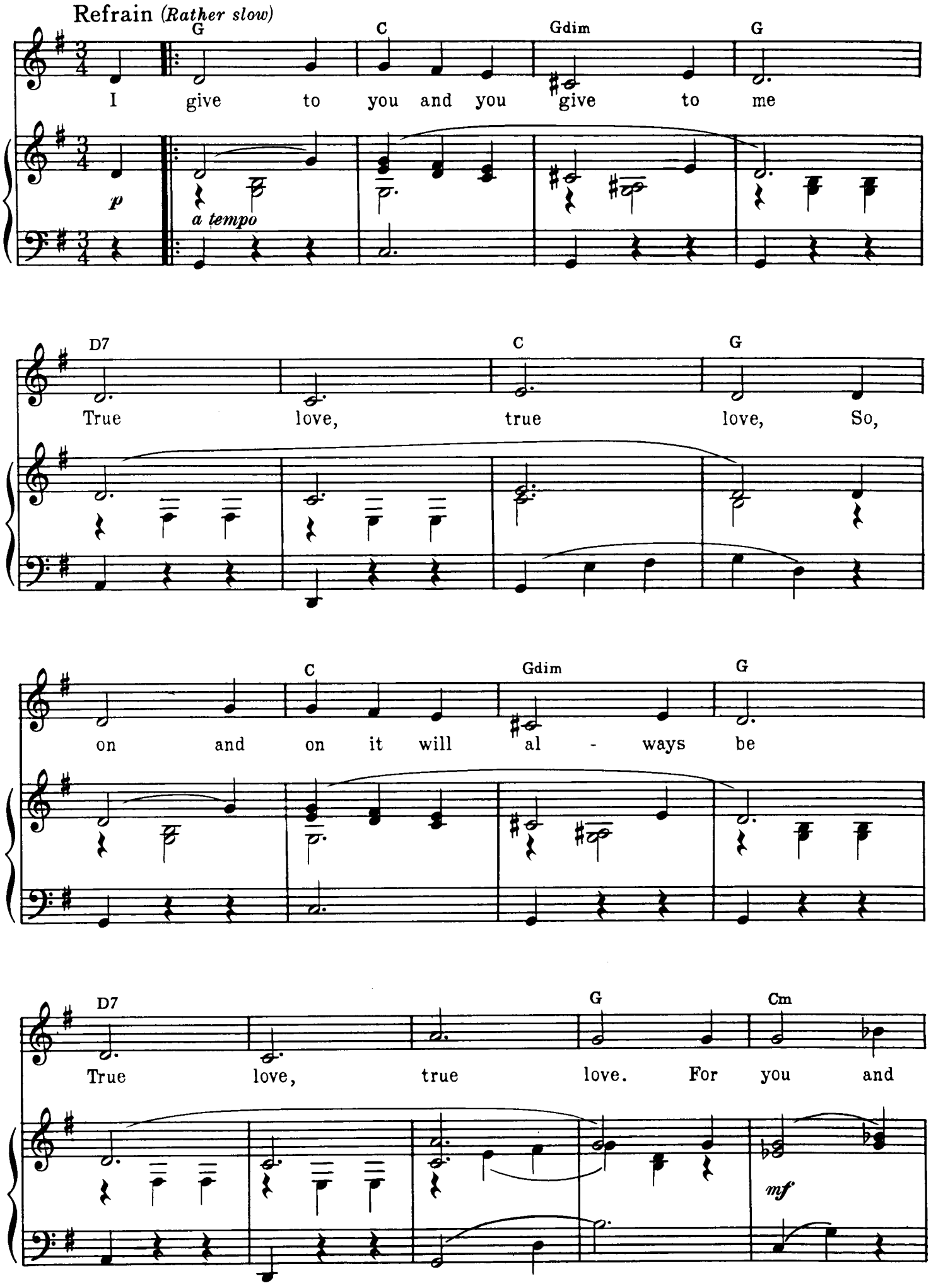

Refrain (Rather slow)
G
C
Gdim
G
I give to you and you give to me
p
a tempo
D7
C
G
True love, true love, So,
C
Gdim
G
on and on it will al - ways be
D7
G
Cm
True love, true love. For you and
mf

F7 B♭ G7 Cm

I have a guard - ian an - gel on high With

F7 B♭7 D7 G

noth - ing to do But to give to

dim. *mp*

C Gdim G D7

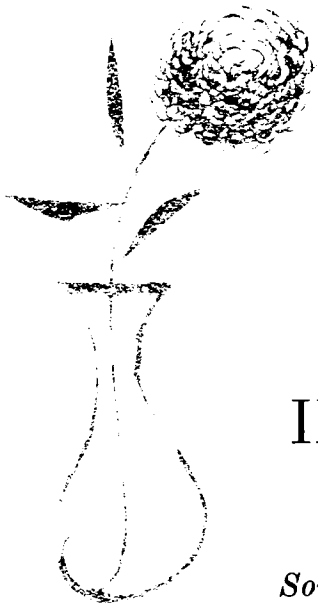
you and to give to me Love for - ev - er

poco rit.

1. G C D7 2. G

true. I true.

Ped. *p* *



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SUMMARY OF FACTS ABOUT COLE PORTER SHOWS

SEE AMERICA FIRST

Book by T. LAWRASON RIGGS. Produced by ELIZABETH MARBURY at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, March 28, 1916. 15 performances. Cast included CLIFTON WEBB, FELIX ADLER, and JOHN H. GOLDSWORTHY.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Buy Her a Box at the Opera
Ever and Ever Yours
I've a Shooting Box in Scotland
The Language of Flowers
Lima

HITCHY-KOO, 1919

Book by GEORGE V. HOBART. Produced by RAYMOND HITCHCOCK at the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 6, 1919. 56 performances. Cast, headed by MR. HITCHCOCK, included LILLIAN KEMBLE COOPER, FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN, and JOE COOK.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

I Introduced... (RAYMOND HITCHCOCK)
Hitchy's Garden of Roses (LILLIAN KEMBLE COOPER)
When I Had a Uniform On (JOE COOK and ELEANOR SINCLAIR)
Peter Piper (RAYMOND HITCHCOCK)
My Cozy Little Corner in the Ritz (RAYMOND HITCHCOCK)
Old-Fashioned Garden (LILLIAN KEMBLE COOPER)
Bring Back My Butterfly (LILLIAN KEMBLE COOPER)
That Black and White Baby of Mine
Another Sentimental Song
I've Got Somebody Waiting

HITCHY-KOO, 1922

(opened and closed in Boston)

MUSICAL NUMBERS

When My Caravan Comes Home
Love Letter Words
The Bandit Band
The American Punch
The Harbor Deep Down in My Heart
The Heart o' Me

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

Lyrics by COLE PORTER, IRVING CAESAR and JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON. Produced by The Bohemians, Inc. (A. L. JONES and MORRIS GREEN) at the Shubert Theatre, New York, September 16, 1924. 127 performances. Cast included the DOLLY SISTERS, VINCENT LOPEZ, MORAN AND MACK, and BOBBE ARNST.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

I'm in Love Again (DOLLY SISTERS)
Brittanny (GEORGIE HALE)
My Long-Ago Girl (GEORGE RASELY)
Make Ev'ry Day a Holiday (JULIA SILVERS)
Wait for the Moon

PARIS

Book by MARTIN BROWN. Produced by GILBERT MILLER in association with E. RAY GOETZ at the Music Box Theatre, New York, October 8, 1928. 195 performances. Cast, headed by IRENE BORDONI, also included ARTHUR MARGETSON, LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, and IRVING AARONSON'S COMMANDERS.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Don't Look at Me That Way (IRENE BORDONI)
Two Little Babes in the Wood (IRENE BORDONI)
Vivienne (IRVING AARONSON'S COMMANDERS)
Let's Do It (IRENE BORDONI AND ARTHUR MARGETSON)
Heaven Hop (IRVING AARONSON'S COMMANDERS)
Let's Misbehave (IRENE BORDONI)
Quelque Chose (IRENE BORDONI)
Which (IRENE BORDONI)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

Book by HERBERT FIELDS. Produced by E. RAY GOETZ at the Lyric Theatre, New York, November 27, 1929. 254 performances. Cast, headed by WILLIAM GAXTON and GENEVIEVE TOBIN, also included BETTY COMPTON, EVELYN HOEY, JACK THOMPSON, and HELEN BRODERICK.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

You Do Something to Me (WILLIAM GAXTON and GENEVIEVE TOBIN)
You've Got That Thing (JACK THOMPSON and BETTY COMPTON)

Find Me a Primitive Man (EVELYN HOEY)
The Happy Heaven of Harlem (BILLY REED and LOU DUTHERS)
You Don't Know Paree (WILLIAM GAXTON)
I'm in Love (GENEVIEVE TOBIN)
I'm Unlucky at Gambling (EVELYN HOEY)
Paree, What Did You Do to Me (JACK THOMPSON and BETTY COMPTON)
Let's Step Out
I Worship You (WILLIAM GAXTON)
Please Don't Make Me Be Good (EVELYN HOEY)
The Queen of Terre Haute (GENEVIEVE TOBIN)

WAKE UP AND DREAM

Book by J. H. TURNER. Produced by ARCH SELWYN, in association with C. B. COCHRAN, at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, December 30, 1929. 136 performances. Cast, headed by JACK BUCHANAN and JESSIE MATTHEWS, included TILLY LOSCH, DAVE FITZGIBBON, and FRANCES SHELLEY.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Wake Up and Dream (JESSIE MATTHEWS)
I Loved Him but He Didn't Love Me (JESSIE MATTHEWS)
The Banjo That Man Joe Plays (WILLIAM STEPHENS)
What Is This Thing Called Love? (FRANCES SHELLEY)
Looking at You (JESSIE MATTHEWS and DAVE FITZGIBBON)
I'm a Gigolo (WILLIAM STEPHENS)
Agua Sincopada, Tango
I Want to Be Raided by You
I Dream of a Girl in a Shawl

THE NEW YORKERS

Book by HERBERT FIELDS, based on a story by PETER ARNO and E. RAY GOETZ. Produced by MR. GOETZ at the Broadway Theatre, New York, December 8, 1930. 168 performances. Cast included HOPE WILLIAMS, CHARLES KING, ANN PENNINGTON, LOU CLAYTON, EDDIE JACKSON, JIMMY DURANTE, FRANCES WILLIAMS, MARIE CAHILL, and RICHARD CARLE.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Where Have You Been? (CHARLES KING and HOPE WILLIAMS)
I'm Getting Myself Ready for You (FRANCES WILLIAMS, ANN PENNINGTON, BARRIE OLIVER, and MAURICE LAPUE)
Love for Sale (KATHRYN CRAWFORD)
The Great Indoors (FRANCES WILLIAMS)
Take Me Back to Manhattan (FRANCES WILLIAMS)
Let's Fly Away (CHARLES KING and HOPE WILLIAMS
I Happen to Like New York (OSCAR "RAGS" RAGLAND)
Just One of Those Things (not the familiar one)

GAY DIVORCE

Book by DWIGHT TAYLOR. Produced by DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN and TOM WEATHERLY at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York, November 29, 1932. 248 performances. Cast, headed by FRED ASTAIRE and CLAIRE LUCE, also included ERIC BLORE, ERIK RHODES, and LUELLA GEAR.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

After You (FRED ASTAIRE)
Night and Day (FRED ASTAIRE and CLAIRE LUCE)
How's Your Romance? (ERIK RHODES)
I've Got You on My Mind (FRED ASTAIRE and CLAIRE LUCE)
Mister and Missus Fitch (LUELLA GEAR)
You're in Love (FRED ASTAIRE, CLAIRE LUCE, and ERIK RHODES)

ANYTHING GOES

Book by GUY BOLTON, P. G. WODEHOUSE, HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE. Produced by VINTON FREEDLEY at the Alvin Theatre, New York, November 21, 1934. 420 performances. Cast, headed by WILLIAM GAXTON, ETHEL MERMAN, and VICTOR MOORE, also included BETTINA HALL and VIVIAN VANCE. Complete vocal score published.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

I Get a Kick Out of You (ETHEL MERMAN and WILLIAM GAXTON)
All Through the Night (BETTINA HALL and WILLIAM GAXTON)
You're the Top (ETHEL MERMAN and WILLIAM GAXTON)
Anything Goes (ETHEL MERMAN)
Blow, Gabriel, Blow (ETHEL MERMAN)
Buddie, Beware (ETHEL MERMAN)
Waltz Down the Aisle (WILLIAM GAXTON)
The Gypsy in Me (BETTINA HALL)

JUBILEE

Book by MOSS HART. Produced by SAM H. HARRIS and MAX GORDON at the Imperial Theatre, New York, October 12, 1935. 169 performances. Cast, headed by MARY BOLAND and MELVILLE COOPER, also included JUNE KNIGHT, MONTGOMERY CLIFT, JACKIE KELK, and CHARLES WALTERS.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Why Shouldn't I? (MARGARET ADAMS)
The Kling-Kling Bird on the Divi-Divi Tree (DEREK WILLIAMS)
When Love Comes Your Way (DEREK WILLIAMS and MARGARET ADAMS)
Begin the Beguine (JUNE KNIGHT)
A Picture of Me Without You (JUNE KNIGHT and CHARLES WALTERS)
Me and Marie (MELVILLE COOPER and MARY BOLAND)
Just One of Those Things (JUNE KNIGHT and CHARLES WALTERS)

RED, HOT AND BLUE

Book by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE. Produced by VINTON FREEDLEY at the Alvin Theatre, New York, October 29, 1936. 183 performances. Cast, headed by ETHEL MERMAN, JIMMY DURANTE, and BOB HOPE, also included GRACE and PAUL HARTMAN, and VIVIAN VANCE.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Ours (DOROTHY VERNON, THURSTON CRANE, and the HARTMANS)
Down in the Depths (ETHEL MERMAN)
You've Got Something (BOB HOPE and ETHEL MERMAN)
It's De-lovely (ETHEL MERMAN and BOB HOPE)
A Little Skipper from Heaven Above (JIMMY DURANTE and chorus)
Ridin' High (ETHEL MERMAN and Chorus)
The Ozarks Are Calling Me Home (ETHEL MERMAN)
Red, Hot and Blue (ETHEL MERMAN and chorus)
Goodbye, Little Dream, Goodbye (ETHEL MERMAN)
You're a Bad Influence

BORN TO DANCE

Screenplay by SID SILVERS and JACK MCGOWAN. Produced by JACK CUMMINGS for M-G-M in 1936. Cast, headed by ELEANOR POWELL and JAMES STEWART, included FRANCES LANGFORD, VIRGINIA BRUCE, BUDDY EBSEN, and UNA MERKEL.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Love Me, Love My Pekinese (VIRGINIA BRUCE)
Easy to Love (FRANCES LANGFORD)
Hey, Babe, Hey! (JAMES STEWART, ELEANOR POWELL, UNA MERKEL, and BUDDY EBSEN)
Rap Tap on Wood (ELEANOR POWELL)
I've Got You under My Skin (VIRGINIA BRUCE)
Rolling Home (Chorus)
Swingin' the Jinx Away (FRANCES LANGFORD)

ROSALIE

Written and produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE, M-G-M, 1937. Cast, headed by NELSON EDDY and ELEANOR POWELL, also included RAY BOLGER and FRANK MORGAN.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

In the Still of the Night (NELSON EDDY)
I've a Strange New Rhythm in My Heart (ELEANOR POWELL)
Close (NELSON EDDY)
Who Knows (NELSON EDDY)
Rosalie (NELSON EDDY)
Why Should I Care?

YOU NEVER KNOW

Book by ROWLAND LEIGH, adapted from SIEGFRIED GEYER'S play *Candle Light*. Produced by LEE and J. J. SHUBERT in association with JOHN SHUBERT at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, September 21, 1938. 78 performances. Cast, headed by CLIFTON WEBB and LIBBY HOLMAN, also included LUPE VELEZ, REX O'MALLEY, TOBY WING, and ROGER STEARNS.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Maria (CLIFTON WEBB)
You Never Know (LIBBY HOLMAN)
What Is That Tune? (LIBBY HOLMAN)
For No Rhyme or Reason (TOBY WING and CHARLES KEMPER)
From Alpha to Omega (CLIFTON WEBB and LUPE VELEZ)
What Shall I Do? (LUPE VELEZ)
At Long Last Love (CLIFTON WEBB)

LEAVE IT TO ME

Book by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK, based on their comedy *Clear All Wires*. Produced by VINTON FREEDLEY at the Imperial Theatre, New York, November 9, 1938. 307 performances. Cast, headed by WILLIAM GAXTON and VICTOR MOORE, also included SOPHIE TUCKER, TAMARA, MARY MARTIN, and GENE KELLY.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

I'm Taking the Steps to Russia (SOPHIE TUCKER)
Get Out of Town (TAMARA)
Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love (SOPHIE TUCKER)
From Now On (WILLIAM GAXTON and TAMARA)
I Want to Go Home (VICTOR MOORE)
My Heart Belongs to Daddy (MARY MARTIN)
Tomorrow (SOPHIE TUCKER and chorus)
Far, Far Away (WILLIAM GAXTON and TAMARA)

DU BARRY WAS A LADY

Book by B. G. DeSylva and Herbert Fields. Produced by B. G. DeSylva at the 46th Street Theatre, New York, December 6, 1939. 408 performances. Cast, headed by Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr, also included Betty Grable, Ronald Graham, and Charles Walters.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Ev'ry Day a Holiday (Charles Walters and Betty Grable)
When Love Beckoned in Fifty-second Street (Ethel Merman)
Come On In (Ethel Merman)
But in the Morning, No! (Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr)
Do I Love You? (Ethel Merman and Ronald Graham)
Give Him the Oo-La-La (Ethel Merman)
Well, Did You Evah! (Betty Grable and Charles Walters)
It Was Written in the Stars (Ronald Graham)
Katie Went to Haiti (Ethel Merman)
Friendship (Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940

Screenplay by Leon Gordon and George Oppenheimer. Produced by Jack Cummings for M-G-M in 1939. Cast, headed by Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell, also included Frank Morgan and George Murphy.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Between You and Me (George Murphy)
Please Don't Monkey with Broadway (Fred Astaire and George Murphy)
I Concentrate on You (Douglas McPhail)
I've Got My Eyes on You (Fred Astaire)
I Happen to Be in Love

PANAMA HATTIE

Book by B. G. DeSylva and Herbert Fields. Produced by B. G. DeSylva at the 46th Street Theatre, New York, October 30, 1940. 501 performances. Cast, headed by Ethel Merman and James Dunn, also included Betty Hutton and Arthur Treacher.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Visit Panama (Ethel Merman)
My Mother Would Love You (Ethel Merman and James Dunn)
I've Still Got My Health (Ethel Merman)
Fresh As a Daisy (Betty Hutton, Pat Harrington and Frank Hyers)
Who Would Have Dreamed? (Larry Douglas and Janis Carter)
Let's Be Buddies (Ethel Merman and Joan Carroll)
Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please (Ethel Merman)
All I've Got to Get Now Is My Man (Betty Hutton)

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH

Screenplay by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano. Produced by Samuel Bischoff for Columbia in 1941. Cast, headed by Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, included Robert Benchley and Martha Tilton.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Boogie Barcarolle (dance number—not sung)
Shootin' the Works for Uncle Sam (Fred Astaire)
Since I Kissed My Baby Goodbye (Delta Rhythm Boys)
So Near and Yet So Far (Fred Astaire)
The Wedding Cake-Walk (Martha Tilton)
Dream Dancing (Fred Astaire)

LET'S FACE IT

Book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, adapted from the Russell Medcraft–Norma Mitchell play *Cradle Snatchers*. Produced by Vinton Freedley at the Imperial Theatre, New York, October 29, 1941. 547 performances. Cast, headed by Danny Kaye, also included Eve Arden, Mary Jane Walsh, Nanette Fabray, Edith Meiser, Vivian Vance, and Benny Baker.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Jerry, My Soldier Boy (Mary Jane Walsh)
Farming (Danny Kaye, Benny Baker, Jack Williams, Sunny O'Dea, and Nanette Fabray)
Ev'rything I Love (Danny Kaye and Mary Jane Walsh)
Ace in the Hole (Mary Jane Walsh, Sunny O'Dea and Nanette Fabray)
You Irritate Me So (Nanette Fabray and Jack Williams)
Rub Your Lamp (Mary Jane Walsh)
Let's Not Talk about Love (Danny Kaye and Eve Arden)
A Little Rumba Numba (Tommy Gleason and Marguerite Benton)
I Hate You, Darling (Vivian Vance, James Todd, Mary Jane Walsh, and Danny Kaye)

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

Screenplay by LOU BRESLOW and EDWARD ELISCU. Produced by GREGORY RATOFF for Columbia in 1942. Cast included JANET BLAIR, DON AMECHE, WILLIAM GAXTON, HAZEL SCOTT, JACK OAKIE, and GREGORY RATOFF.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

I Always Knew (DON AMECHE and JANET BLAIR)
Something to Shout About (JANET BLAIR)
You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To (JANET BLAIR and DON AMECHE)
Hasta Luego (JANET BLAIR)
It Might Have Been (JANET BLAIR)
Lotus Bloom

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS. Produced by MICHAEL TODD at the Alvin Theatre, New York, January 7, 1943. 422 performances. Cast, headed by ETHEL MERMAN, included BILL JOHNSON, PAULA LAURENCE, BETTY GARRETT, BILL CALLAHAN, BETTY BRUCE, and ALLEN JENKINS.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

See That You're Born in Texas (Chorus)
When My Baby Goes to Town (BILL JOHNSON)
Something for the Boys (ETHEL MERMAN)
Could It Be You? (BILL JOHNSON)
Hey, Good-Lookin' (ETHEL MERMAN, BILL JOHNSON, BETTY BRUCE, and BILL CALLAHAN)
He's a Right Guy (ETHEL MERMAN)
The Leader of a Big-Time Band (ETHEL MERMAN)
I'm in Love with a Soldier Boy (BETTY GARRETT)
By the Mississinewah (ETHEL MERMAN and PAULA LAURENCE)

MEXICAN HAYRIDE

Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS. Produced by MICHAEL TODD at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, January 28, 1944. 481 performances. Cast, headed by BOBBY CLARK, JUNE HAVOC, and WILBUR EVANS, included GEORGE GIVOT, EDITH MEISER, and PAUL HAAKON.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Sing to Me, Guitar (CORINNA MURA)
The Good Will Movement (WILBUR EVANS)
I Love You (WILBUR EVANS)
There Must Be Someone for Me (JUNE HAVOC)
Carlotta (CORINNA MURA)
Girls (WILBUR EVANS)
Abracadabra (JUNE HAVOC)
Count Your Blessings (JUNE HAVOC, BOBBY CLARK, and GEORGE GIVOT)
It Must Be Fun to Be You

SEVEN LIVELY ARTS

Book by MOSS HART, GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, ROBERT PIROSH, JOSEPH SCHRANK, CHARLES SHERMAN, and BEN HECHT. Produced by BILLY ROSE at the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York, December 7, 1944. 183 performances. Cast, headed by BEATRICE LILLIE and BERT LAHR, included BENNY GOODMAN, TEDDY WILSON, RED NORVO, DOLORES GRAY, BILL TABBERT, ALICIA MARKOVA and ANTON DOLIN—the last two in a ballet especially composed for this revue by IGOR STRAVINSKY.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Is It the Girl? (DOLORES GRAY)
Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye (NAN WYNN and JERE MCMAHON)
Only Another Boy and Girl (MARY ROCHE, BILL TABBERT, BEATRICE LILLIE, and BERT LAHR)
Wow-Ooh-Wolf (NAN WYNN, DOLORES GRAY, and MARY ROCHE)
When I Was a Little Cuckoo (BEATRICE LILLIE)
Frahngee-Pahnee (BILL TABBERT)
Hence, It Doesn't Make Sense (NAN WYNN, MARY ROCHE, DOLORES GRAY, and BILLIE WORTH)
The Band Started Swinging a Song (BILLIE WORTH)

AROUND THE WORLD

Book by ORSON WELLES, adapted from JULES VERNES's novel. Produced by MR. WELLES at the Adelphi Theatre (now 54th Street Theatre), New York, May 31, 1946. 74 performances. Cast included ARTHUR MARGETSON, JULIE WARREN, LARRY LAURENCE, STEFAN SCHNABEL, and ORSON WELLES.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Look What I Found (JULIE WARREN and LARRY LAURENCE)
There He Goes, Phileas Fogg (ARTHUR MARGETSON and LARRY LAURENCE)
Should I Tell You I Love You? (MARY HEALY)
Pipe-dreaming (LARRY LAURENCE)
If You Smile at Me (VICTORIA CORDOVA)
Wherever They Fly the Flag of Old England (ARTHUR MARGETSON)

THE PIRATE

Screenplay by ALBERT HACKETT and FRANCES GOODRICH, based on S. N. BEHRMAN's play. Produced by ARTHUR FREED for M-G-M in 1948. Cast, headed by

JUDY GARLAND and GENE KELLY, included WALTER SLEZAK, GLADYS COOPER, and REGINALD OWEN.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Nina (GENE KELLY)
Mack the Black (JUDY GARLAND)
You Can Do No Wrong (JUDY GARLAND)
Love of My Life (JUDY GARLAND)
Be a Clown (JUDY GARLAND and GENE KELLY)

KISS ME, KATE

Book by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK (based somewhat on SHAKESPEARE'S *The Taming of the Shrew*). Produced by SAINT SUBBER and LEMUEL AYERS at the Century Theatre, New York, December 30, 1948. 1,077 performances. Cast headed by ALFRED DRAKE, PATRICIA MORISON, LISA KIRK, and HAROLD LANG. Complete vocal score published.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Another Op'nin', Another Show (ANNABELLE HILL and chorus)
Why Can't You Behave? (LISA KIRK and HAROLD LANG)
Wunderbar (ALFRED DRAKE and PATRICIA MORISON)
So in Love (PATRICIA MORISON)
We Open in Venice (ALFRED DRAKE, PATRICIA MORISON, LISA KIRK and HAROLD LANG)
Tom, Dick, or Harry (LISA KIRK, HAROLD LANG, EDWIN CLAY and CHARLES WOOD)
I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua (ALFRED DRAKE and chorus)
I Hate Men (PATRICIA MORISON)
Were Thine That Special Face (ALFRED DRAKE)
I Sing of Love (LISA KIRK and HAROLD LANG)
Too Darn Hot (LORENZO FULLER, EDDIE SLEDGE, and FRED DAVIS)
Where Is the Life That Late I Led? (ALFRED DRAKE)
Always True to You in My Fashion (LISA KIRK)
Bianca (HAROLD LANG)
I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple (PATRICIA MORISON)

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Book by DWIGHT TAYLOR and REGINALD LAWRENCE, based on the Amphitryon legend. Produced by SAINT SUBBER and LEMUEL AYERS at the Century Theatre, New York, December 21, 1950. 157 performances. Cast, headed by CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, included WILLIAM REDFIELD, PRISCILLA GILLETTE, WILLIAM EYTHE, GEORGE JONGEYANS (GEORGE GAYNES) and DAVID BURNS.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Use Your Imagination (PRISCILLA GILLETTE and WILLIAM REDFIELD)
Where, Oh Where? (BARBARA ASHLEY)
I Am Loved (PRISCILLA GILLETTE)
Climb Up the Mountain (CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD and DAVID BURNS)
No Lover (PRISCILLA GILLETTE)
Cherry Pies Ought to Be You (WILLIAM REDFIELD, BARBARA ASHLEY, CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, and DAVID BURNS)
Hark to the Song of the Night (GEORGE JONGEYANS)
Nobody's Chasing Me (CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD)
From This Moment On (PRISCILLA GILLETTE and WILLIAM EYTHE)
You Don't Remind Me (GEORGE JONGEYANS)

CAN-CAN

Book by ABE BURROWS. Produced by CY FEUER and ERNEST MARTIN at the Shubert Theatre, New York, May 7, 1953. 892 performances. Cast, headed by LILO and PETER COOKSON, also included HANS CONRIED, GWEN VERDON, and ERIK RHODES.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Never Give Anything Away (LILO)
C'est Magnifique (LILO and PETER COOKSON)
Come Along with Me (ERIK RHODES and HANS CONRIED)
Live and Let Live (LILO)
I Am in Love (PETER COOKSON)
If You Loved Me Truly (HANS CONRIED, GWEN VERDON, PHIL LEEDS, ROBERT PENN, RICHARD PURDY, MARY ANNE COHAN, JEAN KRAEMER, and BEVERLY PURVIN
Montmart' (Chorus)
Allez-vous En (LILO)
It's All Right with Me (PETER COOKSON)
I Love Paris (PISTACHE)
Can-Can (LILO, GWEN VERDON, and chorus)

SILK STOCKINGS

Book by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, LEUEEN MACGRATH and ABE BURROWS, based on the film *Ninotchka*. Produced by CY FEUER and ERNEST MARTIN at the Imperial Theatre, New York, February 24, 1955. 477 performances. Cast headed by DON AMECHE and HILDEGARDE NEFF.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Paris Loves Lovers (DON AMECHE and HILDEGARDE NEFF)
Stereophonic Sound (GRETCHEN WYLER)
It's a Chemical Reaction (HILDEGARDE NEFF)

All of You (DON AMECHE)
Satin and Silk (GRETCHEN WYLER)
Without Love (HILDEGARDE NEFF)
As On Through the Seasons We Sail (DON AMECHE)
Josephine (GRETCHEN WYLER)
Siberia (LEON BELASCO, HENRY LASCOE, and DAVID OPATOSHU)
Silk Stockings (DON AMECHE)

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Note: M-G-M's film version of *SILK STOCKINGS* included two additional COLE PORTER songs—*Fated to Be Mated* and *Ritz Roll and Rock,* both introduced by FRED ASTAIRE.

HIGH SOCIETY

Screenplay by JOHN PATRICK, based on PHILIP BARRY'S stage play *The Philadelphia Story.* Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL for M-G-M in 1956. Cast, headed by BING CROSBY, GRACE KELLY, and FRANK SINATRA, included CELESTE HOLM, JOHN LUND, LOUIS CALHERN, SIDNEY BLACKMER, and LOUIS ARMSTRONG.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Little One (BING CROSBY)
Who Wants to Be a Millionaire? (FRANK SINATRA and CELESTE HOLM)
True Love (BING CROSBY and GRACE KELLY)
You're Sensational (FRANK SINATRA)
I Love You, Samantha (BING CROSBY)
Now You Has Jazz (BING CROSBY and LOUIS ARMSTRONG)
Mind If I Make Love to You? (FRANK SINATRA)

LES GIRLS

Screenplay by JOHN PATRICK. Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL for M-G-M in 1957. Cast included GENE KELLY, KAY KENDALL, MITZI GAYNOR, and TAINA ELG.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Les Girls (GENE KELLY)
Ca, c'est l'amour (TAINA ELG)
Why Am I So Gone about That Gal? (GENE KELLY)
You're Just Too, Too! (GENE KELLY and KAY KENDALL)

ALADDIN

Book by S. J. PERELMAN. Produced on CBS Television for the DuPont Show of the Month by RICHARD LEWINE, on February 21, 1958. Cast included ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI, SAL MINEO, CYRIL RITCHARD, and DENNIS KING.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Trust Your Destiny to a Star (DENNIS KING)
Opportunity Knocks but Once (CYRIL RITCHARD)
Aladdin (ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI)
I Adore You (SAL MINEO and ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI)

COLE PORTER SONGS NOT FROM PRODUCTIONS

1902 *The Bobolink Waltz* (written at the age of 8 or 9)
1910 *Bridget*
1910 *Bingo Eli Yale* (written while an undergraduate at Yale)
1911 *Bull-Dog* (written while an undergraduate at Yale)
1927 *Hot-House Rose*
1927 *The Laziest Gal in Town* (sung by Marlene Dietrich in 1950 in the Warner Brothers film *STAGE FRIGHT*)
1927 *Weren't We Fools*
1934 *(Thank You So Much) Mrs. Lowsborough-Goodby*
1934 *You're Too Far Away*
1934 *Miss Otis Regrets* (Dedicated to ELSA MAXWELL)

INTERPOLATED COLE PORTER SONGS

Esmeralda in *HANDS UP* at the 44th Street Theatre, July 22, 1915 (52 performances)
Two Big Eyes, sung by ELSIE JANIS in *MISS INFORMATION* at the Cohan Theatre, October 5, 1915 (47 performances)
I Never Realized, sung by WALLACE EDDINGER in *BUDDIES* at the Selwyn Theatre, October 27, 1919 (259 performances)
Altogether Too Fond of You, sung by DONALD BRIAN and MAXINE BROWN in *BUDDIES*
Washington Square, in *BUDDIES*
They All Fall in Love, sung by GERTRUDE LAWRENCE in the Paramount film *THE BATTLE OF PARIS* (1929)
Here Comes the Band Wagon, sung by GERTRUDE LAWRENCE in the Paramount film *THE BATTLE OF PARIS* (1929)
Don't Fence Me In, sung by ROY ROGERS in the Warner Brothers film *HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN* (1944)
Farewell, Amanda, sung by DAVID WAYNE in the M-G-M film *ADAM'S RIB* (1949)

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